The poster December 12–18

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

C'EST LA VIE – By the Window Puppet Theatre/Train Theatre. About love. (Khan, Tuesday, Wednesday at 10:30 a.m.)

GOLDEN HAIR – By the Train Theatre. Story of a boy who wants to marry the king's daughter. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS – Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY – Puppet theatre. (Train Theatre, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 4-10. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALICE IN WONDERLAND – Musical based on the Lewis Carroll story. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

ANIMALS – Collage of songs and stories. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

THE ISRAEL BALLET – (Beit Dani, today, Sunday at 9:30 and 10:45 a.m., Monday through Thursday at 9:30 a.m.)

MY LITTLE BROTHER AND I – Theatre for ages 5-9. (Beit Yad Lebanim, Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

THE RACE BETWEEN THE RABBIT AND THE TORTOISE – By Ilan's Puppet Theatre. (Hayarkon Park, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

SONGS, SKITS, PLUS A ROBOT – Tzipi Shavit's new programme. (Beit Dani, Monday at 5 p.m.)

TALIA SHAPIRO – Stories and songs. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

Other

SONGS, SKITS PLUS A ROBOT – See T.A. (Eilat, Mofet, tomorrow at 10 a.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

COMBO II PARGOD – Jazz-rock, hard bop. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

HABREIRA HATIV'IT – Selection of their new songs. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

HARMONY HOUSE HAPPENINGS – Blues and rock with Bruce Kaufman. (Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.); Jazz for violin and guitar, with Ruby Harris and Steve Paskoff. (Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

JUKEY ARKIN AND HIS GROUP – Pantomime and jazz dance. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ORERA – Soviet song and dance troupe. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

SOMEONE IN HER HEART – Nurit Galron's new programme. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 p.m., midnight)

SUSANNAH RINALDI – Argentinian soul singer. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE TAVERNERS – Country, jazz, blues. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

TEL AVIV PROMENADE ORCHESTRA – Plus guest artists. Mostly jazz from the Twenties. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THEY READ AND SING – Poet Ronny Somek; singer/composer Hanan Yovel. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

'The Hollow,' theatre in English at the Haifa Museum.

YAEL LEVY – Like a Toy. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN – Musical based on the comic strip. Produced by the Jerusalem English Speakers' Theatre. (Khan, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – New pantomime programme with Hanoch Rosenne. (Holon, Kiryat Sharett, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A., Nahmani, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Dani, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

"ERETZ, ERETZ" – Songs of Israel with Rafi Pesahson. (Beit Leissin, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

HANI LIVNE – Sings her songs. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING – Albert Piamenta Jazz Quintet. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at midnight)

KORIN ALAL – Israeli rock. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM – South American songs. (Ramat Hasharon, Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL – Sings his songs. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE – By Yonathan Geffen. Songs, monologues, improvizations – about confessions at bar. Plus performance by Alon Olearchik. (Beit Leissin, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

SUSANNAH RINALDI – See J'lem. (Cameri, tonight at 9 p.m.)

TIMNA BRAUER AND HER BAND – Well-known, plus original, jazz songs. Special guest Shlomo Gronich. (T.A. Museum, today at 2:30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – Combo II, Jerusalem. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:45 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See J'lem. (Beit Hehayal, Monday at 9 p.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI – Old and new songs, stories, plus guest artists. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See J'lem. (Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Beersheba

ORERA – See J'lem. (Keren, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD – Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – See T.A. (Afula, Mofatron, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

ORERA – See J'lem. (Lod, Ory, Monday at 8:30 p.m.; Ashdod, Olympia, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

PRETORIA ADULT CHOIR – Folksongs and dances of South Africa. (Netanya, Dora Centre, Monday at 8 p.m.; Tiberias, Jordan River Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – By the Nissan Nativ Acting Studio. A mosaic of moments of melodrama. (Khan, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

CRIME SQUAD – By Chaim Marin. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. An in-depth exploration of local crime. (Knesset, Tuesday at 11 a.m.)

DECAMERON – By Tzilum Matzav Theatre. Satirical stories by Boccaccio. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

"ELEF ESTER" – Jerusalem Theatre Company production. Life reflected through the eyes of Queen Esther. (Jerusalem Theatre, Little Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

LITTLE EYOLF – By Henrik Ibsen. Khan Theatre production. A family drama. (Khan, tomorrow, Monday, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

OVER AND ABOVE ALL – Oded Teomi's one-man-show about his search for life's secrets. With excerpts from Shakespeare, Goethe, Agnon, Abba Kovner and others. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

ROOMMATES IN JERUSALEM – An adaptation of the play *Flatmates* by Shmuel Amid (in English). Presented by new company, Jerusalem Stage. About Jewish-Arab relations. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BIBOFF, KING OF THE JEWS – By Yossi Hadar. Habimah Theatre production. A Nazi dybbuk enters a young Israeli boy. (Habimah, Meskin, Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – See J'lem. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9 p.m., tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

EXTREMITIES – Beit Leissin production. A thriller about the struggle between a man and three women. (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

FLATMATES – By Shmuel Amid. A Jewish teacher and an Arab student are flatmates in Tel Aviv. (ZOA House, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE – By Dario Fo. Beit Leissin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiments. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A. Beit Hehayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" – Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasafri. (Tzavta, tomorrow through Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE LAST SECULAR JEW – By Shmuel Hasafri. A cabaret. (Tzavta, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

LAST SUMMER – By Jean Chambers. A group of lesbians hold an annual gathering. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

MIRELE EFRAT – Habimah Theatre production. Adaptation of the famous Yiddish play by Jacob Gordin. (Habimah, Rovina, tomorrow through Thursday at 8:30 p.m., Tuesday also at 5:30 p.m.)

PRESS PICKINGS – Tara group production. A melodramatic farce. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Sunday, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

PRETEXT – By Yoni Ofer. ZOA House Drama Circle production. One-man show with Rami Baruch. (ZOA House, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE – Habimah Theatre production. An improvisation on the story. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

SKIN – By Enula Shomir and Noga Eshed. A father-daughter relationship. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA – By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Habimah, Meskin, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8:30 p.m., Monday also at 5 p.m.)

Haifa

DECAMERON – See J'lem. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10:15 p.m.)

THE HOLLOW – By Agatha Christie. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre. A classic murder mystery. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow, Tuesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m., Tuesday also at 5:30 p.m.)

HYMNOS – By Hungarian playwright Georg Shwajda. Heavy drama about a simple couple brutalized by hard work and drink. Acre Festival 1986, First Prize. (Wadi Salib, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Wednesday at 3:30 p.m.)

MOLIERE – By Michael Bulgakov. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A look at the life of the playwright. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS – Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Ruth Segal in a one-woman show – excerpts about a woman who has lost her memory, and her identity. (Haifa Theatre Club, tomorrow through Wednesday at 9 p.m., Wednesday also at 6 p.m.)

THE OPSIMIST – By Emile Habibi. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. (Haifa Theatre, Small Hall, Wednesday at 10:30 a.m., 12:30 p.m.)

Beersheba

CRIME SQUAD – See J'lem. (Beersheba Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Others

DECAMERON – See J'lem. (Ashkelon, Rachel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE – By South African writer Athol Fugard. How oppressed people try to hold on to life. (Hadera, Mofet, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

HYMNOS – See Haifa. (Eilat, Beit Rubin, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

SLAVIC MORNING – Wendy Karon, violin; Ora Rotem-Nelkin, piano. Works by Bartok, Stravinsky, Kodaly. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

MUSIC FROM ENGLAND FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME – Hubert Best, organ. Works by Gibbons, Bull, Stanley, Wesley and others. (Old City, Redeemer Church, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

BENEFIT CONCERT FOR AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL – The Jerusalem Soloists – Chaim Taub, violin; Gilah Yaron, soprano; Yossi Arnheim, flute. Works by Vivaldi, Bach. (Dormition Abbey, Mount Zion, tomorrow)

COUPLES – Ancient versus contemporary. Shlomo Tidhar, recorders; Eliyahu Thorner, oboe; Marina Bondarenko, harpsichord. Works by Van-Eyck, Gordon Jacob, Frescobaldi, Lechner, Loeillete. (Ticho House, tomorrow)

A NIGHT IN THE SPANISH GARDENS – Romances and Spanish folk songs. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, Sunday)

ALLEGRO – Classical music quiz plus entertainment. With the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Yitzhak Steiner. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Monday)

FLUTE AND GUITAR RECITAL – Kochava Emek Shoshan and Avraham Spektor. Spanish and Brazilian music; Renaissance dances. (Pargod, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

GARCIA TRIO – From Sweden. Violin, cello, piano. (YMCA, Tuesday at 9 p.m.); works by Linde, Ben-Haim, Schubert. (Rubin Academy, Givat Ram Campus, Wednesday)

"ETNAHTA" – The Camerata Trio. Works by Mozart, Poulenc, Mendelssohn, Beethoven. (YMCA, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

CHRISTMAS CONCERT – Elisabeth Roloff, organ; Cilla Grossmeyer, soprano; David Shemer, harpsichord; Edith Shemer, flute. (Old City, Redeemer Church, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

MOZART, HAYDN AND BRAHMS – With six local musicians. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yad Lebanim, tonight at 10 p.m.)

TEL AVIV QUARTET – Plus guests. String quartets by Mozart, Mendelssohn; Sextet by Brahms. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

PIANO RECITAL – Michal Tal. Works by Haydn, Luciano Berio, Prokofiev, Schubert, Liszt. (T.A. Museum, tomorrow)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL – Haya Livne and Herut Israel. Works by Schubert, Mozart, Fagin, Grieg. (Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

ALBERT PIAMENTA SAXOPHONE QUARTET – Classical works, jazz, contemporary, folklore. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

DUOTONE – Shimon Abelovitch, violin; Zahava Simon, piano. Plus guest. Works by Bach, Schubert, Dvorak and others. (ZOA House, Monday)

MOZART EVENING – String works. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yad Lebanim, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE PIANO QUARTET – Yair Kless, Gad Lewertoff, Emmanuel Gruber, Milka Laks. Works by Mozart, Pleyel, Partos, Brahms. (T.A. Museum, Tuesday)

Haifa

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA – Family concert. Works by Mozart, Vivaldi, Rossini. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, today at 11 a.m., Monday at 5:30 p.m.; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday at 3:30 and 5 p.m.)

Beersheba

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – Conductor Mendi Rodan. Soloist Dora Schwartzberg, violin. Works by Seter, Prokofiev, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, De Falla. (Conservatory, Thursday)

Others

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See B'sheba. (Afula, Hechal Hatarbut, Wednesday)

GARCIO TRIO – See J'lem. (Nahariya, Carlton Hotel, Thursday)

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

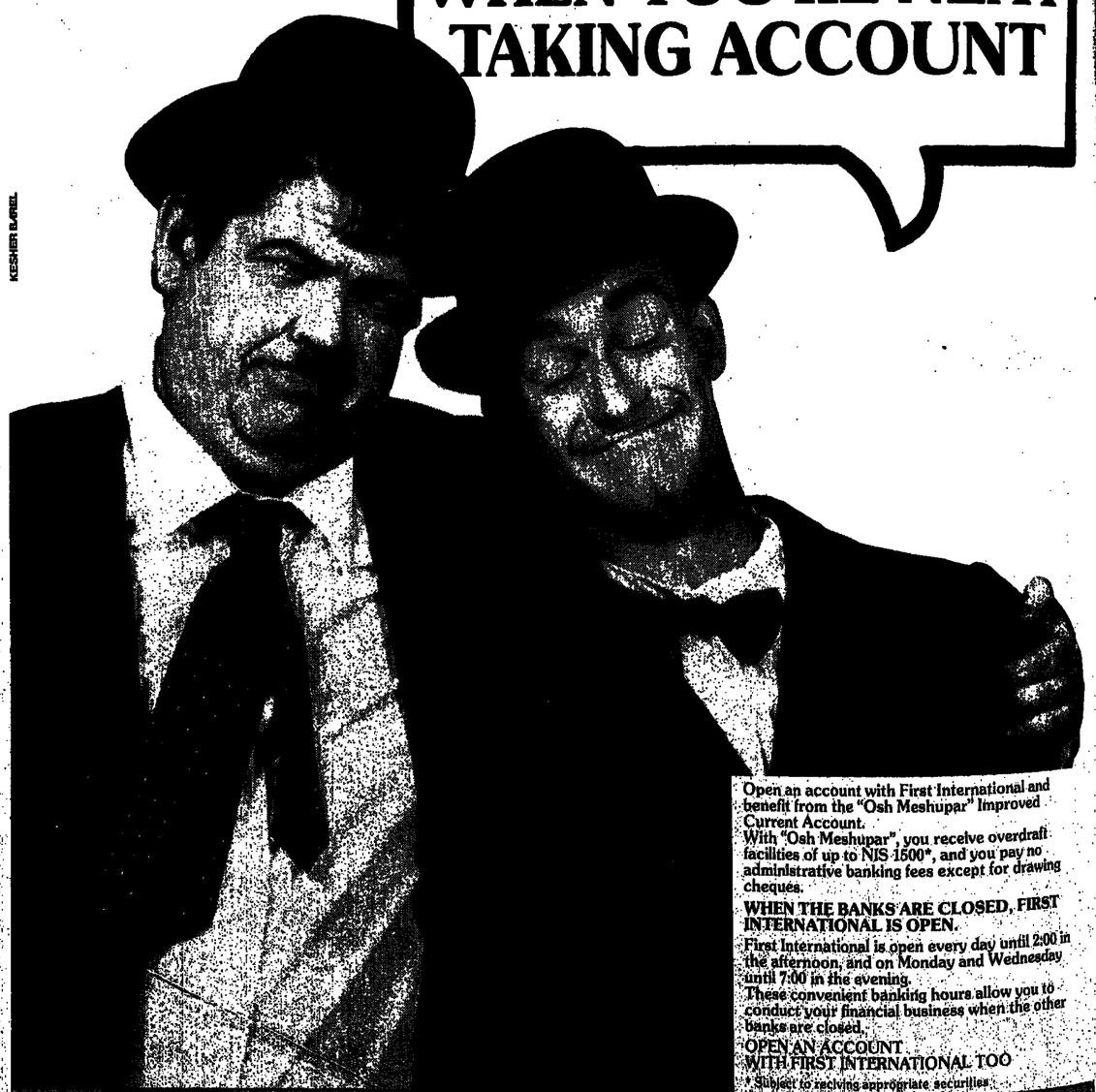
For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Once and future queen

Friday, December 19, 1986

FIRST INTERNATIONAL – WHEN YOU'RE NEXT TAKING ACCOUNT



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FIRST INTERNATIONAL BANK

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Portrait of Indira Nasser, Israel's Arab beauty queen, see story, page 13. Cover photo by Israel Talby.

The Jerusalem Post Weekend Magazine
Editor: Joanna Yehiel
Design: Stephanie Schriger

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Right and left of the 'Soviet scene'

Thinking that all Soviet immigrants support Israel's rightist parties is misleading, writes The Post's Sarah Honig. There are sizable numbers who vote for Labour, and Soviet Jews can be found in most parties.

"IT'S ONLY natural for olim from the USSR to be attracted to the right, just as it is for olim from Argentina to have an affinity for the left. Where you come from and your experiences here count a lot." So says Jerusalem Herut activist Avigdor Lieberman, who goes to great pains to stress that the popular stereotype of Soviet immigrants as being solidly on the right of the political fence is wrong.

No one can say for certain where the estimated 165,000 immigrants who have arrived from the USSR since the late 1960s stand politically. The question was underscored in the last few months by the appearance here of released Prisoner of Zion and instant media-star Natan Sharansky. It is no secret that most of the political parties would love to adorn their lists with his name, but good places at the top for less illustrious newcomers are far harder to come by. Most politicians begin to show interest in Soviet Jews just as election campaigns are switched into high gear.

Perhaps because political insiders suspect that new elections may be closer than we suppose, as well as because of the competition for Sharansky's soul and affiliation, attention is now being focused on the politics of Soviet Jews in mid-term. Sharansky's meeting with PLO activists, albeit unwitting, outraged the right; and his subsequent denunciation of the PLO dismayed the left, which was beginning to see in him a rare Russian-made progressive gem.

Sharansky managed to set politicians on edge practically from the day he set foot in Israel. The left was not enamoured of his religious wife, Avital, a Gush Emunim supporter who did an enormous amount to enhance his celebrity status, and it was alarmed by the massive "rightist" welcome accorded him.

ONE OF THOSE who organized the welcome was Yuri Stern, spokesman for the Jerusalem-based Soviet Jewry Information and Education Centre. His account of it is enlightening.

He told *The Jerusalem Post* that the Centre invited all those active in the Soviet Jewry cause, both on the left and the right.

The response in the Hesder yeshivot and in Judea and Samaria settlements was spontaneous and enthusiastic. The kibbutzim said they would have to check what the government and the official Public Council for Soviet Jewry were doing. The council entered the show later, but it was almost exclusively those who accepted the Centre's invitation at the outset who took part in the welcome.

Stern does not think the left is antagonistic or indifferent to Soviet Jewry.

"It is just very establishment-oriented, whereas on the right, the activity is grass-roots. It's in our interest that this cause not be the monopoly of any single political camp. As it is, the right is not always as forthcoming as supposed, and there are plenty of achievements on the left. Yet the balance is still in the right's favour. The left tends to be more paternalistic."

Stern maintains that no party does all it can for Soviet Jews and both large parties have managed to alienate them. In the late '60s and early '70s, Soviet olim tended to vote Labour. Many worked for Histadrut enterprises and were accustomed to going along with the ruling party.

"Labour continually showed a disregard for our feelings and the Likud managed to lose a dramatic advantage because of David Levy's attitudes and policies as absorption minister. He was seen as hostile to Soviet aliya."

(This anti-Levy sentiment, *The Post* discovered later, appeared very widespread among Soviet olim, who described their experience with him as traumatic. He cut benefits they had been receiving and described them as a "*de luxe*" aliya.)

Avigdor Lieberman (Karen Benzian)

Yuri Stern (Lisa Pleskow)

Baruch Shilkrot (Lisa Pleskow)

THE CONSENSUS, however, is that about 60 per cent of Soviet olim vote for right-of-centre lists. On the whole they are not enthusiastic political joiners, perhaps as an outcome of their background. There are no Western-style politics in the USSR, and joining a party there can mean only one thing.

For those who do join an Israeli party, getting ahead is difficult. Labour presents the most daunting hurdles, because it is so structured and tightly-organized internally. The immigrant does not know the right people and neither does he possess the *protekzia* to propel him to the top. In the Likud, chiefly within its Herut component, upward mobility is speedier, as it is also for new sabra members. There is less bureaucracy and more grass-roots initiative. Herut and Tehiya are the only parties with special forums for Soviet immigrants.

Immigrants have the best chance of advancing their political careers in the smaller parties. The now shrunken Morasha attracted some support, as did other religious parties. Many Bokharan and Caucasian immigrants – the "Asians" among the Soviet olim – are traditionalists, and vote for religious or right-of-centre parties. The Georgians can be found on both sides, depending on where a particular clan found a niche.

The Citizens Rights Movement, amazingly, virtually ignored the other extreme among Soviet Jews – the anti-religious or secular wing. It made no serious overtures to this electorate.

Mapam has of late become particularly active on the "Soviet scene" in Israel. It has not attracted the masses and it can be said safely that the vast majority of Soviet immigrants are not receptive to its message of soft Marxism. But its kibbutzim are active in the Soviet Jewry cause and it has some support among olim – though how much will not be seen until Mapam once more runs on its own ticket.

ONE OF THE most prominent "Russian" Mapamniks is Baruch Shilkrot of Kibbutz Negba. The 40-year-old, Leningrad-born Shilkrot "came to Mapam naturally." He didn't start out as a Zionist. He was arrested by the KGB in 1969 for dissident human-rights activity and spent the next three years as a prisoner of conscience. His Zionism was born in the notorious Vladimir prison, where Prisoners of Zion taught him Hebrew and converted him to Zionism.

After his release, Shilkrot helped Ida Nudel to assist Prisoners of Zion. He rejected Bolshevism, declared himself a social democrat, and applied to go to Israel. Nudel warned him that, with his opinions, he might be lonely there and advised him to enrol in a kibbutz ulpan. He did just that, not sharing most Soviet immigrants' view of the kibbutz as a kolkhoz.

Shilkrot even sought to set up a settlement group of Soviet olim in Mapam's Kibbutz Artzi framework. Within six months there were 30 members in the group, which went to Negba for training in 1977. Its ranks swelled to 100; but in 1978 only four remained, two of them Shilkrot and his wife. Despairing of setting up a "Russian" kibbutz, they made Negba their home. The Shilkrots now have three children, and Baruch is in charge of all the kibbutz computers.

Soon after his arrival in Negba, Shilkrot was sent by Mapam to campaign among Soviet olim in Ashdod, prior to the forthcoming general election. Their response was not encouraging. He put out a Russian-langage monthly for them, but it was closed down after polling day. He became Negba's "political committee coordinator," an organizer of Peace Now demonstrations, and an activist on behalf of Mapam in Jerusalem slums. He is now a member of the Mapam central committee.

Recently, he engaged fellow-Mapamniks in a debate in the pages of *Al Hamishmar*, arguing that any renewal of ties with the USSR be made conditional on improving the lot of Soviet Jews and letting them go.

Shilkrot maintains that "the left has neglected the issue of Soviet aliya. At first there was enthusiasm and expectations for newcomers with socialist leanings. But the olim came with a deep aversion to leftist propaganda. No wonder. They don't know democracy. Their views are one-dimensional. Their anti-Communism becomes support for the right."

As for himself, Shilkrot says he is "not emotional. I can hate the Soviet regime but remain a socialist. Anyhow, the left's initial enthusiasm was misplaced, and then it degenerated into antagonism. Since the olim were not natural political partners, the cause was abandoned."

Shilkrot thinks the left "was unwise. It deepened existing alienation and created a vicious cycle in which immigrants were pushed further and further towards the right."

"To have nothing to do with 'people not of our camp' is stupid," he maintains. The upshot is that Sharansky is a national hero and we are on the sidelines, as if this were not our cause. This is not the struggle of the right wing but of the nation. The left is hurting itself."

Shilkrot places the burden of guilt on the left's political leaders.

"There is some awakening now. People realize that this is our fight too. People are asking why the Soviet Jews are going to the right and why there is such a growing back-to-religion movement in Moscow and Leningrad."

The left, according to Shilkrot, "missed a great opportunity. We are dealing with very intelligent olim, who can be engaged in serious debate and not addressed in slogans."

The Kibbutz Artzi has now set up a Soviet Jewry forum and the Russian-language monthly is being revived. The plan is for each kibbutz to adopt a Prisoner of Zion or a refusenik. Olim are being invited for get-togethers in Negba.

"Too late, but better than nothing," observes Shilkrot.

AVIGDOR LIEBERMAN of Herut, better known in Jerusalem by his nickname, Evet, can't understand what Shilkrot is complaining about.

"It is factually just not true to assert that the left did not do enough for Soviet Jews. In some areas they did a lot. Olim are taken on trips and visits to kibbutzim. There are kibbutz-movement seminars for them and plenty of hospitality and inducements. When I came to the country in 1978 (at the age of 20), I was sent to kibbutz Gan Shmuel, where I felt I was being subjected to quite an intensive political brainwashing effort."

The left, Lieberman argues, is not guilty of neglect.

"The problem is that Soviet Jews have a healthy head on their shoulders and would not buy leftist merchandise all over again. After all, we are dealing with people who have just fled the socialist paradise. The left felt betrayed because the kibbutzim adopted prisoners and the Histadrut participated in demonstrations – though without any spontaneous sparkle. But the olim were not with them."

Lieberman is careful to stress, however, that "while there is an edge of support for the right among Soviet olim, it's misleading to put them all in one camp. Not many are to be found in the far left, but there are sizable numbers in Labour. Soviet Jews can be found in most parties."

A native of Kishinev, Lieberman, unlike most Soviet immigrants, came from a very Jewish background and spoke only Yiddish until he was three. Drawn to politics in his youth, he studied international relations at the Hebrew University (where he is now working for his master's degree) and made his entry into Israeli politics via the Kastel student movement.

"Herut was a natural choice for me," he says. "I compare Israel to pre-World War II Czechoslovakia, and see Israel's enemies as seeking to strip it of territories essential for its defence, much as the Nazis tore the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia in preparation for its total conquest. We have seen what appeasement can lead to."

Why didn't he join Tehiya?

"Because I subscribe to the Marxist theory that economics determines the course of history. I believe in free enterprise, and Tehiya is too full of ex-Labourites for my taste."

Not that Lieberman is all that happy with Herut.

"People like David Levy with their populist notions are driving the middle class away. I am against Herut membership in the Histadrut, against subsidies and against artificially propping up failing plants. I would like to see all government companies sold."

Lieberman did well in Herut. He is a central committee member, a member of the Jerusalem branch executive, and secretary of the trade union section of the Jerusalem branch of the Histadrut Ovdim Leumi'im. He thinks Herut is a good example "of a real grass-roots, rather than a staid establishment, party. No one pushes Soviet immigrants to the top, but no one keeps them away from it either."

Lieberman does not stress Soviet Jewish issues in Herut.

"I joined not for these issues but because of my nationalist outlook. I don't feel Russian. My wife, our child and I live in Gilo. We're fully absorbed and feel typically Israeli."

Nevertheless, Lieberman says his party's record as far as Soviet Jewry is concerned "can stand improvement." He claims that most of the damage was done by David Levy, when he was absorption minister. "Levy did not behave as I would have expected my minister to behave. He did the Likud's cause great harm among Soviet immigrants."

Like Shilkrot, Lieberman advises that we look into the back-to-religion movement among Soviet Jews both here and in the USSR. He, too, thinks it is a powerful phenomenon.

AN OUTSTANDING member of a religious party among Soviet immigrants is former Prisoner of Zion Yosef Mendelevich, the chairman of the Soviet Jewry Information Centre. A member of the NRP central committee, he agrees with Lieberman that it is erroneous to place Soviet Jews exclusively in the political right. He also thinks that the size of the back-to-religion movement is greatly exaggerated.

"It's a growing movement, but still very small," he says. "Here in Israel we're speaking of hundreds, not thousands. In the USSR it is chiefly a large-city phenomenon. In Moscow some 1,000 Jews are

(Continued on page 6)

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jpl

'Soviet Scene'

(Continued from page 5)

thought to have made their way back to religion, and several hundreds in Leningrad.

"At first they just learned to read the Tora, as well as a few customs and prayers. The meaningful step forward came when they acquired the ability to study Gemara. There are some ritual slaughterers and people with a knowledge of sorts about the marriage and divorce laws. We can now speak of a *kehila*, a religious community, in Moscow and Leningrad and this is a base that others can join."

However, he notes, the Soviets are cleverly allowing leaders, like Eliyahu Essas and Yitzhak Kogan to emigrate, leaving the community without guidance. There is also persecution, with most Prisoners of Zion now being religious.

Mendelevich says that all this has little effect politically in Israel. Some newly-religious olim vote for non-religious parties like Tehiya or Herut. Others lean towards Agudat Yisrael or Shas.

When Morasha was a viable party, Mendelevich voted for it. "I am a student at the Mercaz Harav yeshiva, and support Rabbi Haim Druckman. I was even offered a slot on the party's Knesset list, but preferred not to run. Now that Druckman is in the NRP again, I've joined it too, but as an experiment. I still have not made up my mind about the party, and consider myself a free agent."

Mendelevich did not seek to enter the central committee. He found himself there when the entire contingent of delegates to the recent party convention, himself included, was declared the new central committee.

"I never tried to get ahead politically, but I assume it would be difficult for an immigrant, as all the good seats are already taken."

He was partly motivated to join the NRP "because it is such a supermarket of ideas, with hawks and doves and all kinds of other birds. A dove like former MK Avraham Melamed talked me into joining. I want to be in just such a party, so that the Centre I head won't be accused of belonging to the radical right just because its chairman wears a *kipa*. My political views are my private affair and if I ever wanted to act on them I would resign from the Centre so as not to hurt it."

Mendelevich feels that the record of the NRP leadership on Soviet Jewry leaves a lot to be desired. But fortunately our people are better than our leaders, and I think no group is as involved in the cause as are religious Zionists."

But he estimates that "the involvement of Soviet olim in the NRP is minimal. I am probably the only one in the central committee."

He also thinks that the rightward shift in Soviet Jewry peaked in the mid-1970s. "The longer the olim are in Israel, the more they gravitate to the centre."

(Rahamim Israeli)

THIS IS precisely what Daniel Bliudz, director of the Lod Immigrant Absorption Centre, says. The 55-year-old, Lithuanian-born Bliudz, a member of the Labour Party's central committee, is one of the most veteran Soviet olim in public affairs. He arrived here with his wife and two children in December 1971. Holding a law degree, he was one of the few Soviet immigrants to take the Israel Bar examination. But though he passed, he gave up law in favour of work in the Histadrut absorption department. He went on to become head of the Soviet Immigrants Association in 1974, the first newly-arrived oleh to hold the post.

To his mind, the olim bring with them from the USSR "a maximalist Zionist approach and a nationalist attitude. They come from a great empire and take the occupation of territories as a natural political reality. But in time, they move from right to centre, more or less in the same proportion as in the rest of Israeli society."

Bliudz also brings up the traumatic effect of the David Levy years in the absorption ministry. "There was tremendous support for the Likud among Soviet immigrants. They adored Begin, but Levy did away with all that. He gave Herut the very undeserved image of an anti-aliya party."

Recalling his own political initiation, Bliudz says that "at first, we were totally ignorant of the intricacies of local politics. We came from a totalitarian state without any political affiliation, and envisaged the country as being made up of Moshe Dayans and hardy pioneers. Strikes and crime astounded us."

Bliudz joined Labour "because it seemed the natural thing. When I was with the Immigrants Association, Labour was in power, seemingly unchallengeable, and my work brought me into daily contact with Labour officials. In time, I could not keep up my independent political status."

Socialism, he says, is not his thing. He is at most a social democrat. He finds the idea of a large public sector in Israel's economy justified. "Israel could not have developed from scratch as a money-making enterprise," he says.

He also feels strongly about the need to maintain the "Jewish character of the state, be it through a territorial or a functional compromise. I am not ignoring Jewish historical rights over the lands in question, but I am being pragmatic."

In the party proper, says Bliudz, he is a "lone wolf, not in anyone's faction." He has been in the central committee for three terms, not as a result of elections, but as a representative of the Immigrants Association. In the 1981 election campaign he had a tiff with Labour because he ran (in the highly unrealistic 13th slot) on the ticket of a short-lived independent Soviet Olim list, Ness.

LABOUR INSIDERS describe Bliudz now as frustrated. According to one of them. "He is a talented man who made a sacrifice when he chose to devote his efforts to Soviet olim rather than to practising law." A year ago, three months after a questionable victory in the Immigrants Association elections, he was removed from his post as director, having been defeated decisively on a re-vote by a fellow-Labourite, Ephraim Feinbloom.

At his age, Bliudz says, he is "not after a political career. But I see the emigration of some 400,000 Russian Jews here as an absolute salvation for this country. Everyone pays lip service to the cause, but Soviet aliya is not at the top of our national priorities list."

At the absorption centre he runs (successfully, to judge from the praise heaped on him) "there are pitifully few Soviet olim, alongside newcomers from Romania and Ethiopia. My ambition is not to reach the Knesset, but to play a more prominent role in aliya absorption."

But upward mobility in a party like Labour is no simple matter.

"It's a giant of a party with lots of pressure groups. It's hard to amass support in the branches, and doubly so for an immigrant. I live in Petah Tikva, but for me to have influence in the branch here, I would need to pack it with Russian immigrants to back me.

"The olim, however, won't come. They are allergic to parties. They are politically apathetic. People look after themselves and their families, and talk about politics being dirty. They let others wallow in the filth and then complain. Russian olim can't be counted on to help build a power base in an Israeli party.

"The only exceptions," Bliudz feels, "are in smaller, compact towns and in small, ideologically close-knit parties, like Tehiya, where a large proportion of the membership are Soviet olim. They are a sympathetic, intelligent and motivated group, and they can get ahead quickly."

ANATOLY GERSHENSON is a case in point. He was Tehiya's Tel Aviv branch chairman in 1981, though marriage and the birth of a child led to his giving up the post. He had been on the party's central committee and council since 1980, and is now also Tel Aviv branch vice-chairman and treasurer. The 34-year-old Gershenson, a physicist who now runs his own computer firm, is a founder-member of Tehiya (membership number, 84). He joined the group set up by Prof. Yuval Ne'eman before Geula Cohen bolted Herut to join Ne'eman and form Tehiya.

His opinions were already shaped in Russia, he says. He comes from an assimilationist Communist home in Odessa, but became a Zionist "in the first grade of primary school, when I was jeeringly called a *Zhid*. My instinctive reaction was to hit my tormentors and I did it throughout my school years."

As a teenager he distributed underground printed matter for Zionist activist Raiza Palatnik, who was later imprisoned. His shocked parents found out about his Zionism through the KGB, "which let me go because of my young age."

He came here in 1976, and influenced his parents and sister to come too, "and we're all doing well here."

In 1977, his first Israeli election, he voted for Kahane, "not really knowing much about him, except for his fame among Jews in the USSR as a fighter for their cause.

"Later, I veered to the Likud, but was outraged by the Camp David agreement and the ceding of Israeli territory. I sought like-minded people and found Ne'eman. Zionism for me is Eretz Yisrael, aliya and settlement."

Gershenson, who is about to move his home to Barkan in Samaria, stresses that he was "never a professional Russian. My political activity is no different from that of a sabra."

He now organizes a "mini-museum" in the Tel Aviv Tehiya branch devoted to the Nili, Etzel and Lehi undergrounds, having already been "fascinated with Yishuv history in Russia. Had I been here in pre-state days, I would have joined Lehi," he says.

He is also active in the International Society for Human Rights, which, contrary to what may be expected, is not a left-wing organization. He is also deputy director of the Soviet Immigrants Association under Labour's Feinbloom.

"I REALLY became politically active in 1980," says Gershenson, "and during the 1981 campaign, when I worked in the Histadrut's Beilinson Hospital, I forced the management to remove Labour election posters from the walls and was successful in fighting a voluntary automatic deduction of a day's pay from every employee's pay cheque. This was to be 'contributed' to the Alignment's campaign, unless the employee stated his opposition in writing."

In 1984, Gershenson made an unsuccessful bid to be elected party secretary-general.

"At the outset I was very anti-Geula Cohen and fought her at every opportunity," he says. "Now we're good friends and I side with her in her quarrel with Rafael Eitan."

TEHIYA, according to Gershenson, is unique among Israel's parties, in that Soviet olim have far greater influence on the leadership than in any other party. Some 15 per cent of Tehiya members are Soviet olim, and the party is thought to have attracted about 15 per cent of the "Russian vote."

But Tehiya's success by no means indicates that Soviet olim are all right-wingers. Gershenson also sees them as moving to the centre, and he joins those who criticize David Levy for having alienated Soviet olim from the Likud.

"I would say that roughly there is parity between the two big political blocs among the olim, with some advantage for the right," Gershenson states. "But the one thing I can say with absolute certainty in the left's favour is that when I approach Labour and Mapam people in search of funds on behalf of the Immigrants Association, I get my cheque right away. It's much harder to get money out of the right wing."□

Anatoly Gershenson (Hanoch Guthman)

Yosef Mendelevich (Joel Fishman)

Dani Bliudz (A. Brutman)

(Advertisement)

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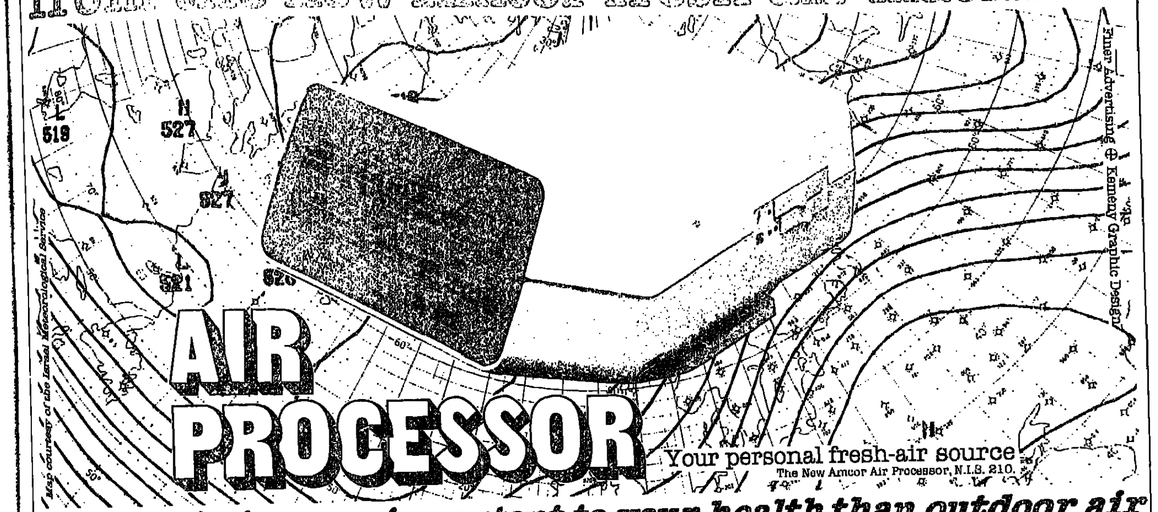

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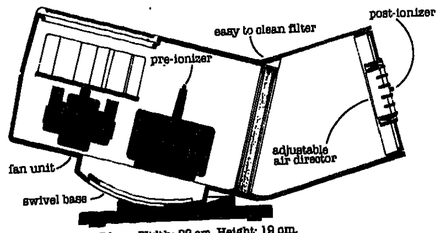

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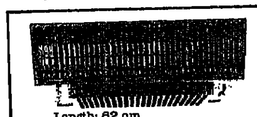

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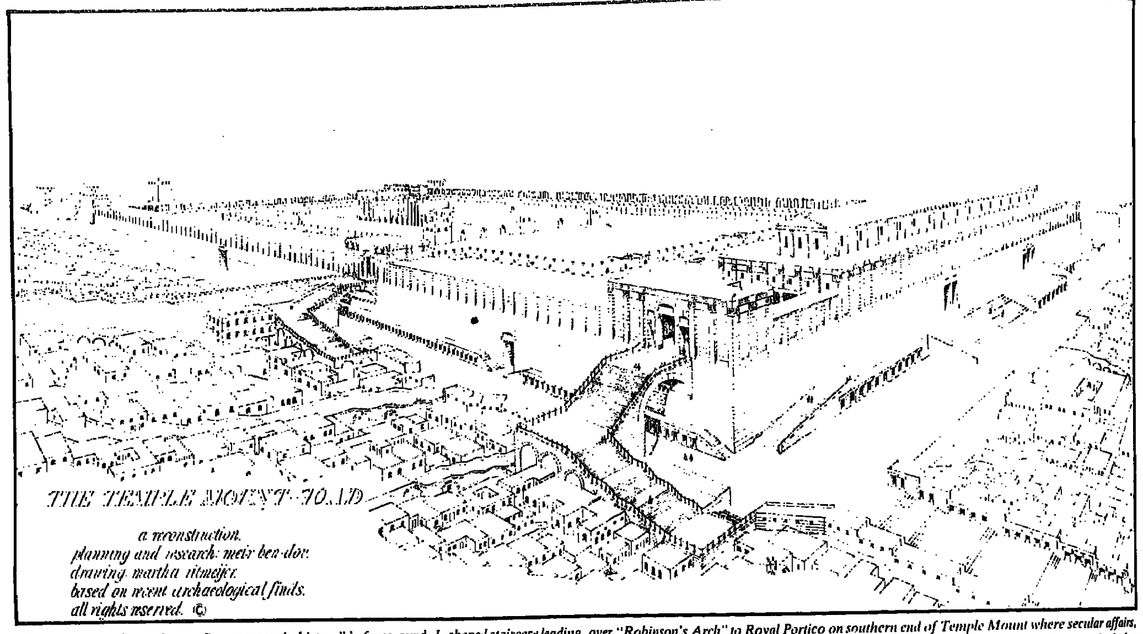


Architectural rendering shows "first overpass in history" in foreground, L-shaped staircase leading over "Robinson's Arch" to Royal Portico on southern end of Temple Mount where secular affairs, from money changing to civil trials, were conducted. In southern wall can be seen the two Hulda Gates – the Triple Gate through which pilgrims entered and the Double Gate through which they exited. Shops line streets running along foot of the mount. Arched staircase on left is supported by "Wilson's Arch", adjacent to today's Western Wall.

To be a pilgrim

Visitors to the Temple Mount excavations – to be reopened this Sunday – will be pilgrims to the threshold of sanctity, writes Abraham Rabinovich.

BENEATH THE debris, beneath 50 metres of broken stone and dirt-encrusted artifacts, archeologists came upon the Word.

The written Word and its study by the ancient Israelites – the first people to practise universal education – lay at the base of one of the most astonishing engineering endeavours of the ancient world: the Temple Mount and its approaches.

After the Word had come the Deed – *yerida*, emigration, to the corners of the known world, where the literate Israelites could find scope for their talents. To protect the link between this growing Diaspora and the motherland, notes archeologist Meir Ben-Dov, the leaders of the nation decreed the obligation of pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

When Herod ascended the throne in the first century BCE, a thriving Jewish diaspora extended from the Euphrates to the Atlantic and pilgrimage had become a massive tide surging against the frail infrastructure of his capital. The city's sizeable population of 150,000-200,000 was augmented on the three pilgrimage festivals by as many as 100,000 visitors, all of them seeking access, together with Jerusalemites, to the Temple Mount, as well as basic facilities for their stay, including ritual baths.

In Herod, the historical moment had found its man. A figure of sweeping vision in politics as in physical planning, Herod undertook to resolve the problem by rebuilding the Temple and its approaches on a scale awesome even to the modern observer.

For 1,900 years after the Temple's destruction, the magnificence of Herod's achievement was evident in the 144-dunam esplanade and massive support walls of the Temple Mount. Fascinating new light was shed on the site and the period with the archeological excavations that were launched after the Six Day War under Prof. Binyamin Mazar of the Hebrew University.

A year ago, the site was closed to the public when a visitor – an Israeli woman with a tour group – fell into an excavation pit and was killed. After extensive alterations, including the filling-in of dangerous openings and the installation of safety railings, the site is to be reopened this Sunday.

VISITORS, who will pay NIS 1.50 for entry, will themselves be pilgrims – not to a holy site, but to the threshold of sanctity. Here, tens of thousands of men, women and children, freshly cleansed in ritual baths, would stream up a staircase to the triple-arched Eastern Hulda Gate in the southern wall of the Temple Mount. Archeologist Ben-Dov, in charge of the site's restoration, estimates that as many as 150,000 persons would enter the Mount on a peak day during Pessàh or Succot. That is almost twice as many people as the Olympic stadium in Los Angeles accommodated.

Passing through the gateway, the barefoot pilgrims would file through an upward-sloping tunnel for some 90 metres, debouching in an outer courtyard of the Mount esplanade.

Gentiles who came from distant lands to view what was one of the most splendid architectural sites of the ancient world would also enter through the Hulda Gate; but Greek and Latin engravings on the esplanade forbade them, on pain of death, to pass beyond the fence delineating the sacred precinct.

Pilgrims would leave the Mount by the western Hulda Gate, or Double Gate, where a monumental staircase would carry them down to the secular city. The exit staircase was four times as wide as the entry staircase, since worshippers left *en masse* at the conclusion of the Temple ceremony, whereas arrivals were scattered.

A deliberate exception to this orderly arrangement for the flow of traffic was the rule that mourners went in and out against the traffic. The Talmud relates that persons going against the stream would be asked why they were doing so.

Upon announcing that they were mourners, they would be consoled by the blessing, "May He who dwelleth in this House give thee comfort." This human touch, notes Ben-Dov, "helped to cultivate a sense of national solidarity, which was not common to the temples of other peoples."

THE TEMPLE Mount reconstructed by Herod was twice the size of the walled esplanade built 1,000 years earlier by Solomon on the hilltop threshing-floor that his father, David, had purchased in order to provide a permanent home for the Holy Ark. That temple had been destroyed by the Babylonians in 586 BCE, and a second temple of far humbler appearance was built two generations later by offspring of the exiles returning to Zion.

Herod doubled the size of the Mount by extending it southward and westward in an operation entailing awesome logistics. The historian Josephus relates that Herod's men spent eight years assiduously gathering supplies – quarrying stones, dressing them and transporting them to the building-site with a fleet of 1,000 wagons.

The stones were of enormous size, some of them weighing close to 50 tons. Masons carved them with distinctive margins and planed them down so that they could be fitted tightly together without the need for mortar. Only when all was assembled did construction begin.

Ten thousand skilled workmen were employed, plus 1,000 specially-trained priests – it was only priests who could carry out work in the Temple itself. The actual construction of the main structures was remarkably speedy – only three years. But the application of finishing touches would go on for 40 years – long after Herod died in 4 BCE.

The retaining walls of the artificial mount rose 30 metres above the streets at its foot, while in some places the foundations extended 20 metres below the street to bedrock, making a structure equivalent in height to a 17-storey building. The esplanade, which rested on a series of arches, was 485 metres long.

As well as its overwhelming dimensions, the beauty of the site was hailed as unparalleled by Josephus, who was familiar with the wonders of the ancient world. Although Herod could not change the ground plan of the Temple itself, which was fixed in the Bible, he greatly increased its height in order to match that of the Solomonic temple, and created a dazzling exterior with white stone and gold ornament.

In extending the mount beyond the sacred precinct, Herod was able to build on its southern fringe an impressive secular structure, the Royal Portico. The Sanhedrin, the highest court in the land, sat there for a period. But the structure, like similar structures in the classical world, was used for more mundane purposes as well – including money-changing, a vital service for pilgrims who, among other needs, wished to purchase doves and animals for sacrifices. This would seem to be the setting for the New Testament account of Jesus driving out the money changers and the sellers of doves from the Temple.

ONE OF THE major revelations of Professor Mazar's dig concerned the question of access to the Royal Portico. Herod and his engineers had provided for the clear separation of pilgrims ascending the mount for spiritual reasons and persons making their way to the Royal Portico.

While the former entered via the Hulda Gate in the southern wall, the latter used an entrance from the west. This was sited above an archway that would come to be called Robinson's Arch, after the American researcher who in 1838 first noted the remains of the arch projecting from the wall of the Temple Mount.

It was assumed by virtually all scholars that the arch was part of a bridge which extended across the valley separating the Temple Mount from the Upper City (today's Jewish Quarter), where the priests and aristocracy of the period lived.

The excavations showed, however, that the arch was part of an enormous L-shaped stairway leading up to the mount from the main street and commercial area at its foot. Bridging the street, the 15-metre-wide arch constituted what Ben-Dov calls "the first overpass in history."

Built into the pier supporting the arch were numerous shops serving pedestrians on the busy thoroughfare at the foot of the mount. In the remains of one of these shops, the archeologists found weights and coins.

VISITORS to the site will be able to see a well-preserved section of the 11-metre wide thoroughfare. Most scholars agree that the modern street called Via Dolorosa has no connection with the biblical Via Dolorosa, and there is no doubt that Jesus, like all visitors to Jerusalem, would have walked the street now exposed to view in the excavations – the main street of the city.

Also clearly visible in this section of the excavations are piles of debris left by the archeologists as they found them – dramatic evidence of the destruction on the Temple Mount in the summer of 70 CE, when the Romans pushed huge stones off the esplanade onto the street below.

The Second Temple period houses which were located on the southern approaches to the Temple Mount were razed in the course of time, but the excavators found still intact their most distinctive religious feature – the *mikva'ot*, or ritual baths, which had been cut into the rock in the basement of the buildings.

Some 60 rituals baths were uncovered. These included public baths used by the mass of pilgrims and baths that were probably in the basement of private homes where rooms were rented to pilgrims, or of hostels catering to visitors from specific countries who found there a familiar language and cuisine. (Less opulent pilgrims camped out at three sites prepared for the purpose by the local authorities, one of them where today's Mamilla Quarter is located.)

Today's pilgrim can emulate the ancients' ascent to the Temple Mount up to a point. The two staircases leading from the area of the ritual baths to the Hulda Gates – the Double Gate and the Triple Gate – have been reconstructed, close to half of the steps being original. The monumental staircase to the Double Gate is 65 metres wide.

The gates themselves were sealed off in antiquity with stones, but the archeologists penetrated to the tunnels behind them after obtaining permission from the Moslem authorities, since the site lies below al-Aksa Mosque. They found these passageways which led visitors to and from the Temple Mount esplanade richly decorated, including their domed ceilings.

THE SECOND Temple Period is only one of 25 layers, albeit the most impressive, that were uncovered. The excavations cut through 2,500 years of history extending from the 16th century CE, Ottoman ruler, Suleiman the Magnificent, who built the present walls of the Old City, back to King Solomon.

The finds that most startled the scholarly community were the remains of a complex of royal palaces from the early Moslem period in the seventh century CE whose existence was unknown even to historians of Islam. From the roof of one of the palaces, a short bridge gave the caliph on his visits to Jerusalem direct access to al-Aksa.

Moslem dignitaries invited to the scene by the archeologists were delighted to find this unexpected evidence of their heritage. Visitors to the site can see part of the royal bath-house of this period, including a recess in the wall for soup.

During the Christian Byzantine period, Jerusalem flourished and the area south of the Temple Mount was a densely built-up residential area. The archeologists have restored several of these dwellings.

More than $1 million has been channelled to the archeological restoration through the Jerusalem Foundation established by Mayor Teddy Kollek. The latest phase was financed by the Levy family of Lausanne, Switzerland in memory of their father, Yitzhak Ben Youssef Levy. The work was executed by the East Jerusalem Development Company on behalf of the municipality and the Tourism Ministry.

Three marked routes offer visitors a choice of tours lasting from one to three hours. It is recommended that they make use of guides, since the sites will have little meaning without an explanation. A full tour is physically difficult, with many steps to climb, and the heat is formidable. A hat and canteen are highly desirable, even in the off-summer months. The visit requires an investment of physical and intellectual or emotional energy – as a pilgrimage should. □

PUZZLE SOLVED

THE EXCAVATIONS at the foot of the Temple Mount may have resolved a scholarly puzzle concerning the location of the Acra fortress, which plays a central role in the story of Hanukka.

The fortress had been built at the order of the Damascus-based Seleucid ruler Antiochus in about 168 BCE, to ensure that the Jews of Jerusalem were kept in submission. Even after the Maccabees succeeded in their revolt four years later, and cleansed the Temple of the profanities inflicted upon it by the Hellenistic rulers, the Acra continued to hold out.

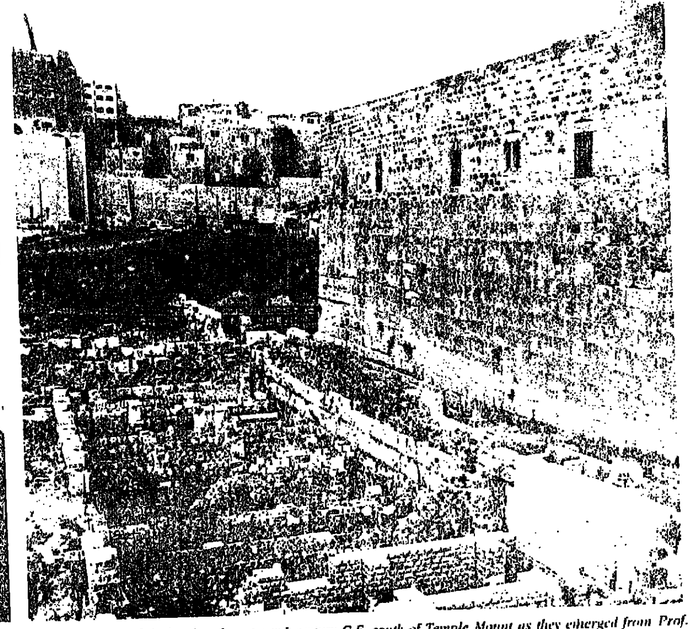
For the next 23 years, the city would remain divided between the Hasmonean forces and the Greeks supported by apostates, with periods of skirmishing and truce, much as 2,000 years later, it would be divided again for 19 years between Israel and Jordan.

Finally, in the year 141, Simeon the Hasmonean captured the Acra and, according to Josephus, demolished it down to bedrock, to ensure that the Seleucids would never attempt to regain control of the fortress.

So successful was Simeon in his demolition that scholars have not been able to determine where the Acra was located. Many believed that it was located just north of the Temple Mount, on high ground that permitted it to dominate the mount. Others believed it to be located in the Upper City (today's Jewish Quarter) which likewise overlooked the Temple Mount.

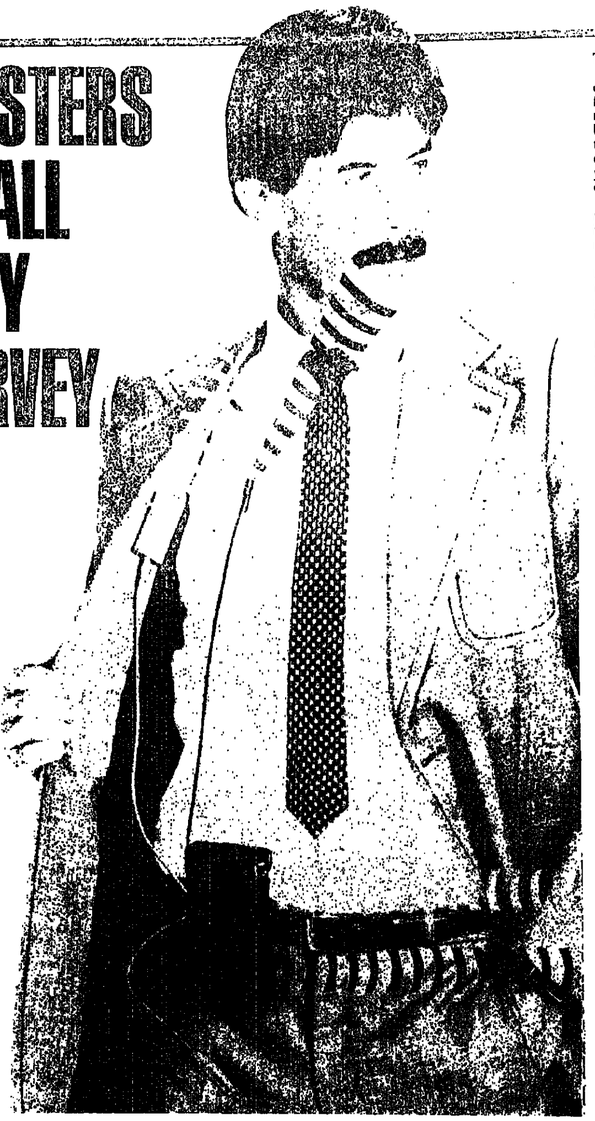
In the excavations about 40 metres south of the Temple Mount, the archeologists uncovered a large rock-cut reservoir measuring 20 by 15 metres alongside the remains of a building with numerous rooms arranged barrack-like in long rows. Most researchers have discounted the southern area as the Acra site because it lay below the Temple esplanade and did not dominate it.

Ben-Dov is nevertheless convinced that the excavated site is that of the Acra. "Building the Acra's towers to a height of 20 metres made it possible to see into the Temple courts," he says. In addition, he notes, Josephus himself wrote that the Acra was located in the Lower City.



(Above) *Massive stones with dressed margins at southwest corner of Temple Mount;* (right) *Remains of Arab palace from seventh century C.E. south of Temple Mount as they emerged from Prof. Binyamin Mazar's excavations;* (below) *Monumental staircase leading to Double Gate, now blocked, from which pilgrims to the Temple exited from Temple Mount in antiquity.*

MASTERS OF ALL THEY SURVEY



Israel's manufacturers of security systems have earned this country an international reputation for innovation. Lev Bearfield looks at the million dollar security business.

FIBRE-OPTIC devices that can peer through keyholes and into sealed envelopes. Cameras that take X-ray Polaroid photos. Ostensibly empty attaché cases capable of surreptitiously videotaping a scene for up to eight hours. A laser beam that allows you to hear a conversation in an apartment hundreds of metres away. A computer chip attached to a telephone that can change a woman's voice into a man's.

These are just a few of the products of Israel's rapidly growing security and surveillance industry, which includes some of the most dazzling detection and defence-oriented technology in the world.

Sales of such technology are still small compared to Israel's arms exports, estimated to top $1 billion annually. But the country's long experience in meeting security threats, combined with a certain technological genius, has resulted in Israel becoming a significant innovator and manufacturer of security devices for both military and civilian use.

Because such high-tech devices are indeed strictly defensive and non-lethal, no moral ambiguity attaches to their development and sale; hence we may take unmitigated pride in their export. At the same time, however, such products do find their way to the local market, where their use by private individuals could violate the law against invasion of privacy. Indeed, some of the technology is so sophisticated as to give even the non-paranoid nightmares.

ACCORDING to Natan Hoshen, director of the industrial products division of the Israel Export Institute, some 60 Israeli firms employing about 3,000 production workers are currently doing in excess of $150 million worth of security business a year, with about half of that figure earned from exports.

"In America alone," Hoshen said, "the security industry is a multi-billion-dollar enterprise, and it's expected to keep growing year after year. It's a very competitive business. But if Israel wins only a small portion of that market, that's very significant to us."

Israeli manufacturers of security systems, Hoshen said, have already gained more than a foothold in the U.S. and are now doing the same in Europe.

"The European Community recently conducted a study here among our manufacturers," he reported. "They were looking into the possibility of joint projects. And they were very impressed with what they found. The result was that a delegation of 25 manufacturers from EC countries just completed a meeting here with their Israeli counterparts, and the outcome was very good. At least one million-dollar deal has just been signed, and more are in the works."

The Export Institute has been so encouraged that next June it is sponsoring, in conjunction with the appropriate government ministries and Tel Aviv University's Institute for Strategic Studies, the First International Congress and Exhibition on Security, Defence and Anti-Terrorism.

"As of now," said Hoshen, "we expect between 200 and 300 visitors from abroad for the conference, and maybe 100 for a parallel seminar on bank security. Naturally they'll want to see what our manufacturers have on display. Word has got around, you see, that Israel has things that no one else has."

Hoshen credited certain "natural resources" for earning this country its international reputation for innovation in the security industry.

"First of all," he said, "we have the fine security record of El Al, plus the spectacular successes of the army, both on the battlefield and in instances like the rescue at Entebbe.

"But beyond that, it's well known that the IDF retires its personnel at a relatively young age. That means a large pool of men with very specialized knowledge and experience going into the civilian sector all the time. Many of these men go into industry. And when they link up with our high-tech people, the results are very original and highly marketable."

Much of the merchandise sold by Israeli manufacturers in the security field is fairly conventional – alarm systems, bulletproof garments, bomb-disposal devices, or electronic security fences like the one recently installed around Buckingham Palace. But many of the products are most decidedly unconventional, and some seem to have sprung from the minds that gave us James Bond or Buck Rogers.

The largest of the firms purveying such items to the civilian market is Electronic Security Countermeasures, Ltd. of Tel Aviv. Menachem Borenstein, who founded ESC five years ago, told us that the firm is earning "nearly a million dollars a year, and building all the time, with about half our income now coming from abroad." He was tight-lipped, however, about other aspects of ESC, suggesting that some of his work is connected with the military or the security services. Presumably certain of his inventions are also not for public display. But the technology that Borenstein did show us was eye-opening.

Simpler devices included an ordinary ballpoint pen containing a microelectronic transmitter. This can activate an alarm as much as half a kilometre away – handy, say, when a bank executive is confronted by irate employees. There's also a "kidnap recovery system" sewn inside a belt that will beam a coded tracking signal for 14 days. Another version of that item can be concealed in an automobile and signal the car's location for more than 28 days.

ESC is also having considerable success with its novel Digital Voice Changer, a device that was recently written about in *Newsweek*. This little marvel of microcircuitry especially appeals to women living alone and wary of phone callers. The device attaches to the telephone and allows the woman not only to speak in a man's voice, but, with the press of a button, to broadcast the intimidating background sound of a barking dog.

We tried out the Digital Voice Changer and found that it also works in reverse, transforming our normal speaking voice from a rumbling basso profundo to a thoroughly convincing alto and soprano. We were similarly persuaded that somewhere in the room lurked an invisible German shepherd.

But ESC's main line of hardware falls under the rubric indicated by the company's name – security countermeasures. Tal Berman, Borenstein's young assistant and like his boss an OH electronics graduate, proudly showed us a wide range of the company's surveillance and countersurveillance items.

"One of our most advanced pieces of equipment," Berman said, locates electronic 'bugs' and wiretaps. The traditional kind of thing you see in the movies is a technician hunting for a bug by waving an antenna device around the room. Such gadgets cost around $100, but they're really very ineffective. Our digital computerized locator would cost you several thousand dollars – but it has the advantage of being 100 per cent effective. And it won't locate just bugs hidden in a room or on a phone line – it'll find any electronic surveillance directed at the room from the outside."

Once ESC determines that a room is being bugged, Berman said, the company can equip it with an anti-bugging device. One version, selling for around $3,000, creates a "white noise" on the phone line to prevent conversations being recorded. Another version uses computer technology to scramble words, presenting an outside monitor with the problem of working through 45,000 code possibilities to reconstruct a conversation.

BERMAN was especially enthusiastic about his outfit's gadgetry for covert surveillance. "We've got an undercover video system, where the TV lens is hidden in a car's radio antenna, giving you a full 360-degree range of monitoring," he said. "We've got this attache case – you'd never guess that this little stud in the frame is a 2 millimetre lens. The briefcase can do audio and video recording. Our audio recording Courier Briefcase, by the way, has a shock and siren system – if someone picks it up and carries it two metres away from you, the handle will give him a shock that throws him onto the ground.

And the covering on this attache case will stop a 375-calibre bullet.

"Then we have our Security Borescopes. With these you can look through keyholes, into the door panels of cars, into packages and letters without opening them. Very efficient if you're looking for hidden explosives.

"Then there is our Infrared Audio Surveillance System. This picks up audio signals, converts them into an invisible infra-red beam, and transmits it to your recorder. This kind of monitoring is just about impossible to detect. We also have a super-sophisticated system that throws a laser beam against a window, catches all the sounds inside a room and carries them out to where you are, hundreds of metres away."

Berman pointed out that not all of the components of ESC products are manufactured in Israel but maintained that their uniqueness is if how the company configures and adapts them.

"If we need a TV transmitter the size of a cigarette packet," he explained, "it doesn't pay for us to develop our own when these are available on the market abroad. But what we do with that camera is something else. At the same time, if there is something abroad that is especially hard to get, or particularly expensive, we can turn out something very similar, and make it better and cheaper."

The engineer also said that his company will custom-design security devices to meet specific requests, and will even provide the necessary installation and service, often under unusual conditions.

"We work crazy hours in this business," Berman smiled. "A lot of our installation is done after midnight, working with very fine tools and drills, like a dentist uses, to put in surveillance equipment. Then we have to clean up and conceal every sign of our work, so that when people show up they'll never suspect anything has been done to the walls or whatever."

After eliciting our avowal of secrecy, Berman took us into a lab where his latest custom-ordered project was under construction. A client wanted a particular outdoor area place under electronic surveillance. After studying the area, Berman determined that a video camera could be placed in a certain feature of the landscape where it could record all movement without detection, both by day and by night. In the lab, we saw that reconstructed feature of the landscape being stuffed with high-tech circuitry, and were convinced that it would handily meet the client's demands.

BUT WHO are the clients for all this clandestine equipment? Berman allowed that both he and Borenstein had worked in "relevant areas" during their military service, but understandably enough neither would confirm if the police or the security services use ESC's technology or expertise.

"Outside of our export business," Berman said, "we have plenty of private customers right here in Israel. The top private detectives, for example – they come to us for all kinds of things. Then you have private security firms. And then all sorts of people concerned about protecting their property. With so many new high-tech industries here, for instance, you have a lot of concern about industrial espionage. Companies don't want people taking unauthorized items out of their plants or offices.

"One particular company suspected that one of its employees was – well, I'll say they believed he was doing something illegal there after hours. We discovered that when he left the place on Friday, he shut off the power to neutralize the alarm system. He then waited the appropriate number of hours for the alarm's battery back-up to run down, came in and, well, did his illegal thing. We know all this because our surveillance system, which purposely wasn't hooked up to the building's power supply, recorded it all."

Of course, a victim of such covert surveillance might want to claim that hidden cameras and so forth violated his right to privacy, but this would probably not cut much ice when he is on trial for illegal entry or acts on someone else's property.

Defence of one's property is usually a persuasive argument to justify the use of hidden surveillance equipment. In the U.S., for example, it is common for supermarkets and department stores to post notices informing shoppers that the premises are under electronic surveillance; this both warns against shoplifting and protects the management against the charge of unauthorized snooping.

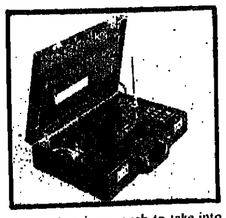
In the same regard, many firms have their employees sign agreements on the use of surveillance equipment. In Israel such agreements may be in force in high-tech plants. In the U.S., where there is considerable concern about drug abuse on the job, employees may even be asked to agree to their rest rooms being monitored by TV cameras.

ALL WELL and good. Clandestine monitoring of conversations, however, is something else again. Wiretapping or other means of covertly monitoring conversations by private individuals are prohibited by Israeli law. Yet while the law also allows the government to regulate the sale of secret monitoring equipment, many such items apparently may still be legally purchased by individuals who may put them to unauthorized use.

"True," ESC manager Borenstein acknowledged, "a person, say a private detective, may walk in off the street and buy something of ours that the law doesn't permit him to use in certain ways. But we don't know what he's planning to use it for. That's his concern. You see," he added disingenuously, "our equipment, say a little TV camera, might be used for all sorts of things."

Also true. But the 1979 Secret Monitoring Law still forbids unauthorized electronic monitoring of conversations without the knowledge of the participants; for example, tapping your phone calls or using a laser to secretly record your conversation on a park bench is illegal. Further, the 1981 Protection of Privacy Law largely prohibits, among other things, unauthorized spying on, trailing, recording or photographing a person without his consent.

In the view of Dr. Ruth Gavison, associate professor in the Faculty of Law at the Hebrew University and chairwoman of the Association for Civil Rights in Israel (Acri), the two government-sponsored laws on protection of privacy seem broad and



comprehensive enough to take into account both state-of-the-art surveillance technology and the legitimate concerns citizens have of safeguarding their privacy.

"The fact is," she said, "there hasn't been much litigation in this area, so that may be taken as a sign that there isn't much of this sort of monitoring going on here, or at least not so that people wish to complain about it. As far as I know, the only complaints brought to Acri of this nature are from mentally disturbed persons who believe their phones are tapped."

GAVISON, whose doctoral thesis dealt with the protection of privacy, believes that the greatest threat to privacy may come from unauthorized use of data-bank information, a matter which the Protection of Privacy Law also addresses. But there are aspects of wiretapping and other means of snooping that do disturb her.

"I may see some academic shortcomings in these laws, but essentially I think they offer the citizen adequate protection," she said. "As written, the laws safeguard us from the kind of situation where political parties were wiretapping each other back in the 1950s, which was what brought about the law in the first place. And occasionally you used to hear a police official urging the monitoring of *all* phone calls in Israel. I think our legislation shows we've advanced beyond that kind of thinking.

"In the application of the law, however, we may have some problems. Since most private detectives are ex-policemen, they may be able to get away with things without the police interfering with them. In reality, the whole business of controlling wiretaps and so on is a case of letting the cat guard the cream.

"As it stands," Gavison pointed out, "only the police or the General Security Service may engage in such monitoring, and only then with proper authorization. For the security services, presumably that means authorization from the prime minister, since they report to him. For the police that means authorization from the president of a district court.

"What the security services do, of course, remains secret. Just how often the police seek such authorization, and how often such authorization is granted or turned down, is an interesting question. We know that judges grant requests for detention and remand fairly routinely, so we might guess that requests for taps are similarly granted. But that's just a guess. You could ask the authorities, but I don't suppose they would comment in much detail."

THAT PROVED to be the case. The national police spokeswoman laughed when we asked her how frequently the police seek authorization for wiretaps, saying such information is "top secret." She did allow that wiretaps are a "last-resort method of getting information, because permission isn't easy to get. The courts don't agree automatically." But she added that no records are kept on how many requests are accepted or rejected. A Justice Ministry spokeswoman confirmed this last point.

In any event, we know that even policemen can be upset about the use of wiretaps. Facing his disciplinary hearing two years ago on charges of leaking information to the press, Assaf Hefetz, then head of the Tel Aviv Central Police Unit, expressed his outrage at having his own phone tapped. "Due to my position," he told the court, "I am perhaps Israel's main 'listener-in' on other people's conversations, and I know how difficult it is to obtain a permit to tap a telephone. I was stunned to learn that on the basis of unfounded suspicions, a permit was obtained to tap a senior officer's telephone."

We know as well that phone tapping can take place in the private sector without any authorization whatsoever. In the scandal concerning political dirty tricks within the Egged secretariat, for example, two defendants admitted in court earlier this year to using illegal wiretaps.

None of this necessarily means that secret monitoring is widespread in Israel. After all, the country has a sizeable arms industry without having an inordinate amount of illegal weapons use. But the sale of surveillance equipment is not nearly as regulated as the sale of weapons. So for those who worry about such things, it can be a little unnerving to live in a country in which some of the world's most sophisticated surveillance equipment is created and made generally available. Perhaps their best comfort is that the country also makes available some of the world's most advanced counter-surveillance devices. □

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REGAL BEARING

Could there be an Arab Miss Israel? Jerusalem Post Reporter Yosef Goell talks to Indira Nasser, our first Arab beauty queen.

NEARLY one quarter of all Israeli girls between the ages of 15 and 24 are Arabs or Druse. The exact numbers are 77,800 out of 346,200, according to 1985 figures. These are the age groups which provide just about all the candidates for the various beauty contests conducted in Israel every year...Yet, there has never been an Arab or Druse Miss Israel.

That's my problem: I look at pretty girls and my mind drifts to statistics. And not just in theory. I was looking at a very pretty girl, who would get my vote for Miss Israel any day, when I caught my mind wandering in the statistical direction. I looked the exact figures up afterwards. The girl I was looking at was 18-year-old Indira Nasser ("Indira Gandhi was a heroine of my mother's when I was born, so she named me after her"), who is the eldest daughter of a Christian Arab family in Haifa.

The reason I interviewed Indira and her family, was that she had been crowned as Israel's first Arab beauty queen, in an all-Arab contest, way back last March 21, which Israeli Arabs have been celebrating in recent years as *Yaum il-'im* (Mother's Day). There were 12 finalists in the contest, which was held at the Tamra Gardens roadside restaurant near the west Galilee village of Tamra, before an enthusiastic audience of hundreds of Israeli Arabs, including the proud families of the contestants.

But why a separate beauty contest for Arab girls? For my money, Indira could do very well in any Israeli beauty contest. The fact is, I was later told, that a small number of Israeli Arab girls had indeed competed in past all-Israel beauty contests, but had never made it to the top. My sources told me that a Lilly Dajani, the daughter of a father of that well-known Arab family and of a Jewish mother, who is a cousin of former Rehovot mayor Mordechai Rechtman, had represented Israel in a regional beauty contest. In the 1970's a girl named Shirin Ibrahim, the daughter of a Moslem Persian father, resident in Israel, had been crowned Miss Mediterranean. But the number of Arab girls who were ready to take part in such an exotic and daring activity has been very small because of objections in the conservative Arab sector to their women prancing around in public, as Rabbi Aberjil of Baka put it a few weeks ago, in another context, "half naked."

I was late in finding out about Indira because the major Israeli dailies did not report the event. The women's magazine *La'Isha* sent a reporter, but I regret to say that I am not a subscriber to that weekly. I discovered Indira several weeks ago on the Israel Arabic language TV's Saturday evening talk show, which is run by Lilly Nagar. Indira had been invited to the programme together with the man who had organized the first Israeli Arab beauty contest, Jawdat Odeh, to discuss the repercussions of the event. Some Moslem kadis had objected to the immorality and impropriety of it all. Indira's mother, Rose, said then, and repeated to me at home, that she saw no reason to object. "On the contrary, it only added honour to our family, and I would like Indira to go on to compete in the all-Israel contests against Jewish girls, too."

INDIRA'S version is slightly different. Not only did her mother not object, she told me, the whole thing had been her mother's idea. "She was the one who saw the original ad in the paper and pushed me into it... not that I needed much pushing. But just to make sure, they told Indira's father, Issa, only a day before the finals. But he, too, did not object, and when I met the family, both Issa and Rose were tremendously proud of Indira.

Encouraged by her family to compete; Indira at home in Haifa.

(Photos by Israel Talby)

Not only is Indira beautiful, she is also well-spoken and well-educated. She has just graduated from the el-Mutanabe municipal high school, majoring in physics and mathematics, and hopes to get into the Technion Medical School next year. This year, she says, she didn't make it, because she still hasn't gotten her *bagrut* (matriculation) marks. In the meantime, she and her parents have already made use of one of Indira's prizes, an all-expenses paid 10-day trip to Egypt. She also won a gold ring, a watch, the boutique dress in which she appeared in the contest, a Revlon beauty kit and $300. (Odeh later told me $400, which reminded me of the similar differences in monetary estimates between Edwin Meese and Shimon Peres.)

One thing about the contest was clear from the outset. The contestants would not appear in bathing suits or other too-revealing dress. However, Indira told the *La'Isha* reporter that she would agree to appear in a bathing suit in an all-Israel contest, "if it was not too immodest." Immodesty, of course, is in the eye of the beholder. The hefty belly-dancer, whose picture, performing at the Tamra Gardens event, graced the *La'Isha* story, and left little to the imagination, was in all likelihood not overshadowed by the men's debka dance troupe which also performed.

INDIRA told me that of the finalists, three had been Christian girls and the rest Moslems, and "of course no Druse." In the past, attempts to organize such contests had foundered over parental objections. This time, according to the organizers, and to the Nasser family, the families encouraged their daughters to take part. A harbinger of women's lib among Israel's Arabs? Possibly, but doubtfully more than just a harbinger.

One of the runners-up in the contest, Jamila Khiyal, a student at Haifa University, said that she saw it as an attempt to portray Israel's Arab woman in a new light. If she won, she said, she would try to exploit her personal achievement to advance the cause of the Moslem woman in Israel.

The Nasser family provides an interesting picture of an urban Arab family in the Israel of the mid-1980's. Issa and Rose are both from the village of Saml'a near Nazareth. Issa went to Jerusalem to study nursing at the Hadassah Hospital school in 1961. When he graduated he went to work at Rambam Hospital in Haifa until 1967. He then quit to strike out on his own, and he has had his own medical equipment sales firm ever since. "The reason I quit is the same reason that Jewish men don't go into nursing, and that more and more women are quitting today. You can't support a family on a nurse's salary," Issa told me. "The reason more Arab men are going into nursing today is that it's till hard for Arab university graduates to find jobs in their fields of study. Nursing at least guarantees you an immediate salary."

Rose's brother, Bassem, who studied political science at the Hebrew University during the '70s, is an insurance salesman. "Most, but not all, of my clients are Arabs."

IN THE same year that Issa made the break into self-employed business, he sent to the village for Rose and they were married. They have lived in Haifa for the past 19 years. They are the only Arab family in their apartment building on Rehov Ben Yehuda in the Hadar Hacarmel section, but they speak of another five or six Arab families on the block. "I can't tell you enough, how wonderful our relations with the Jewish families, here, have been," Rose said.

"We're invited to their homes for all the Jewish holidays and they come to our home for our holidays. Besides which, there's a lot of neighbourly visiting back and forth. I've heard that *haredi* Jewish people frown at such relationships, but to tell the truth I've never met any and have never, myself, come up against such a problem."

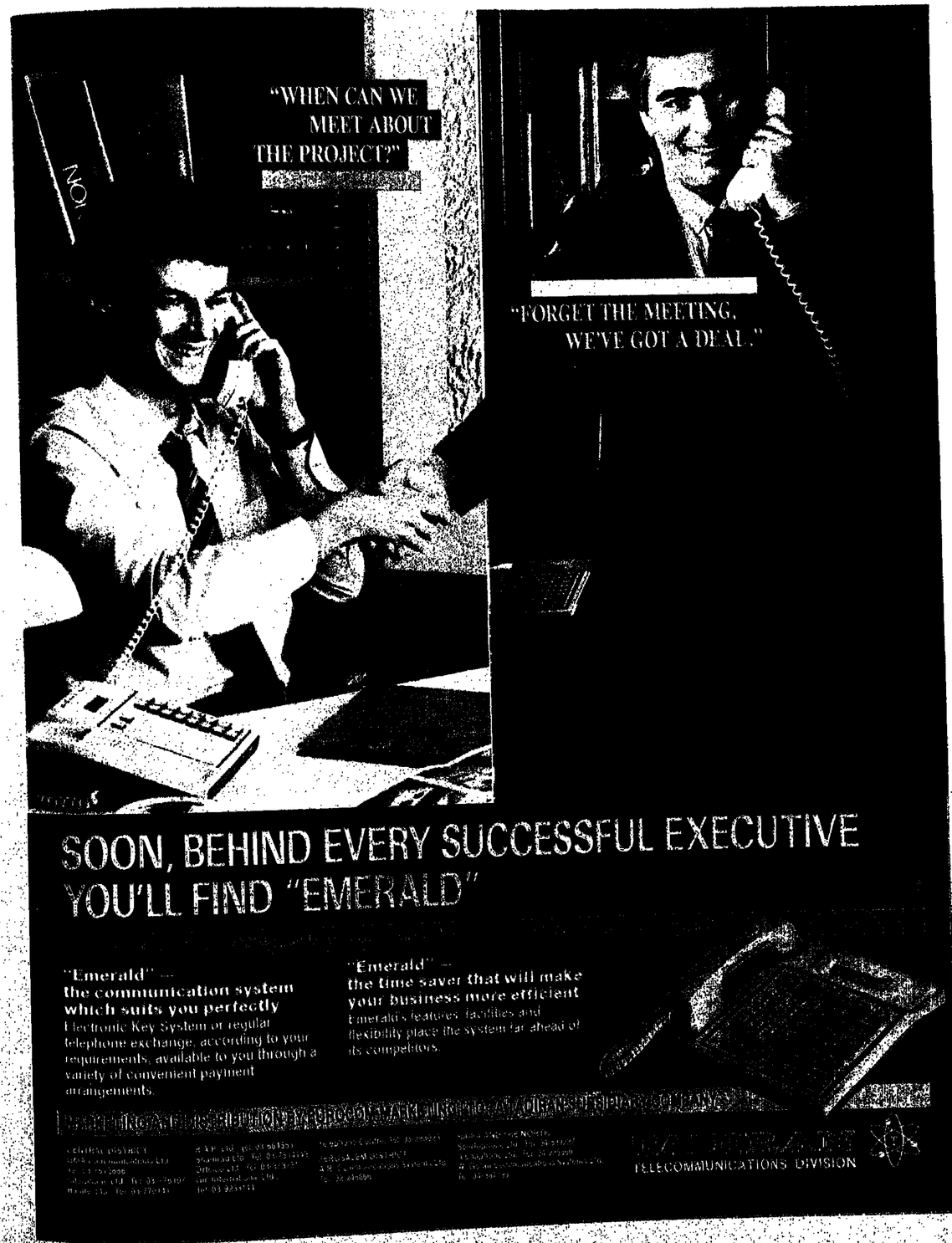
The organizer of the beauty contest, Odeh, is a part-time journalist on an Arab paper. He confided that he has a good chance of becoming editor of a new Arab sports newspaper to be called *Futbol*. Rumour has it that it is being bankrolled by Zahi Armeli, Maccabi Haifa's Arab soccer star, who has made it into the big time and the big money in the last two years. When I came to interview Odeh in his home in Kababir, the Mount Carmel neighbourhood which is home to Israel's small Ahmadiya Moslem sect, he and two mates were filling out their weekly football Toto slips. "I once won NIS 500 in the Toto," he told me. "But I figure that over the years, I've spent about $10,000 on all these lotteries. The figures speak for themselves. But hope springs eternal. And besides, I'm a football freak."

ODEH is clearly an entrepreneur. He is also a soccer referee. But at the moment, he feels that he has latched on to a good thing at the right time. He made money from the first beauty contest – he won't reveal how much – and intends to go on making money from the others that he's planning, now that the ice has been broken. He says that he's gone to great pains to assuage the sensibilities of the Moslem religious leaderships, his own Ahmadiya leaders included, adding that more and more people are on the side of such progress.

Odeh is clearly not an entirely unconscious agent for social change. Whether beauty contests are exactly the sort of modernization that Israeli Arab women need is open to debate. But that they do need some sort of blockbuster to open the way for them, out of the restricting confines of conservative Moslem lifestyles, would seem to be clear. It might well be that such beauty contests and the Indira Nassers who win them may be serving as their detonators.

But progress among Israel's Arab and Druse populations is advancing at different paces. I came to interview Indira from an earlier visit to the Druse village of Yirka in western Galilee. There I had spoken to one of the Kadmany brothers, Kassem, who manages the Gibor panty-hose factory, which the family owns. He told me that when they had built the factory, which provided jobs for the hundreds of Druse girls – as yet unmarried – from the surrounding villages, the Druse religious leaders objected violently. It was unheard of, they said, for unmarried Druse girls to work outside their homes, and away from the supervision of their families.

It took quite a bit of persuasion to get the religious leader of the Druse, Sheikh Amin Tarif, to agree to a trial run, and that only after he had seen that the 350 girls worked in a room where there were no men. The supervisors are Jewish women, and the girls are chaperoned from and back to their homes. But they are working outside their homes, and for them that's somewhat of a victory. The next campaign should be to tackle the average NIS 300 a month they make – NIS 450 with productivity incentives – for a 48-hour week. □



On the rooftops

(David Rubinger)

A Hebron diary

'The hours we spend on Hebron's rooftops have gradually drawn us into the rhythm of the city below.' Joel Greenberg continues his description of a month's reserve duty in Hebron.

SEARCH. We enter the village in a driving rain under cover of darkness, while its inhabitants are still sleeping, unaware of what awaits them. We knock on a door to wake up a family, but the man inside merely looks at us and refuses to open up. Colleagues of mine begin pounding and kicking the door. Finally it is opened, and we send the man to wake up his family and gather them in a room. The women and children rise quickly and quietly, from mattresses on the floor, gather blankets and hurry downstairs.

The family of some 15 men, women, children and grandparents sit silently in the room. The children are covered with the blankets. Only the head of the family speaks to us occasionally. For the next few hours the women, children and men do not say a word, and simply sit and stare at us as we watch over them. The large brown eyes of the children, bore into me. This silence, this mute submission, is in a way harder to face than the cries and protests we had expected.

Fated to stay with the family for the better part of the day, my colleagues and I decide to make life easier for them. We tell them they may eat something. No one moves. "We can't eat a thing. This is the first time something like this has happened to us," says the family head.

After we coax the family a little, two girls get up, cross the courtyard to the family kitchen and bake fresh pitta bread and make tea. The bread is made out of dough patties prepared on a tray the night before, and is baked in a coal-fired clay oven in the ground. The girls put the tea glasses on a tray and call over one of their brothers to bring them out to the family. They spend more time than they have to in the kitchen, chatting and smiling, happy to be out of the guarded room where their family sit.

In the room, the pile of bread remains untouched, though women take some pieces of pitta and tea to feed their babies. Ironically, the head of the family offers us – his captors – bread and tea. I accept the food, though a colleague of mine refuses, telling me he feels uneasy about accepting Arab hospitality in such a situation.

A right-wing Russian reservist, with whom I have had loud political debates over the years, shows a remarkable change of attitude during our stay with the family. He, who has always argued for a hard-line policy toward the Arabs and Israeli leftists, suddenly goes soft. He takes out a package of wafers and gives them to the Arab children. He insists that the family eat breakfast. He tells me he feels disgusted at what we are doing.

"We should be out on maneuvers not doing this kind of thing," he says. Eventually he withdraws to the second floor of the house and stands guard silently, listening to a transistor radio.

In the room below, the Arab men talk furtively to each other. "It's going to be a long day," one says with a sigh. We allow family members, one by one, to go to the outhouse in the yard.

OUTSIDE, a grey day has dawned. The village, silent under curfew, is shrouded in fog. Only military vehicles move through the empty streets – a village occupied. The silence is almost peaceful. No cries, no screams – only the quiet pain of the families being guarded, searched and questioned.

On the roof of a neighbouring house, people gather to see what has overtaken them during the night. One man calls over to me and asks how long it will all take. One of my commanders shoos the men away. A Border Police command car with a loudspeaker moves through the village announcing the curfew. Near the mosque, an Arabic-speaking soldier talking through the speaker mimics the call to prayer of a muezzin.

One of the youths in the family asks permission to go upstairs and make himself a scrambled egg for breakfast in a kitchen near his room. I go up with him, and while he is preparing his meal, we get into a conversation. He tells me proudly that he supports the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. But when I ask him to define his loyalties he describes himself as a Moslem first, then a Palestinian, last an Arab.

In the youth's bedroom, there are pictures of his brother in the snow in Bulgaria, where he is studying engineering. The brother once spent time here in jail. On the wall is a surrealistic poster, showing tablets bearing the Ten Commandments in Hebrew letters, superimposed on the hand of God pointing earthwards.

A search in the boy's room reveals material considered by the security forces to be "inflammatory literature," an account of the Yom Kippur War by Egyptian journalist Mohammad Hassanein Haikal.

The house search is rough at times. Piles of blankets are thrown to the ground, closets and desks rifled, and sofa cushions overturned. Working quickly, the searchers take no trouble to return things to their place, though they break nothing. The family is moved to another room which has been searched. Their eyes widen when they see the ransacked room, but not a word is uttered.

The village men, concentrated for questioning, are made to stand in a row facing the wall of a building. It is cold and rainy outside, but they are forced to stand silently for over an hour. I see a youth, his hands in his pockets, shifting his weight from one foot to another in a vain attempt to get warm. I think of the anger, humiliation and frustration he must be experiencing. Finally, at the suggestion of a reservist, an officer decides to move the cold and wet men indoors.

When it is all over, we regroup, and recount our experiences over a sandwich lunch. A colleague of mine tells how Border Guard Police searching one house forced the Arab men to dig furiously in their garden. Another colleage of mine, known for his hard-nosed view of the Arabs says to me "What went on here today was repression – pure and simple."

THE HOURS WE spend on Hebron's rooftops have gradually drawn us into the rhythm of the city below. We mark time by the calls of the muezzin to prayer from minarets and the rooftop loudspeakers of mosques near our positions. Five times a day the amplified call rolls over us and the town. Unlike Jerusalem, where the call to prayer is often prerecorded, the calls in Hebron are chanted live in each mosque. During the month I learn to distinguish between the distinct style of the various callers. On Friday the call is longer and is accompanied by a sermon, broadcast over mosque loudspeakers. One Friday I heard a preacher discuss the Reagan-Gorbachev summit in Reykjavik, and assure his listeners that the true Moslem believer has no need for nuclear weapons, and that his strength lies in his faith.

Mornings at 4 a.m., when the city is silent and dark, the wail of the muezzin begins from loudspeakers on a nearby mosque. Gradually it is joined by callers from other mosques each with his own melody. A chorus of cries reverberates in eerie harmony across the sleeping city.

I feel I am witnessing an authentic, ritual, virtually unchanged from the days of early Islam. At this early hour, the call is not only "Come to prayer," but also "Prayer is better than sleep." Slowly, lights come on in some of the houses on the hillsides.

THE PEOPLE of Hebron rise with the sun. Standing in front of Beit Hadassah, we see the daily procession of pupils: Arab girls in blue-striped uniform dresses walking one way, boys, not in uniform, walking in the other direction. The boys and girls study in separate schools, and do not exchange looks or conversation as they pass. Most of the girls have their heads covered, as do most of the women in this city. We also notice that few women drive here, and usually travel in the company of men.

The settlers also rise early, arriving at Beit Hadassah for morning prayers. Children of families in the building, their schoolbags on their backs, ask soldiers to help them cross the street to the bus that will take them to school in Kiryat Arba. The Jewish children pass through the lines of Arab children walking to school, but both groups seem oblivious to each other.

Jewish children in Hebron also play beside Arab children, but have no contact with them. A boy from Beit Hadassah rides his bike up a hill as an Arab boy races down on his bicycle. Throughout my month in Hebron, they never exchanged a word.

For some Jewish children, the city of Hebron is their playground. They roam freely through the streets near Beit Hadassah, enter our base and walk up stairways between the Arab houses. One late Friday afternoon we saw tots walking through the casbah on the way to the Machpela Cave, where Sabbath eve services were being held. Concerned for their safety, we reported their presence. "Leave them alone, that's their parents' problem," we were told.

In the Machpela Cave, Jews and Arabs pray in unbelievably close proximity – a microcosm of the city, where the Jews have wedged themselves in beside the Arabs. A friend of mine on guard in the cave says he saw Rabbi Moshe Levinger place the podium for prayer on the outer edge of the area reserved for Jews, overlooking the Moslem prayer section.

SITTING ON A rooftop over the casbah for a month, one becomes an expert on Hebron's old marketplace. We see merchants selling bags of freshly-picked olives, feeding them through special machines which beat the olives to draw out their oil. We see half a camel hanging on a meat-hook and cartons of multi-coloured spices and dyes. Below me, I hear the haggling going on between a man, his wives, and the shopkeeper. The women, I notice, sit their children on one shoulder to carry them along. They wear colourful embroidered dresses.

The shopkeeper, in language which is an exact replica of the words used by Abraham when he bought Hebron's Machpela Cave as a family burial plot says: "What's a few shekels between you and me?"

The buyers in the casbah are almost all Arab, except for an occasional settler. There are virtually no tourists. Sometimes we see a group of Ethiopian Jews from Kiryat Arba, who walk through the market unarmed. I have the feeling they are not quite aware of the dangers the place holds for them.

Looking up from the marketplace, I see activity on neighbouring roofs. On two house tops girls pace back and forth, memorizing their lessons from school textbooks. On another roof a woman is hanging laundry. I marvel at the skill and speed with which she hangs the clothes. Nearby, on another roof, a girl is chasing chickens. She picks one up and shows it to me.

Hebron, more than any other West Bank city, appears to be a major centre for the neighbouring rural areas. Black-cloaked Beduin tribesmen with their wives, and farmers carrying metal ploughs over their shoulders which they have brought in for sharpening, are a common sight in the casbah. The city's open-air fruit and vegetable market does a brisk business in the early morning hours, when farmers bring in their produce from the surrounding villages.

In the same market salesmen sell used clothing: jeans, shoes and jackets discarded by their original owners.

Hebron is publicly a devout Moslem city and has neither bars nor a movie theatre. Tonight, however, I discover one place where a local Arab can sit down and be served a drink without fear of being found out.

I am eating a felafel at a cafe in the neighbouring settlement of Kiryat Arba, when two Arabs walk in. After an exchange of preliminary pleasantries, the Jewish proprietor says in Arabic, "Come, you must have a drink." The two move behind the counter, inside the cafe, where the owner serves the trickle of customers who come to his establishment at night. He takes down a bottle of spirits and some beer, and serves the two men, who down the drinks with great relish.

THERE'S AN Arab sesame-roll seller here who has his own special form of defiance of the occupation. While most vendors readily sell us food, he purposely overcharges for his merchandise. When we protest, he says, "Look, you can force me to give it to you for nothing, or you can pay up." He has the beard typical of religious Moslems, and is almost the only sesame-roll vendor in the city who does not hawk his wares in Hebrew while passing us. Instead, he pushes his cart quickly to get away.

Friday is a day of weddings in Hebron. Every Friday, for almost two hours, convoys of honking cars celebrating marriages pass our base in the heart of the city.

The cab drivers near our base go to towns in Israel, but listening to them, one imagines oneself in Arab Palestine. "Yaffa, Ramle, Lid," they cry (Tel Aviv-Jaffa, Ramle, Lod).

In a room in our barracks I see a pile of the instruments: tear gas guns, clubs and plastic shields. This is unusual equipment for our unit. Fortunately, it remains unused.

A religious officer in the unit shares my frustration at having to guard the settlers at Beit Hadassah. He has a rationalization which helps him make peace with his task. "The one thing we can say is that we are doing this because we are law abiding citizens. This distinguishes us from the settlers."

Today I had a glimpse of the relations between the settlers at Beit Hadassah and their Arab neighbours. While I was standing on a roof opposite the building, a Jewish girl called to me from a play area near the structure. "They're starting up with us," she yelled at me, pointing at the windows of an Arab house adjacent to Beit Hadassah.

The girl complained that she and her friends had been taunted by Arab children looking down at them from the windows of the neighbouring building. The girl and her friends began throwing gravel at the Arabs. "You soldiers never do enough to stop this kind of thing," the girl shouted at me. "It always goes on and gets worse, and in the end you always have to be involved." I choose not to.

A group of officers on an IDF education course visits the Tel Rumeidah settlement as part of an tour of Hebron. I am curious to see how their guide, a woman officer, describes the controversial history of settlement at the site, which was originally taken over by Jewish squatters. The army is supposed to remain apolitical, and I wonder how the settlers will be portrayed.

The guide gives a straight account of the settlement of Tel Rumeida, but notes that the action was taken without government approval. "This was a dangerous precedent," she tells the officers.

THERE'S A SOLDIER in my unit, of Moroccan descent, who does not hide his distaste for Arabs. Yet, he is strangely close to them in many ways. On guard in the casbah, he enjoys listening to the Arab music broadcast on the radios below us. He himself has cassette tapes of Arab songs, and tells me he prefers them to Israeli music. He knows the names of singers throughout the Arab world. He tells me Arab music speaks to him more than Israeli songs. "The Arabs songs are about the feelings and suffering of simple hard-working people. When I come home from a difficult day at work, I like to sit and listen to this music, because it is closer to real life than the cold melodies of Yehudit Ravitz."

Guarding Beit Hadassah one night, I get into bitter argument with a young reservist who recently completed his regular army stint – all of it in Lebanon. The experience seems to have toughened him in a frightful way. He is constantly on full alert – as if he expected a Shi'ite suicide attacker to appear on every rooftop. He is intelligent, but totally uncompromising in this attitude to the Arabs surrounding us. We both feel frustrated in Hebron, but for different reasons.

I oppose Jewish settlement inside the city; he thinks it should be encouraged and increased to the point at which he believes military protection would no longer be necessary. He is for mass settlement of Jews in Hebron, the annexation of the area to Israel, and the withdrawal of the military government along with Israeli troops.

The Arabs in Hebron should have the vote, he says, but only for Zionist parties, since Israel is a Zionist state.

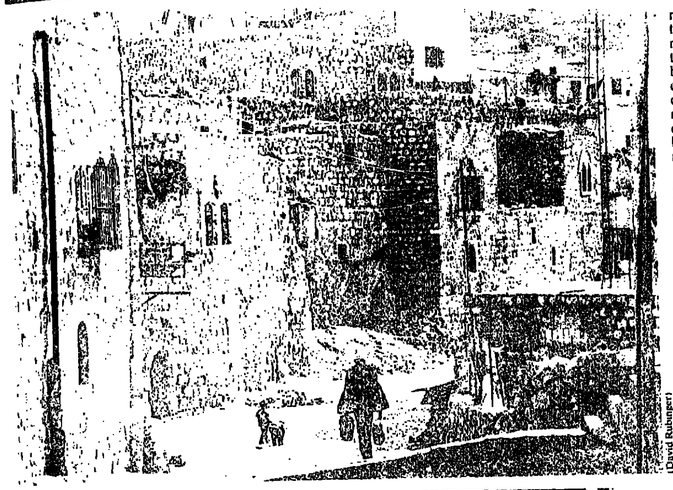
"How do you expect the Palestinians to accept such a solution – or would you impose it on them?" I ask.

"The Arabs will simply make peace with the situation when they see they have no choice, just as the Israeli Arabs did after 1948," he says. "It's all really very simple. Life has to be simplified."

At the conclusion of our month in Hebron, on the highway back to Jerusalem, we see a motorized provocation: a white van flying a large yellow flag with the emblem of Meir Kahane's Kach movement: a black fist superimposed on a black Star of David.

POSTSCRIPT: Last week I returned to visit the family living in the house on which I stood guard for a month. The solar panels on the roof which had been smashed by one of my fellow reservists had still not been repaired, and the family was warming hot water in a tin can. The father showed me a large patch of damp mildew on the ceiling, where he said water seeped in when it rained because the tar on the roof had been damaged by the soldiers. He complained that at night the soldiers pounded on the roof, waking up his children. He said he had just submitted a request for compensation for damages to the military government but had yet to receive an answer. I was back where I had started almost two months ago – this time as a journalist. In a way, I had come full circle.

(Second of two articles.)



(David Rubinger)

(Joel Fishman)

(Joel Fishman)

(Joel Fishman)

Northern light

Jo Benkow (above); his father, Chaim Eliah Benkowitz; as a child with his mother in 1925.

The present Speaker of Norway's Parliament and former chairman of Norway's conservative party, Jo Benkow is very much aware of his Jewishness. The Post's David Bernstein reports.

WITH AN expression of almost childlike delight, Jo Benkow put down the phone on his desk and told me he had just learned that Elie Wiesel was to be named this year's winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. "For once," he beamed, a small silver-haired man with a ready smile and the faintly sing-song intonation many Norwegians have when they speak English, "no one will object."

Moments before, I had been ushered into the large, rather sumptuous office of the Speaker of the Storting, Norway's parliament, for an interview with Benkow, one of his country's best known public figures and certainly the most prominent ever to have emerged from the tiny Jewish community there. And his delight for Wiesel, a personal friend, was also delight that a fellow Jew had been so honoured by Norway.

The Jew and the Norwegian in Benkow had not always lived in harmony. Born in Trondheim on Norway's west coast 62 years ago, Benkow grew up near Oslo, in a community where he was the only Jewish boy.

"It was very tough in those days. A Jew in those days was considered someone very dangerous, mysterious – you know, a cheating, very greedy person, everything you find in the bad books. That's what they expected from us."

Even his name was a problem for the young Benkow. His grandfather had abbreviated the original Benkowitz when he fled to Sweden from his native Grodno in 1905, to escape the pogroms there. "It still sounds a little bit strange to Norwegian ears, but it's all right."

The real problem was his given name, Joseph. "As a little boy I disliked this name Joseph very much. Everyone was always pointing at me." The abbreviated Jo, which has stuck with him all his life, was much less problematic.

Looking back, Benkow realizes the universality of his problem. "I was always suspicious, as are all Jews who are left alone in a community. Have you read Arthur Koestler? Well, he writes about this – how it influences the way you behave. Too much noise, too much talk, too much everything..."

Much of that has changed now, Benkow believes – "at least on the surface; heaven only knows what is going on underneath."

BENKOW lost most of his family, including his mother and sisters, when the Nazis invaded Norway in 1940. They, along with more than 700 other Norwegian Jews, were gassed at Auschwitz. Benkow himself managed to escape to Sweden before going on to England, where he joined the Royal Air Force, returning to Norway after the war.

A photographer by profession – "like my father and my grandfather before me" – Benkow became increasingly interested in social issues and local politics. He became a local councillor, chairman of his local school board and, eventually, was asked by his Conservative Party to run for the Storting.

Was his Jewishness a problem here? "Oh yes. This was not open or official, but I would say I started with a 25 per cent handicap. You know, many Norwegians had not ever met a Jew. They had only read about us. And there were always quite a few who disliked voting for you very much, who always put the worst possible interpretation on anything you said."

For all that, Benkow was successfully elected to the Storting in 1965 – "the first Jew ever to have done so" – eventually becoming parliamentary leader and chairman of Norway's Conservative Party. Last year, he was elected Speaker, a position that places him second only to King Olav in official protocol and keeps him very much in the public eye. And, unlike his counterpart in Israel, the Speaker of the Storting also wields considerable political influence. "I am not supposed to be neutral. In fact, I have a double vote so I can influence quite a few things within the decision-making bodies."

BENKOW'S self-professed "inferiority complex" about his Jewish origins is now plainly a thing of the past. His former reticence, or even furtiveness, has disappeared. "For the first time in my life," he said in an hour-long interview on Norwegian television last year, "I am able to say that I can be 100 per cent Jewish and at the same time be 100 per cent Norwegian."

Benkow attributes this sense of confidence in his Jewish origins to the emergence of Israel. "I can tell you that the day one had the option to go to Israel, Jews all over the world were straightening their backs, knowing that if where they were didn't suit them, they had somewhere else to go. One never had that before."

He has visited Israel twice, once several years ago and again last year, as an official guest of the Foreign Ministry at the ceremonies marking the final victory over Nazi Germany.

While acknowledging his own personal and emotional debt to Israel, Benkow does not let this cloud his political judgement. "It is not likely that Israelis are all angels and the others are all crooks," he says, criticizing the more outspoken supporters of Israel, like Kare Christiansen of the Christian People's Party, for whom Israel can do no wrong. While openly expressing his admiration and respect for Christiansen as "an extremely brave man" – he was the target of a bomb threat for his unswerving support of Israel at the height of the Lebanon invasion – Benkow is convinced that such uncritical backing for Israel, right or wrong, is counterproductive. "I prefer to go in for a bit of silent diplomacy. Everyone knows what I feel about Israel. I have said so, and everyone respects it. But I feel I mustn't overdo it."

As an example, Benkow tries to explain his own position on the 1982 invasion of Lebanon, which he believes was disastrous for Israel's public image in Norway as it was elsewhere in Europe.

"It's not so easy, but I try to argue that Jews, like anyone else, have a right to be a little crazy when they're at war. They're not born angels. They're like the rest of humanity. What happened to the Israelis in Lebanon could happen to anyone, because when you are at war you cannot operate from the standards of peacetime. And that's the way we judge it here. That's very easy, sitting back in this peaceful corner of Europe and pointing at others."

I ASK IF he has ever given any thought to Norway taking the initiative in the search for some kind of Middle East settlement. He laughs. "No, we are much too small. It would be a bit ridiculous. This is not exactly the centre of the world."

Norway's official position on the conflict is that it must be settled in accordance with all pertinent UN resolutions – including the original 1947 partition plan. "But no one really believes in this any more, because everyone here is aware of the fact that Jerusalem will remain in Israel's hands. The official position is thus not too clearly spelled out, because everyone knows that it is impossible."

Official respect for the UN and its decisions is nevertheless a cardinal point in Norway's foreign policy, which accounts for its firm commitment to Unifil, to which it has contributed from the start. Benkow says that he, like many others, would, in fact, "like very much to stop the whole business with Unifil. But we don't dare do anything about it. If we are asked by the secretary-general to make our contribution it is unlikely we will say anything but yes – because that is Norway's traditional position as a small country which still places great hopes in the UN."

He is concerned that many Norwegian soldiers serving with Unifil come back highly critical of Israel, further eroding the once very solid support for the Jewish State in Norway. "What these soldiers don't understand," Benkow says, "is that the UN is a pain in the neck for Israel. The way it acts, in the General Assembly, in the committees – I have been there; it's a hopeless place. And when you have a UN instrument like Unifil, this is very disagreeable for Israel. And, of course, all the Norwegian soldiers serving in Lebanon are aware of this and feel that Israel is hostile to them – and this is a great pity."

For all that, Israel still enjoys considerable goodwill in Norway – "especially among the devout Christian population in the West Coast 'Bible Belt,'" who still revere the Jews as the Chosen People of the Bible, "and they make monetary contributions as well."

Another traditional source of support for Israel had been Norway's Labour Party. "But the old social democrats here, who really seem to have known Israel, are now either dead or have no influence any more." Today, the Labour Party is much more critical of Israel, and much more supportive of the PLO. The Labour leader, Norway's present prime minister, Mrs. Gro Harlem Brundtland, actually met with Yasser Arafat in Sweden last year. But, says Benkow, "public opinion polls still show that 70 per cent of the population here is opposed to having formal ties with the PLO, so not even the Labour Party would dare to establish relations." The PLO has an office in Oslo, but it is headed by a Norwegian citizen.

BENKOW has devoted an entire chapter to Israel, and what it means to him – "quite a chapter, too," he says – in a remarkable book he published in Norway last year. Entitled *From Synagogue to Parliament*, the book simply and unsensationally describes Benkow's Jewish upbringing and his subsequent experience as a Jew in Norwegian politics. Liberally illustrated with pictures from his family album, the book attempts to familiarize Norwegians with all aspects of Benkow's Jewish background, from the simple day-to-day details of kashrut and ritual through the trauma of the Nazi occupation to his present life-style.

Benkow's book has become a smash best-seller. In a country of just over four million, including fewer than 1,200 Jews, it has already sold over 150,000 copies – more than any other book ever printed in Norway.

Benkow himself does not have an adequate explanation for the incredible interest his book has aroused among ordinary Norwegians. "Well, it was something new," he ventures. "I was a fairly well-known person here. I appeared regularly on television. And I did have a few things to say about my background and views on various things..."

A psychologist I met while in Norway suggests that it may have something to do with the sense of guilt many Norwegians feel about what happened to Norway's Jews during the last war. "Unlike the Danes, most Norwegians watched quite passively when the Jews were taken away," he explained, "and this may have left a bad feeling."

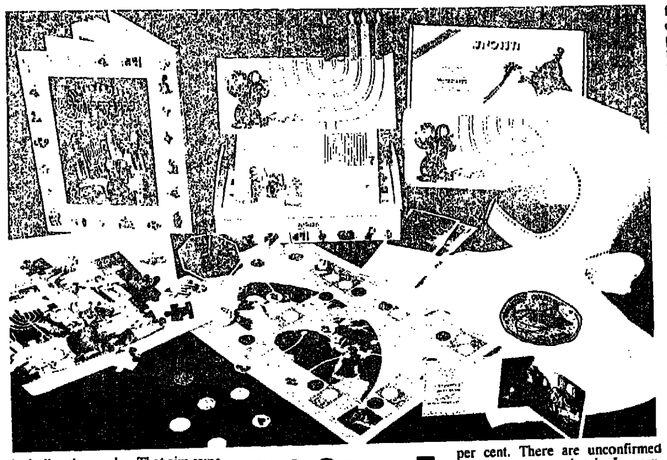
As for Benkow himself, the writing of the book would appear to have been, whether consciously or not, the discharging of a debt he owed to his origins. "He has suddenly remembered he is Jewish," one prominent member of the Jewish community told me, a little unfairly perhaps. "But no one who has experienced the Holocaust as Jo Benkow did could always remain indifferent to his Jewishness."

Benkow may not observe the outward rituals of Judaism. He is married to a gentile – "but she is as Jewish as I am when it comes to Israel!" And, although he was well aware that it happened to be Yom Kippur, this did not stop him from fulfilling his role as Speaker of the House and attending a formal luncheon with the king.

But it was still very much the Jew in Benkow who could celebrate, with such childlike delight, Elie Wiesel's triumph in Oslo. And he would have been one of the very few who would have understood the large Yiddish headline "Mazel Tov, Elie!" which dominated the front page of Oslo's leading daily *Aftenposten*, the following morning. □

Gifted

MARKETING WITH MARTHA



THERE ARE seven more shopping days to Hanukka – but unlike Christmas, the Hanukka shopping spree goes right on throughout the eight-day festival. I will not pretend to have made a comprehensive survey of gift possibilities. Instead, this column will feature both gift suggestions and new enterprises to notice while on Hanukka shopping excursions.

A Jerusalem-based company called Jerusalem Productions, linked to a London company named Scopus Films, purports to have solved some of the Hanukka shopping problems by producing what it calls a "Hannukit." This is a cardboard game-box containing a beautifully-illustrated children's storybook, the first-night gift for the festival, plus envelopes with smaller gifts for each of the other nights, culminating in a board-game based on the storybook.

My suspicion, however, is that the idea will appeal more to parents, in search of an easy way out of the eight-night dilemma, than to children themselves. I remember my own daughters feeling that some of the gifts in the envelopes were insultingly "cheap," such as a cardboard *dreidel* for self-assembly.

The book itself uses American-style spelling, though the publisher is British, and the kit also comes in Hebrew, French, and Spanish editions.

Despite the producers' claims that they have already sold thousands of kits locally, my feeling is that Hannukit should have more appeal abroad, where Jewish parents are more in need of ways to explain the meaning of the festival and to put some activity content into its celebration, in order to compete with the Christmas culture. The aim is to give children and parents something to do – to read, to cut out, to colour, to play with – each candle-lighting evening.

Some of the best-known stores in the English-speaking world are carrying the Hannukit – among them Marks & Spencer and Selfridges in England, and Toys R Us and Dalton's in the U.S. The list prices seem to me to be on the high side but perhaps some of these outlets are selling them for less. The publishers recommend a maximum of $14.95 for the book alone, $28 for the entire kit including the book. In Britain, the price is £9.95 for the book, and presumably double that for the kit.

Here in Israel, the list prices are comparable to those abroad – NIS 22 for the book alone, which is entitled *The Animated Menorah – Travels on a Space Dreidel*, and NIS 39 for the kit. Some shops sell it for nearly 20 per cent less. It is also available by mail through *The Jerusalem Post*, at NIS 40 including postage.

Anyone looking for the book in Hebrew should ask for *Masa B'svivon Halal* by Roni Oren and Ephraim Sidon, the latter being one of the co-authors of the popular Hebrew TV family series *K'rovim, K'rovim*. For versions in French or Spanish, contact Scopus Films, 23 Rehov Abarbanel, Jerusalem, 92477.

The Hannukit is the second project in a series from the company called The Animated Holidays. The first was *The Animated Haggada*, which appeared both as a book and as a film. It won last year's Jewish Film Prize, while the Haggada itself got honourable mention as best-illustrated children's book in the Israel Museum competition. Evidently the Israel Museum thinks highly enough of the new Hanukka project to hold an exhibit of how *The Animated Menorah* book was made. It opened on Tuesday.

The producers of Hannukit tried to produce a book which would be acceptable to all streams of Judaism, including the secular. That aim came to it naturally, as Jerusalem Productions, headed by Uri Shin'ar, grew out of a non-profit film-making project by Gesher, the movement for better understanding between religious and secular Jews.

For instance, the little boy character, Danny, is not noticeably wearing a *kippa*. But then, you never really see the back of his head, and the illustrations, in any case, are photographs of plasticine caricatures, not real people.

In fact, the only people who might take offence are the British. In one *dreidelnaut* trek through time and space, the American Revolutionaries are equated with the Maccabees, each fighting a superpower for the cause of freedom. I hope British Jewish children won't identify with the wrong side.

AN ECONOMIST who settled here from Canada commented to me recently on the vast improvement in show-window displays in this country in recent years. While there are still many shops on our main streets that look as if they fell straight from Lodz, there are an increasing number that would look at home on London's Oxford Street or New York's Fifth Avenue.

I wonder if my economist friend had in mind the newly-opened toy store at Dizengoff Centre, near Gate 4, where the ill-fated Alaska Sportlife and then ATA/Teta shops used to be.

The toy shop is the showplace of Mama Yokero, which has over a dozen branches, making it the country's largest retail toy-chain. And all this since 1980, when one of the partners, Shaul Yona, opened the first in Rehovot. He had just come back from a trip to Brazil, as is fashionable among young Israelis, and hit upon the name, which means, "Mama, I want..." in Portuguese. So I was told by the second partner, Samuel Gittelson.

At the new Dizengoff Centre flagship branch, Gittelson and the branch manager were speculating for me as to how many metres of curved show-window space they have. Whatever the exact count, it is an impressive expanse of attractively-displayed merchandise, mostly from Western Europe. There are such temptations as adorable black baby dolls dressed in sports gear (grow your own basketball team, perhaps?), a giant dollhouse for Barbie dolls, which are reportedly making a comeback in Israel this year; and, the most expensive item of all, an Italian-made electric car, which recharges from a wall-socket and costs about NIS 500.

There are less expensive finds inside the shop, including, to my delight, a local breed of the "Pound Puppies" – the floppy, velvety dogs in cardboard kennels which are all the rage in the U.S. Here, they are made under licence by Toyland, an affiliate of Carmel Carpets, and their Hebrew name is *Muki Hibuki* – cuddly Muki. Each puppy comes with Hebrew adoption papers and care instructions – rather like Cabbage Patch dolls. At Mama Yokero, they sell for NIS 27.

I CAN'T SAY I was surprised to hear that Israel is considered a major toy-buying nation. According to Mama Yokero owners, both the Lego manufacturer and the French Super Jouet toy company say that Israel is their biggest overseas customer – in per capita terms, of course. Gittelson attributes this to the "Jewish mother" complex – and I would add Jewish fathers as well – which makes children's needs and wants a top priority. This is true regardless of economic class, he says.

Despite its luxurious new premises, Mama Yokero at Dizengoff Centre – and elsewhere – claims to be no more expensive, and sometimes even cheaper, than other stores with identical or comparable-quality merchandise. Indeed, in Dizengoff Centre, it would have to be competitive in price, because there are at least two other major toy outlets in the mall – Elda, on an upper level near one of the bridges, and the basement toy department of Hamashbir Lazarchan.

As for Mama Yokero's other branches, there are several in the south – in Beersheba, Ashdod, Kiryat Malachi, for example – and others in the coastal and Sharon areas, and at the Canion Ayalon mall in Ramat Gan. The farthest north is in Tiberias, and Haifa may have one soon. Jerusalem had a branch, but it was closed, reportedly because of problems with the premises. Some branches are under the direct ownership of the chain; others are franchise operations.

But today, customs dues on toys aren't terribly high – averaging 17-22 per cent. There are unconfirmed reports, however, that in January, these will drop to about 6 per cent on toys from the U.S. and from EEC countries.

IT IS ALWAYS easier to find gifts for children than for adults and teenagers. One possibility is posters, framed or unframed. In recent years, the framed poster has become an acceptable and accessible solution to the problem of decorating walls, even in living rooms, in place of more costly pictures. If you are planning to give a poster as a gift, however, it might be a good idea to check whether it is exchangeable.

At the retail outlet of one of the country's largest poster importers and distributors, Massadahit Marketing in Ramat Gan, I was surprised to hear that the policy is to permit exchanges of *framed* posters, but not unframed ones. I had assumed just the opposite. However, company director Keren Bendas explained to me that once a poster has been rolled up in a cylinder for carrying home, one cannot be sure of its remaining in perfect condition. If it is framed, however, nothing will happen to it and the shop will make exchanges.

I am not sure if I was more impressed with the poster collection at Massadahit or with director Bendas herself, who is a British-educated sabra, all of 22 years old. She has been managing the company for a year – which means being responsible for monthly imports of one-and-a-half tons of posters (by air freight, to ensure they are still in fashion on arrival) and distribution to nearly 400 shops.

She says she got her business talent from her father, her artistic ability from her mother, and her managerial experience as an education officer in the army. In fairness, one must admit that Massadahit Marketing belongs to daddy, or rather to one of his companies in England.

When buying Massadahit posters at Hamashbir Lazarchan, at the Co-op supermarkets, or at pop shops from Kiryat Shmona to Eilat, one doesn't usually know the identity of the importer – nor does one care. Alternatively, however, one can buy them directly, though not necessarily cheaper, from Massadahit in Ramat Gan (13 Rehov Krinizi, Tel. 03-721033). There the selection is enormous – close to 3,000 designs in different sizes. Framed posters run in price from NIS 13 to NIS 120, while unframed ones range from NIS 3.40 to NIS 60.

While you can find almost any type of poster at Massadahit, the firm tries to specialize in the better-quality ones which can substitute for paintings in a well-furnished living room. It has exclusive import rights for Israel from the companies Athena, Bancrest and Rosentiels in England, Pictura from Sweden, Bazan from France, and a new English company called Morita, for which two Japanese sisters design traditional-style Japanese pictures for poster reproduction. There are also U.S. imports, many of which tend to be posters made from photographs rather than drawings.

Keren Bendas admits that the framing at Massadahit itself may in some cases be more expensive than what one can find outside, but she says the quality of her framing wood is first-class. Her advice on selection and framing is also helpful.

Massadahit in Ramat Gan keeps normal shop hours, and is closed Tuesday afternoons. You can reach it by buses 60, 61 and 67 from the Tel Aviv area, and Egged No. 400 from Jerusalem.

AS I BECAME more poster-conscious, I discovered there is a growing "poster district" in Tel Aviv, at the upper end of Rehov Dizengoff, just before Sderot Nordau. There are three shops within a stone's throw of each other, making it easy to compare merchandise and prices.

The newest is Gallery 266 Plus, at the same street number on Dizengoff, which held its official opening just last night. It is offering not only posters but also prints and lithographs, and some novelty gift items as well. Francophiles should love the place, as the bulk of its merchandise comes from France, with some from Italy and Spain.

The gallery is owned by Udi Shamai and Zvika Eshet, the latter being the son of Mula, from the well-known Mula photographic studio just down the street.

Prices for framed pictures at Gallery 266 Plus start at about NIS 60, but go up higher than at Massadahit – up to as much as NIS 300, because some are signed lithographs or original photographs, and not just printed reproductions. The selection is much smaller, but may appeal to more discriminating tastes.

I must confess that what first attracted me to this new shop was not the framed pictures at all, but the novelty gifts from France. They are really things for the person who has everything, or who will appreciate something very off-beat. How about a two-metre-long wooden pencil (NIS 120), a mirror which is also a chess or backgammon set with magnet-backed pieces (NIS 200), giant garden candles (NIS 14 each), and candles in the shape of almost every food from a strawberry to a salami sandwich on a baguette, (ranging from about NIS 3-NIS 30)?

However, if the candles in the shape of ice cream sundaes are cute, the one in the shape of a hand-grenade is rather a sick idea, given the situation in which we live. There are also standard table-decoration candles in two dozen different hues (only NIS 1.50 apiece), and numeral candles for birthday or anniversary cakes, at NIS 4 per digit.

As is becoming increasingly fashionable in Tel Aviv, Gallery 266 Plus opens for business on Saturday evenings, from the end of the Shabbath until 10 p.m. It is planning to introduce evening hours during the week as well.

If one's interest is strictly in posters, and not in the novelties or the more expensive pictures, the two rival shops in the same block are Touch Wood at 246 Dizengoff (corner of Basle) and, nearly opposite, Marcel, at No. 225. All three shops have their own framing facilities. □

MARTHA MEISELS

Honoured to serve the Soviet Union

The writer, an experienced oceanographer, diver and navigator, left the Soviet Union in 1974, jumping overboard from a Russian vessel off the coast of the Philippines. He now lives in Israel and works at the Oceanographic Institute in Haifa. Excerpts from his book describing his escape were published recently in The Jerusalem Post. *This story is about his service in a chemical warfare unit of the Soviet Army 30 years ago.*

A SHORT STORY

Slava Kurilov

I AM WALKING through a small glade. Dense bushes alternate with groves. There are many clearings, too, and I try to keep as far away as possible from bushes and trees. At first I would occasionally see some green: a circle of grass, sprouting leaves on a tree, but now it's been some 15 minutes since I've seen any green. The grass under my feet appears scorched: the blades of grass are all black, flattened into a carpet with numerous intricate patterns. Grey flowers are imprinted upon black designs.

It is the height of the summer of 1956. I am very lucky: the clouds are covering the sky, and it's not so hot. For a long time now water has been squelching in my rubber boots. The sweat is trickling down, and my soldier's shirt and pants are soaking wet. I keep well away from the trees: they look strange, like something I've never seen before. These are not the bare winter trunks with dry branches. These trees are alive, yes, alive. The slender young sprigs are all spread out and grow upwards, like arms at the beginning of a dance. They stand out clearly against the sky; all the leaves are intact, yet every one of them is hanging limp, as if on an order, like little black rags.

It is difficult to walk as I try to watch my step. I do not want to tread on the small animals and birds lying around everywhere. It seems to me that they are simply bewitched. Any moment the spell will be lifted, they will leap up and scatter every which way, the birds will flutter up to the trees, the leaves will straighten out and fill up with green sap.

I have walked in the forest innumerable times, but I never suspected that such a multitude of living things could populate such a sparse wood. Now I can see them lying still in the clearing. Most of them are over there, they have just run out of the grove. They were not bewitched all at once. First the goat-legged Pan blew his horn, and his call was answered by the birds; then they all rushed to the clearing, which used to be the most dangerous place for them.

But why are there so many dead birds? They are lying on the ground, wings stretched out, beaks buried in the ground. They were all flying in my direction, probably away from the forest where I have to go according to my compass. It looms 60 metres ahead of me like a black wall.

I am walking on a carpet of dead insects – grasshoppers, dragon-flies, butterflies, beetles. Here is a litter of fox-cubs – they were running somewhere in a line. But where is their mother? I stop and look around. Why, here she is, right under my feet. When I straighten up, I fail to see what is going on two metres away. To be able to see, I have to lean forward and peer through the lenses of the gas mask.

IN THE MORNING we were placed in an open truck. We were sitting in silence on benches facing each other. On the way, each time we would hear an abrupt cry "Gas!", we would quickly pull the masks on and ride like this for a long time, until we heard the order "All clear." This was not a regular exercise. We were on a chemical warfare combat testing ground of the Defence Ministry, somewhere in Lithuania. Our platoon was brought here at night. We drove through the contaminated areas wearing gas masks. A year earlier, the so-called five per cent poisons for training were used in exercise. Yet starting from this year, they have been using the actual combat poisons.

We were driving along the border of a large contaminated area, dropping off the soldiers one by one. The truck stopped.

– Cadet Kurilov, get ready to carry out your combat mission!

My neighbour, Edik from Moscow, bid me farewell: – Gladiator! To the arena! "We, about to die, salute thee."

– Silence! – came a harsh bellow from the back of the truck. That was our sergeant, second platoon commander Dybenko, a Ukrainian nicknamed "Sunny," soaring over the cadets in the radiance of his power.

I grabbed my equipment, jumped outside and stood at attention: feet together, arms by my sides, shoulders square, eyes looking straight ahead.

– Put on the protective chemical overalls!

The time was limited. We had put the overalls on hundreds of times until the movements became automatic. I quickly put on the rubber pants with straps, resistant against corrosive acids, took off my boots, and, holding the foot-binding with one hand so that they did not unwind, put on special rubber boots. I put on a rubber jacket with long sleeves and a hood over the army shirt, and fastened it to the pants with special buckles. The bottom part of the jacket is double; the second lining hangs over the fastened buckles.

I rubbed the lenses of the gas mask from the inside with a soap pencil and froze to attention with the hood thrown to the back and the bag with the gas mask over my shoulder.

– Gas!

I immediately put on the gas mask and pulled on the hood. Then I carefully hung a device for identifying poisons and their concentration on my neck. Over all this: a bag with ammunition clips and a machine gun.

– Cadet Kurilov! is ready to carry out the combat mission! – I shouted at the top of my lungs through the gas mask. Two steps away this sounded as "Moo-oo-oo!" During the exercise we usually mooed – it was impossible to make out the words anyway.

– Cadet Kurilov! Carry out your orders!

I executed a sharp "about-face" and started marching towards the nearest forest, lifting my legs high. Behind me I heard the noise of the departing truck. When the noise died down, I looked around. I was in a wide field covered with waist-high grass. Rather, not a field, but a sea of flowers – bright-red, yellow, blue. Not a soul in sight. The birds were singing, butterflies flying around, grasshoppers chirring. It was almost noon.

I carefully step over the fox. It is lying on its right side, its mouth half-open and white foam in the corners of the lips. I see a bunch of grey mounds in the distance. I realize that these are rabbits. I stamp over them, unable to tear myself away, although the morning instructions are zooming through my memory: "combat mission... as quickly as possible... with utmost efficiency."

I search with my eyes for black drops and dots. I stop and remove the lid of the gauge. The test tubes are lined up inside. They must be broken one by one in order to get to the yet smaller test tubes inside, which hold moist wads of white cotton. The first few test tubes show nothing. The cotton wads remain white. I take out the next one, and it quickly turns yellow, then brown; finally the outer edge of the cotton wool turns black.

I read on the panel the symbol of this test tube: "Nitrous yperite (mustard gas)." I recognize by the intensity of the colour that it corresponds to the "dangerous concentration." That much I can see for myself.

OUR TRAINING PLATOON: the chemical defence company of the 26th division decorated with the Order of the Red Banner etc., was sitting in the laboratory. The walls were covered with charts, diagrams, drawings of CPS (combat poisonous substances) and CRS (combat radioactive substances).

We were all wearing gas masks and rough rubber gloves with five short fingers. Everyone was looking at a heavy metal box weighing close to 10kg. – a device for identifying CPS. We had to develop the subtle skill of taking tiny test tubes out of their sockets with our thick fingers, breaking them and putting the tubes with the cotton wads back into the device.

"*Zorin* and *zoman* are fast-acting poisonous substances, capable of instantly damaging the respiratory tract of the enemy, causing paralysis," the second platoon commander droned on monotonously. Suddenly he said quietly: "Stand up! Stand to attention!" Everyone got up, except for two persons. The goffered tubes of their masks were cosily buried in the open gauge, and the goggles of the gas masks staring into space like wide-open unblinking eyes; elbows leaning on the table, shoulders drooping. Like Martians.

– Gas masks off! – the sergeant roared. – Cadets Davidov and Gromov, you get two extra guard duties for sleeping during a combat exercise!

The "Martians" gave a start and rose despondently, without taking off their gas masks. They had not slept the previous night, working off the extra guard duties from the day before, which they had received for sleeping during the combat training of the day yet before that.

– Gas! – the sergeant yelled. We put on the gas masks again. – Continue the training!

"Nitrous yperite," the sergeant continued, "upon entering the respiratory tract leads to a general poisoning of the organism. Its contact with exposed areas of skin causes malignant sores which do not heal for a long time, and often lead to blood poisoning..."

THE LENSES ARE fogging up more and more. The film of soap drawn by a pencil does not last long. Visibility is limited even when the lenses are clean; one constantly has to turn one's head, pointing them directly at the object. Now the edges of the lenses are hopelessly fogged up.

For a while now I have been smelling a specific odour which is not emanating from my equipment. Could it be that the valve is leaking? I feel neither dizziness, nor nausea, nor a metallic taste in my mouth – the initial signs of gas-poisoning. I have to carefully pull the rubber on my forehead in order to wipe first one lens with my left eyebrow, then the other with my right one.

The soggy foot bindings slide down into the ample rubber boots, painfully rubbing against my feet. I am very hungry and thirsty. That morning we had our usual breakfast: two tablespoons of barley porridge (I could not taste any butter), three glasses of tea (I knew that it would be a while before I would get another chance to drink) with two cubes of sugar, and 300 grams of rye bread. In the summer the daily ration of bread is 100 grams smaller than in the winter: 800 grams. I have long forgotten what it is like to be full. Each of us, without batting an eyelid, could easily put away all the porridge in the pot intended for 10 persons.

It is getting more difficult to breathe. I am walking slower, trying not to touch the branches. The little black lumps of leaves and the tops of the trees come into motion. I realize it must be the wind. If only I could manage to cross the grove before the wind picks up. It is best to avoid the contaminated rain from the branches and leaves. The wind whistles shrilly overhead, but the black rags sway without making any sound.

NOT FAR FROM the camp was a large field contaminated by chloracetophenone – I think that was what this tear-gas was called. Whenever the wind blew from that direction, we would start crying. All of us. We even got used to crying. At first, however, we used to wear gas masks in the camp and take them off only during the meals and when we went to sleep. But then we realized that it was preferable to cry rather than constantly wear those rubber helmets, tight and squeezing the head. Inside a gas mask one does not inhale but rather suck in air. We had to do numerous drills and run. Some soldiers would suddenly tear off their gas masks; the sturdier ones would often faint. When a gas mask fits right, it squeezes the head. The boys with shaved heads from the shock chemical battalions, who always had to work with CPS (they would arrive on the site first and prepare the area for us, the chemical defence companies), shaved their heads for a reason: the tiniest hair means an opening in the skin, which caused pain. However, after several cases of death in neighbouring units, we were no longer forced to sleep with the gas masks on.

Thus, while we served we cried. Once, a general, the commander of the chemical troops of the region, arrived for a visit. The wind was blowing from the contaminated training ground. All the crying units were formed on the parade-ground in front of the tents. Our crying commander yelled "Attention!" – tears were rolling down his cheeks – "Right dress!" – and marched towards the crying general, measuring out his Prussian pace and pulling his straight legs very high and upwards.

WHEN WILL THIS forest end? I was walking, stumbling through the bushes. Tree branches were whipping me all over, but I no longer tried to avoid them, and could only barely feel them through the thick rubber of the overalls. All the time I was stepping on something soft, but did not look under my feet, did not stop. Once I noticed a head of a young deer with short horns three steps away from me, with eyes half-opened and foam at its mouth.

In the morning they had shown me the route on a topographical map. It was about 5km. long. The forest would end eventually, and I would walk out again at a wide field. There I would see the service barracks, my final destination.

The forest grew more sparse. Finally, I was surrounded only by black bushes. And then, I was in an open field. I came across more green islands of grass. The grass became higher. Bright flowers started smiling at me. A little to the left in the distance I noted a tall mast with a flag, and below it several structures. There was more water in my boots, as if I were walking through a swamp. I was dying of thirst and could hardly breathe – I was drawing in air in long breaths. I felt slightly dizzy.

SEVERAL DAYS earlier I was appointed to guard a certain post. I mounted guard before dawn. It was quiet. The sky was starry. I paced back and forth with a machine-gun near a dug-out warehouse, which was half buried in earth and fenced in by poles with barbed wire. The folding iron gate was locked. I had not asked what was inside.

The nightingale started singing nearby. All the other whistlers and chirpers, who had earlier been awake, became quiet. The little magician had bewitched them all. The birds were silent, and so was the forest, listening.

It was dawning. There were trees behind the dug-out and the barbed wire. On the other side there was a field with mowed grass. When it grew completely light I saw two-layered stacks of iron barrels some 50 metres away. They occupied the whole field, and behind them was the solid wall of the forest. There were thousands of these barrels. I came nearer and walked along the stacks. Each barrel had a label with numbers of the manufacturing plant, dates of the fitness of the products, and – I felt not quite myself – the coloured stripes exactly the same as on our device for identifying CPS.

– Mustard gas, I concluded. This whole stack is mustard gas.

Some barrels were leaking. Oily fluid was covering coloured iron surfaces and glittering dimly. Birds started chirping in the distance, as I returned to the underground warehouse. Certainly no one would steal those barrels.

The first rays of sun touched the trees. The evaporating dew fogged the forest. The triumphant trilling and chirping of the nightingale reached everywhere – hollows and lairs, burrows of hares, the tiny homes of beetles and butterflies, the nests of birds and bees, the petals of flowers, where small insects crept lazily and basked in the sun. This song contained the joy and calm of the old fable by Krylov which we learned in childhood without understanding it:

"In every key that's known,
He chirruped, or he piped, held on, or trilled some lay...
In rapture, at the song the shepherd lay entranced."

The nightingale sang for a long time. I did not even notice the detail coming.

– Comrade sergeant, no special events to report! – I rattled off, listening to the nightingale. We went around the dug-out. The sergeant, head of the guard, checked the seals on the lock of the iron gate.

– Cadet Kurilov passes over the combat post!

– Cadet Kozhevnikov takes over the combat post!

I APPROACHED THE barracks and saw other Martians, signalling me to come closer. They were dressed like myself – everything was dull, only the lenses of the gas masks were shining. One of them grabbed me by the arm and placed me on a cement slab. Others started pouring white liquid over me with hoses. Then they showed me a place to undress. They took away the machine-gun, the bag, and the device for identifying chemicals. Then creatures in gas masks took off my rubber shirt, rubber pants and boots and immediately took them away for degassing. I remained in a soaking wet uniform, and stepped into a large iron bathtub with a wide ledge at the sides. I took off the gas mask – it was also taken away – and stood to attention: the company commander was approaching.

Standing in the bathtub filled with water, hands at my sides, I rapped out:

– Comrade captain, Cadet Kurilov has accomplished the combat mission!

The commander, who was also standing to attention in front of the bathtub, received the report with concern and saluted:

– All right, you can go.

I turned smartly around in the bathtub on the command "About face!" and stepped ceremoniously in the water over the iron ledge. One bound foot remained in the bathtub, the other unwound and was dragging behind me like a long rag.

I was received by a smiling Edik quoting Heine: "O, Lord, mortally wounded, I was acting, presenting the death of a gladiator!"

After I showered I put on my wet uniform and found my boots – they were brought by a truck. I had already drunk a gallon of water without taking my lips away from the tap, when I heard behind me on the parade-ground:

– Platoon! Fall in!

We stepped out one by one in front of the line. When my turn came, I showed the border of the contaminated area on the map, the presence of the nitrous yperite and its concentration.

– Cadet Kurilov! I would like to commend you for your excellent execution of the combat mission!

I vigorously bellowed the reply: – I'm honoured to serve the Soviet Union!" □

(Translated by Luba Vikhanski)

What's New In Las Vegas?

Joshua Maeir

Hi, I'm Joshua Maeir and I'd like to tell you some really fantastic things my cousin Moshe saw at the Comdex show in Las Vegas. Comdex if you've never heard the term, is the biggest computer show in the world (with literally thousands of exhibitions on the latest equipment and technology).

Of course, my cousin had other things on his mind, namely getting back to his business (called CHASHA! COMPUTERS) and had neither the time or patience to deal with my questions. But sufficient nagging, pestering and the offer to treat him to a piece of apple strudel at his favorite Beit Cafe, got him to tell me about the exciting things he saw.

"Since we are one of Israel's biggest distributors of CITIZEN PRINTERS, I spent a lot of time at their display and was amazed to see how incredibly popular they are. That's right, the same people who sell one of the world's most popular watches (last year they outsold Seiko) are in the printer business. In fact, CITIZEN and Seiko aren't only competitors in the watch business, they are battling it out in the printer business as well. Seiko's Epson brand was the industry standard. But today CITIZEN is challenging their position, and I might add, very very successfully."

And how are CITIZEN printers doing in Israel? I asked.

"How are they doing? They are doing phenomenally well. So well in fact that we can hardly import them fast enough to satisfy all our dealers' requests. Today, the CITIZEN 120 D is becoming the most popular printer in Israel."

So why don't you advertise them if they are doing so well! I asked.

"Joshua, how many times must I remind you that CHASHA! is a wholesale business. We deal directly with dealers. I don't need to waste my money on advertisements."

Well folks, I recognize a good opportunity when I see one and before he could change the subject, I suggested to my dear cousin that my company sell these CITIZEN printers to anyone who wants one, distributor, private user, anyone, and that we'll handle the advertisements without him.

Now, a word about CITIZEN PRINTERS. First of all you know they are good because they offer a FULL 2-YEAR GUARANTEE instead of the standard six months. That says a lot. The printer comes with 5 DIFFERENT TYPEFACES giving you a mixed capacity of nearly 260 varieties. And for speed, just read this. At the draft mode you will print 120-160 CHARACTERS PER SECOND (c.p.s.). CITIZEN is the only printer sold with a complete typeface in *ITALICS* and in WHITE ON BLACK.

The model you choose depends on your need. If you are looking for a sturdy low cost printer for letters and graphics, the CITIZEN 120 D is for you. And at no extra charge you will get both a tractor and a friction feed and a 4,000 character internal memory buffer so you can continue using your computer while the printer prints. No other comparable printer offers that.

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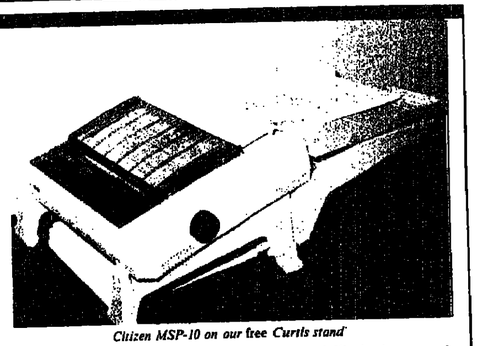

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Elusive enemies

RENDERED literally, Abu Nidal means "Father of Strife." It is the name by which a Jaffa-born Moslem, Sabri el-Banna, now in his late forties, is commonly known. But Abu Nidal has also become the name of a group, now reckoned the most dangerous of the Palestinian terror groups. Further to confuse the enemy, it has adopted at least ten additional names: the Palestine National Liberation Movement, Fatah: the Revolutionary Council, Black June, Black September, Al-Iqab (Punishment), Al-Asifa (Storm) among others.

The list of terrorist attacks attributed to the Abu Nidal group during its thirteen years of activity fills seven pages of Yossi Melman's book. Over a hundred operations were carried out in eighteen different countries.

Melman is well-placed to write this account of the organization's ideology and structure, and of the character of the man who heads it and masterminds its world-wide operations. His study is presented within the general context of Palestinian and Israeli-Arab politics.

There are obvious difficulties in writing such a book, and Melman has coped with them admirably. He was fortunate also in starting his investigations while a correspondent in London for the Israeli daily *Ha'aretz*, where he happened to cover the attempt to assassinate the former Israel ambassador, Shlomo Argov, in 1982. He was present also, on a number of occasions, at the Old Bailey, where, from January to March 1983, three members of the Abu Nidal group were tried for the attempt. In one of his appendices, he gives the transcript of the police interrogation of one of the defendants, "translated from the author's Hebrew notes."

Apart from the courtroom proceedings, which Melman says were the primary source for the writing of this book, first-hand sources listed by him include numerous meetings and interviews he had with the anti-terrorist squad of the London police force, Israeli intelligence sources, and the staff of the Israel embassy in London.

Of course, *The Master Terrorist* is not perfect – no book on the subject can claim to be, but it is probably the best one can hope for. It has eight pages of illustrations, the most evocative the one of the el-Banna family house in Jaffa, a five-storey building now "used as the Tel Aviv Israeli Military Court," in the words of the caption.

AT THE end of *Terrorism as State-Sponsored Covert Warfare*, heading a list of thirty-one "active terrorist groups" given in alphabetical order, Abu Nidal is described as a militant group which broke away from Al-Fatah in 1973, and took the name of its founder. "With support from Iraq and Syria, the faction strikes at moderate Arab, Palestinian, and Jewish targets. Its membership is 500 to 1,000."

Abu Nidal is followed by the African National Congress of South Africa and, among others, Al-Fatah, Amal, the Palestine Liberation Organization, and the National Liberation Army of Colombia. The inclusion in a list of "active terrorist groups" of organizntions so disparate in character and aim serves as a reminder that terrorism itself, as a concept, remains elusive. Indeed, some of the most instructive and useful material Cline and Alexander furnish in their brief survey are the four pages of "Selected Current Definitions of Terrorism," from which, nevertheless, nothing either new or original can be gleaned. The operative phrase in almost all these definitions is "noncombatant targets," and sometimes "civilian populations," the point being that terrorist acts are aimed at them. However, such targets and populations quite often get hit unintentionally. There is a measure here of *banalization* of the term "terrorist," if it can be applied in this overall way to the African National Congress and, say, to the Red Army Faction and to Abu Nidal.

But the main concern of the authors of this book – two internationally-known experts on the subject, who have written extensively on it – is state-sponsored terrorism, which they also term "covert warfare." Their subject has of course become increasingly topical and urgent, especially since the attempt on the El Al plane at Heathrow Airport in March.

Their book, written in cooperation with the Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University, is based on a study of state-sponsored terrorism prepared in 1985 for the Department of the Army, Office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations and Plans. The substance of the study was presented to the Committee on the Judiciary and the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate.

About a quarter of the text is taken up by the authors' attempt to formulate "adequate responses" to state-sponsored terrorism, and concentrates almost exclusively on past, present, and possible future American measures and actions in relation to it. The documents appended to the study include a top secret Iranian account of "the creation of an independent brigade for carrying out unconventional warfare in enemy territory."

BETWEEN THEM the three books by Caplan, Zweig and Quandt add up to a sort of diplomatic history of Palestine and of British-Jewish and Arab-Jewish relations during the period from the aftermath of the 1929 riots to the signing of the peace treaty between Egypt and Israel in 1979. One would like to think, too, that the accounts give the lie to the word "futile" in Caplan's title since, though manifestly fruitless, the two decades of Arab-Zionist contacts and negotiations covered in this second volume (the first, *Early Arab-Zionist Negotiation Attempts*, surveys the years 1913-1931 and was published in 1979) were not entirely futile, at least in a long-range perspective.

Caplan himself establishes that the period between the Arab riots of 1929 and the 1936 general strike and rebellion, though not marked by any serious Arab-Zionist negotiations, did witness significant changes below the surface. The 1929 disturbances and the ensuing political crisis raised the level of concern for the problems of Arab-Jewish relations. "As a result, various individuals felt forced to explore the possibilities of compromise, and to try out new formulae for better relations during the early 1930s."

Little actual negotiations took place, to be sure, but a number of trial balloons were launched and there was much internal discussion of formulae to provide a basis for ending the conflict. Among the formulae considered were Arab-Jewish parity, a round-table conference, a Middle Eastern confederation, and even cantonization. This last formula was of course the forerunner of the partition idea, which became the principal alternative to the *status quo* after 1937.

There is no way of doing Neil Caplan's book anything like justice in the span of a short review. Not the least of its merits is his printing of a hundred pages of a wide-ranging selection of Arab, British and Zionist documents. The last of them – a report by the late Ezra Danin of a meeting between Golda Meyerson and King Abdallah, in Naharayim on November 17, 1947 – opens with the information that the king "was glad to meet Golda, even though he was surprised" – presumably at meeting a woman. The document ends with the following remark: "In particular, [Abdallah] asked whether it would be possible for *The Palestine Post*, which was read by Arabs, to somewhat reduce its interest in him... He commented, in this regard, that we should not pay too much heed to his stinging declarations, since they were being made under duress and not willingly." *There* was a man who did not crave publicity!

THE ARAB revolt of 1936-39, and the failure of subsequent attempts at conciliation at the St. James (Round-Table) Conference early in 1939, influenced the British to impose their own settlement, in the form of the White Paper, issued later the same year. However, as Ronald Zweig writes in the introduction to *Britain and Palestine During the Second World War*, the events of 1936-39 in Palestine made it clear "that Britain's dual task of encouraging the growth of the Jewish National Home there while at the same time protecting the rights of Palestine's Arab inhabitants, as set in the League of Nations mandate, could no longer be implemented." The fact was that the Mandatory authorities had lost effective control of 90 per cent of the country, and it was taking 16,000 troops and the imposition of martial law to re-establish any kind of law and order.

Zweig's concern is with the period following the adoption by Britian of the White Paper, and it is his conviction that the policy enunciated in that document, which was adopted after much deliberation and controversy, was only one of the determinants of Britain's subsequent actions there. "In the evolving crisis of war and genocide," he writes, "the Colonial Office and the mandatory Government of Palestine could only react to events on a day to day basis. Policy guide lines conceived in London were implemented only when possible, and with varying degrees of enthusiasm. By the end of the Second World War the circumstances in which the policy of 1939 had been conceived had so radically changed that London was eventually forced to abandon any hope of orderly decolonization in Palestine. As so often in the history of the empire, events at the periphery could not be controlled by policy-makers in London..."

This phenomenon, which became apparent to Zweig at an early stage of his research, makes his book "as much a venture in colonial as in diplomatic history." The story itself brims with irony. As he points out towards the end of his concluding chapter, one major objective of the re-direction of Britain's policy in Palestine in 1939 had been "to separate the question of Palestine from the Jewish problem, to make it clear that the Jewish problem could not be solved within the confines of the Mandate." By the end of the war, however, it became clear that, "while Britain could declare such a separation, she was not capable of enforcing it."

Whitehall, again, had intended to overcome the opposition of Arabs and Jews to the White Paper by its own resolute adherence to that policy. "In the course of time, it was reasoned, moderate men would come to see that the policy of 1939 was the most their respective communities could hope to obtain from Britain, and they would therefore come to accept it." As luck would have it, however, British officials from the beginning restricted themselves to measures against illegal immigration – a development which convinced even moderate Zionists that they could achieve more without than with Britain. The irony of the situation was that, "having adopted the policy of 1939 when the revolt of the Arab community of Palestine was drawing to a close, Britain could only abandon it as the Jewish revolt began."

THIRTY YEARS, almost to the day, passed between the adoption by the UN General Assembly of the Partition Plan for Palestine and President Anwar Sadat's historic visit to Jerusalem in November, 1977. That visit was followed by the Camp David Accords in September, 1978 and the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty in March, 1979.

A number of books have been published about the making of these accords and the course of events leading to them. William Quandt's *Camp David: Peacemaking and Politics* tells the story in such detail, and so lucidly and interestingly, that it must be judged the best of them. A member of the American team at the Camp David negotiations, Quandt combines inside knowledge with scholarly research, a healthy political instinct with a meticulous sense of balance, and a workmanlike knowledge of the Middle East with deep insight into the American policy-making process. The result is a work as readable as it is solidly researched.

One of Quandt's main preoccupations is why Jimmy Carter, rightly given much of the credit for promoting peace between Egypt and Israel, failed to match his successful efforts with a similar achievement on the Palestinian question. The author is well placed to explain this apparent failure, for he served as a member of the National Security Council staff from January, 1977 until July, 1979, his primary area of responsibility being the Arab-Israeli conflict.

His analysis of Carter's failure to resolve the Palestinian issue is most instructive. He concedes that the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is of so intractable a nature that no formula could easily have been found to bring the parties to some sort of mutual recognition and reconciliation. Yet he believes, nonetheless, that Carter's efforts to resolve the problem "were stymied by more than the intrinsic complexity of the issues and the unwillingness of the parties to talk directly with one another."

In Quandt's view, the difficulty lay partly in Carter's lack of knowledge of the facts of the situation, especially where the Palestinian side was concerned. Also, and perhaps mainly, Carter "found that the constraints of the American political system came into play whenever he tried to deal with the Palestinian question." Even to refer to Palestinian rights or to a Palestinian homeland "could set off shock waves within the American Jewish community," which would be instantly felt in Congress and relayed back to the White House. The result was that, before long, "Carter learned to say less in public, thereby giving the impression that he was backing down under domestic pressure." □

THE MASTER TERRORIST: The True Story Behind Abu Nidal by Yossi Melman. New York, Adama Books. 215 pp. $16.95.

TERRORISM AS STATE-SPONSORED COVERT WARFARE by Ray S. Cline and Yonah Alexander. Fairfax, Virginia, Hero Books. 118 pp. No price stated.

FUTILE DIPLOMACY: Volume Two. Arab-Zionist Negotiations and the End of the Mandate by Neil Caplan. London, Frank Cass. 358 pp. £27.50.

BRITAIN AND PALESTINE DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR by Ronald W. Zweig. London, The Boydell Press for the Royal Historical Society. 198 pp. £26.

CAMP DAVID: Peacemaking and Politics by William B. Quandt. Washington, D.C., The Brookings Institution, London, Costello. 426 pp. £34.25 (paperback £13.45).

Nissim Rejwan

Gauging the distance

THE plot of Harold Schimmel's new Hebrew poem, *Lowell*, is simple enough: Schimmel, a young graduate student in English literature, and fresh from a stint with army intelligence in northern Italy, encounters the poet Robert Lowell and his Boston in the early Sixties, with Lowell at the height of his fame; part II shifts the scene to New York City, several years later, where we see Lowell and his poetry in the context of the city Schimmel came to know through his father, his work, and the poets and painters of the New York School; and finally, in part III, we follow Lowell on his trip to Jerusalem in the late Sixties, as Schimmel, now settled in Israel, meets him once more.

The one hundred Zukofskian sonnets (about which more in a moment) form a gallery of sketches and portraits in which Lowell is always a point of reference – often the dominant figure in or just beyond the frame of the page – but not necessarily the subject of the poem. He gradually comes to stand not for "cooked" or blue-blood poetry, as the stereotype would have it, but for the particular kind of commitment to the tradition of language that draws the developing writer – Schimmel – fully into the world of the poem. While *Lowell is* about the poet Robert Lowell, it is essentially about the way in which the people, books, sights, places, scents and events of Schimmel's experience form themselves in his memory, as vision:

Your prison stint (the famous theme that left its mark
on your poems) was to an extent like Thoreau's at Walden
like him you did your time
I went there once for a weekend swim hammered
by love I stood on one foot between dressing room
benches
a fish at the edge of its no-water line
and imagined the struggle
no place was ever smaller
we were men like any among all the pond
was muddy
they'd brought sand so the beach would be gentler
where am I? and where is Thoreau? the man
in whom love of woman never moved as much as
love of every other thing like you un-mediterranean
he wanted to suck out the marrow of life in the company of
muskrats

MORE THAN a few books of poetry come out of America each year in which a middle aged poet's youth is treated sentimentally and given epic dimension. It is so fashionable a tack that young poets – "new" poets – often *begin* in nostalgia. More often than not, the poems of both groups end up cheapening, or devaluing, the present. Schimmel's poem, in contrast to the posturing of the "nostalgics," is marked by its close observation; evaluation, with regard to Lowell, is quietly implied, and the gestures by which a poet tries to recover a fading aspect of his past, or bolster his standing in the reader's eyes as a "sensitive" or otherwise extraordinary being, are conspicuously absent:

It's all so static... our disposition
here in the room I read for you
late poems "unpublished" of Crane
written in Mexico sitting on upholstered
furniture where others (asses without
number) sat we mention names survey
each from behind eyeglasses
I serve up Ashbery you respond
"Ah? that spidery poet!" you
go back to the poem from The Bridge *recite*
"chill from his rippling rest" the two of us
together young man and older and older yet to be
younger warding off a day in a career
pursuing my ear that knows no compromise

Here, as in the opening sonnet, the poem concentrates on a relationship between writers, yet isn't about literature. Following the details of Schimmel's recollection, the poem's lineage takes us through Lowell and on to the deeper and more compelling link to fatherhood, legacy, and inheritance – which both the variety of reference and form of the poem bring out. It makes perfect sense, then, though it surprises, when midway through *Lowell* we come across an elegy for Schimmel's father (who was run over crossing a Manhattan street), or this, from the Boston chapter:

Montale early in the sixties
began to resemble Yehuda's father
at Petakh Tikva this is verifiable fact
not poet's-whim the man on the hired mule
disguised as an Arab to beg money
from neighbors who afterwards as Jerusalem beggar
spilled on a cold day's Purim all his treasure
of small change from his pouch beneath the wheels of a
city bus
was worthy the likening to a venerable poet
admired by his-son-the-poet (under another
name) once
I wrote (when I still wrote in English) "the fathers are
the greater poets" even if they never learned
the language of poetry check thoroughly the skin of
your hands
and streams of your veins to understand the anxiety of
influence

Similarly we can understand the appearance of what might be considered extended family: teachers, friends, fellow poets, and painters. While the poem is vulnerable to the charge of being overly private in its use of first name references to these friends and well-known acquaintances, the inclusion of members of the poet's circle in fact warms the various portraits and enables Schimmel to employ the intimate and painterly detail at which he excels. (A brief foreword introduces the poem, and should help orient the reader with regard to its reference.)

OVER THE years, the form of Schimmel's work has altered to meet the requirements of his subjects – from the spare lyrics and talky poems of *Shirei Malon Tsion* (1974) to the varied composition by field of *Aa'ra* (1978). In *Lowell*, his third book, the form Schimmel develops is appropriately flexible and inclusive. The individual sections, composed of 14 lines of five (often hyphenated) words each, are modelled on Lowell's *History* and the late work of Louis Zukofsky.

Zukofsky, following Ezra Pound, was interested in developing a measure which would turn the reader's attention to the full richness of texture in the language. Schimmel, picking up on Zukofsky, works a similar development in his Hebrew, gauging the line to the pitch of each vowel and the weight of the syllable rather than any system of metric, or natural, stress. Americanisms, sometimes awkward, abound, and because of their strangeness call further attention to the sensual, material qualities of his language.

The "open" sonnet and sonnet-sequence of the poem – capable of absorbing fragments of letters, conversation, readings, and observation, as well as the more traditional progression of thought – is from Lowell's *History*. From the New York School poets – Edwin Denby, Frank O'Hara, and John Ashbery among them – come the informal tone, internal freedom, and the reliance on surface. This particular combination of models gives the poet considerable opportunity to juxtapose subjects and scene, and it directly contributes to the visually flat, David Hockney-like sense of the poem that the reader often has.

Gradually, the sequence of sonnets brings out a series of oppositions: Lowell as blue-blood/Crane, Lowell as mentor/ Schimmel, Lowell of the "cooked" school/ the New York School, and Lowell as Christian and American/ Israel. More often than not the opposition is implied or left in provocative juxtaposition, the sequence growing increasingly independent of Lowell, so that in the end it is not so much a matter of Lowell *or* another as it is a presentation of difference, or the richly and diversely populated Many, that Schimmel seems to be concerned with. The point at which the reader recognizes that the poet is more interested in visual and emotional definition than he is in any verdict is the point at which he or she begins to move beyond questions of literary circles, literary influence, and the facts of Schimmel's biography to the gist of the poem: its direct treatment of the way in which acceptance and precise recollection of one's past, and of influence, free one for development.

AT THE end of the book a note informs the reader that *Lowell* comprises the 11th canto of the long poem Schimmel has been at work on since 1972, and raises the question of unity. The first volume of that long poem, *Aa'ra* – as Gabriel Levin noted in his fine essay "What Different Things Link Up?: Hellenism in Contemporary Hebrew Poetry" (*Prooftexx* vol. 5 no. 3) – begins the construction of a "history" of Schimmel's Eretz Yisrael, tracing a line from the Book of Daniel through to Callimachus, a 19th century *yishuv*, the 20 century poet Uri Zvi Greenberg, and up to the present; *Lowell*, through the richness of its attachment to the landscapes of Schimmel's past, to the characters of the people in the poem, and to the poet's two languages, substantially widens and deepens that present.

Though *Lowell* itself suffers from an occasional lack of focus (the observation of the Boston section, for example, feels less integrated and further from the poet than it does in the latter thirds of the book, and there are sonnets throughout the poem that simply work less well than others), allowance needs to be made for the significant shifts in perspective and level of intensity that a poem of this length involves. Just as there are anecdotes, portraits, letters, and clearly drawn landscapes that are tangential, but nonetheless vital facets of the poem, so there are seminal sonnets that stand out along the way. A considerable share of one's pleasure as reader involves sensing how these "smaller" or "lighter" pieces lead into sonnets such as the following, and contribute to the vision of the whole:

Why aren't poets more amenable?
In their lives as in their measure gauging
the distance in life like the paced, sacred kilometers
of a wadi fed by the waters of a reliable source
as the kingfisher at Ein Keli
knowing his space between rock-wall in a sparse
acacia
breathes still swivelling three hundred degrees
swoops roves above the waterline glistening
or even his brother the dwarf by the Great Sea
nesting in rock face...

Both in its range of approach and the presence of such peaks, *Lowell* presents the work of a poet at the height of his powers. Schimmel's growth, with regard to matters of formal originality and his own experience, has been through the detail of memory toward the fullness and illumination of a present, and the love implicit in that remembrance likewise deepens with knowledge and age.

Most every reader of this review will know of Amichai – many will have at least heard of Pagis, Zach, Carmi, Yeshurun, Kovner, and Rabikovitch. With *Lowell*, it's time they discovered Schimmel, among others, as well.

(The "little elegy" is translated by Harold Schimmel. Passages quoted in the review have been translated by several hands.)

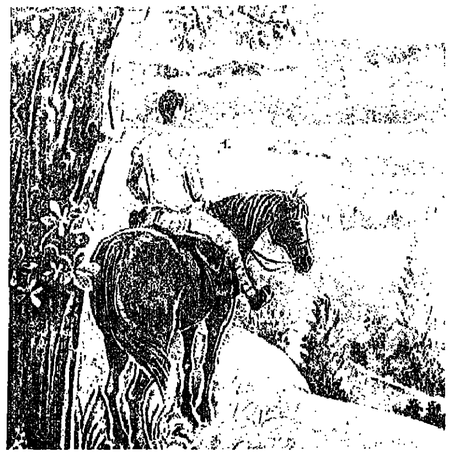
LOWELL by Harold Schimmel. Tel Aviv, Hadarim. 100 pp. No price stated.

Peter Cole

From Lowell

Little elegy for my father run over on Columbus Circle
crossing the street toward Lincoln Center
it was a delivery van he
crossed with the light fifty years
he walked the length and breadth of her streets from end
to end and from river to river
he knew intimately the pattern of surrounding highways her
bridges tunnel and city exits he loved her
restaurants wine shops and the Metropolitan Opera
with all its singers at the opening of the Kanovitz show
at the Jewish Museum we met Irving
with his second wife Arlen a well-turned blonde "my former
student Harold"...
he talked to strangers liked to eat
in company the glitter of the famous for him was an indispensable part
of the city décor

The last romantic



BETWEEN WOODS AND THE WATER by Patrick Leigh Fermor. London, John Murray. £13.95.

Lawrence Marks

FEW LIVING British authors are legendary figures, even in these days of literary hype. Most pass their working lives in uneventful bourgeois seclusion, sitting at their wordprocessors, knocking out their novels or writing up their travel notes, emerging into the TV studio lights every two or three years to sell the finished product on the breakfast shows.

Patrick Leigh Fermor, is a rare exception. He possesses an almost unique aura of romantic glamour which derives from his World War II exploits as a guerrilla fighter, from his fashionable friendships in wealthy Bohemia, and from the dashing reputation for social outrage that occasionally gets him into hot water. He has lived his life with a Byronic disregard for convention that appeals to the armchair travellers who have made his books about Greece, the Balkans and the Caribbean into best-sellers.

On a famous occasion, he was invited to stay with Somerset Maugham at his villa on the Côte d'Azur. He arrived loaded with luggage, expecting a pleasant stay. Uncharacteristically nervous at the prospect of his first meeting with the *view terrible*, he fortified himself with a couple of drinks before dinner. As the meal progressed, the wine flowed and inhibitions crumbled. Leigh Fermor told a story whose denouement required him to imitate a stammer.

Maugham was a stammerer. Towards midnight, he offered his guest a cup of coffee. Stirring it lightly, he bent towards him and murmured, "I'll wish you goodnight, Mr. Leigh Fermor – and goodbye, because you'll be gone by the time I get up in the morning!" Leigh Fermor carted his luggage off to a nearby hotel.

Another time, dining on board Stavros Niarchos's yacht, a great classic vintage claret more than half-a-century old, of spectacular rarity and value, was being lovingly poured out by white-coated waiters. Leigh Fermor sniffed its bouquet, eyed its colour appreciatively, allowed the precious fluid to caress his palate, and suddenly cried out to his astounded host, "Magnificent! Let us have beakers of this magnificent wine!"

Staying at a country house in Wicklow as guest of a prominent member of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, he gazed thoughtfully at some boisterous young men in scarlet coats who had returned from a day out with the Kildare Hunt, and wondered aloud what the "Killing Kildares" actually did to their foxes when they caught them, offering an unmentionable suggestion. The scar from the subsequent beating-up he received is still visible just above his right eye.

HIS MOST famous wartime adventure was his capture of the commandant of the German occupying forces in Crete, General Heinrich Kreipe, in April 1944. Leigh Fermor had been parachuted into the island to organize the Greek resistance, and spent two years disguised as a shepherd in black turban, high boots, sash and silver-and-ivory dagger, and white goat's-hair cloak, his moustache and long hair dyed black.

On this occasion, Leigh Fermor and his band of local brigands, dressed in stolen German uniforms, stopped Kreipe's car, tied him up and thrust him into the back, and conned their way past several armed road-blocks into the countryside, where they evaded Wehrmacht search-parties for two weeks until a British boat arrived to pick up the general.

As a classicist, Leigh Fermor shared a common cultural background with his captive. During a lull in the chase, dawn broke over Mount Ida and Kreipe murmured some lines of Horace. Leigh Fermor completed the quotation, and between them they recited the whole of the poem. "Ach, so, Herr Major," Kreipe remarked with a melancholy smile. They met again in Athens last year to appear on a TV show about the Occupation. The general bore no grudge.

Leigh Fermor is 71, a fit, stocky figure with iron-grey hair and the clipped speech of an old soldier. His father was a distinguished naturalist and director-general of the Geological Survey of India. His mother, the daughter of a society portrait painter, was an unsuccessful play wright.

After a troubled school career – he was expelled from the King's School, Canterbury, after being caught in town holding hands with Nellie, the "ravishing and sonnet-begetting daughter of a local greengrocer" (a serious demeanour in those strait-laced times) – he set out in 1933 at the age of 18 to walk from Rotterdam to Istanbul. He had an allowance of £5 a month and volumes of Horace and *The Oxford Book of English Verse* in his rucksack. Half the time, he slept in the stables of peasants; the other half, he charmed his way into the castles of the Central European nobility. The first volume of his autobiography *A Time of Gifts* was published in 1977. The present volume carries the journey as far as Transylvania.

HIS BOOKS are composed of a succession of brilliant cameos of people and places, written in an ornate prose that is influenced partly by the Latin authors he knows by heart, partly by the language of 19th century romanticism that dominated his boyhood reading. Although the Central European society he describes was already crumbling in the 1930s (as he is too honest a writer not to record), the appeal of his books for many readers lies in their reassuring sense of continuity with an Arcadian past. Today, of course, his footprints have been obliterated by motorways and supermarkets and collective farms, and aristocrat and peasant alike slaughtered, purged or dispossessed by war and political and social revolution.

He and his wife Joan, an architectural photographer, live in a house in the Southern Peloponnese that they designed themselves with the help of a local master-mason and several volumes of Vitruvius and Palladio.

He is still as adventurous as ever. At the age of 69 he matched Leander's feat by swimming the Hellespont. The English writer Peter Quennell recalls him asking to be put up on a hunter not long ago and trying every jump at Towcester racecourse. His friends watched through field-glasses as he crashed through the jumps, falling off, remounting and continuing doggedly until the end. The entire course had to be rebuilt. □

(Copyright London Observer Service)

Whimsical

FROGTALES OF FROGLEGS by Jacquie Fishman. Tel Aviv, Prince Publishing. 119 pp. NIS 18.

Roy Isacowitz

JACQUIE FISHMAN, a new immigrant from Los Angeles, looks at life, love and the nature of the colour green through the eyes of assorted cartoon frogs hailing from "the little, green village Gronkoping."

Jo-Jo and Charmaine find their lives unsettled by the arrival of Boo, a moon frog. So they take off to see the world, arriving eventually in "a land that is not naturally green and fertile; but there has been such hard work and upkeep to make it just that – Israel."

There, they don *kova tembels*, wonder about the *kashrut* of Mediterranean fruit flies, and put their naturally green thumbs to work to make the land greener.

Fishman came up with the idea of a frog world several years ago when she made a needlepoint cushion with two frogs on it. The characters developed over the years into a cartoon series on the inhabitants of Gronkoping.

Frogtales of Froglegs was published privately in Israel on high-quality glossy paper. Several of the cartoon strips are in full colour, others in black and white. The book is being distributed by Bronfmans and is on sale at select stores in Jerusalem and at Ben-Gurion Airport.

Fishman believes that these froggy tales will appeal to both sexes and all ages. If the book is a success, she has plans to merchandize her frog characters in a variety of ways.

She hopes that the frogs will give outsiders a better understanding of Israelis, as well as helping Israelis better to appreciate themselves and their land. It is, she says, a gentle book, "a book of love." □

Practical approach

JOHN HEDGECOE'S DARKROOM TECHNIQUES by John Hedgecoe. New York, Simon and Schuster. 191 pp. No price stated.

1000 PHOTO TIPS. London, Pan. £4.95.

CREATIVE TECHNIQUES IN MARINE AND SEASCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY by Jonathan Eastland. London, B.T. Batsford. 168 pp. £14.95.

David Brauner

PHOTOGRAPHY IS an unending quest. The true photographer is forever seeking more exciting photo opportunities, knock-out compositions and foolproof technical formulae.

Photography is also a notoriously uncertain challenge. Faulty equipment, imperfect materials, uncooperative subjects, variable or poor lighting conditions and, above all, human error and fickleness are all potential causes of a less than perfect picture. As a result, even the most successful photographers get nervous before an assignment, and suffer a twinge of anxiety just before the film comes out of the "soup."

Bearing all this in mind, it is little wonder that amateur and professional photographers alike are easy prey for the purveyors of any new book on the subject. These books promise as much for the modern photographer as medieval alchemical tractates for base-metal-to-gold seekers, and by and large are just as disappointing.

For most working photographers, reading a book like *John Hedgecoe's Darkroom Techniques* is little more than a vicarious thrill. Darkroom techniques are far more a product of darkroom experience than of armchair reading. Once the safe-lights are on, every photographer falls into his own unique work routine, which is dictated largely by his needs and the materials available to him.

It's certainly fun to read all about the creative possibilities, but who's going to run out and buy an airbrush, myriads of toners and paints, and spend weeks attempting to achieve a single special effect? Most photographers simply haven't the resources in time and money for much experimenting.

As for the more basic techniques described in his book, Hedgecoe leaves much to be desired. For example, since I take most of my photographs under very poor lighting conditions without flash, I immediately turned to the section on "pushing" film – a film processing technique that allows faster shutter speeds, greater depth of field and enhanced contrast. I want to know specifics about developers, times, grain and contrast, but all I get are generalizations and "follow directions given by the film makers."

Hedgecoe's main fault is that he tries to cover too much ground in too little space. Nevertheless, the book is full of useful tables, glossaries and trouble-shooting sections.

ON THE OTHER HAND, in *1000 Photo Tips* – there are actually 1446 – we have a book which appears to leave out nothing. It blankets the subject from cameras to close-ups, from lighting to lenses and back again.

Each "tip" is numbered (the pages are not) and concisely written. Tip 401 reads: "Housebreakers like photographic goods. Reduce the risk of losing all your equipment to a thief by keeping it in a variety of places. A burglar may not bother to investigate an ordinary looking shopping bag; but it could conceal a camera or lens suitably padded to disguise its shape." Nothing is too incidental to be mentioned.

The separate section on assignments is particularly well done, with some rather impressive colour photos. Each problem is presented step-by-step in great detail.

1000 Photo Tips and Hedgecoe's book are reasonably thorough introductions to photography and recommended for beginners. For professionals, they better serve as reference books to be consulted on specific problems as they crop up.

JONATHAN EASTLAND'S *Creative Techniques in Marine and Seascape Photography* was tailor-made for me, for I love to take pictures and read about the sea. The author, an ex-merchant navy officer turned photographer, displays an amazing variety of his pictures of sea, shore, ships and sailors.

He has plenty of homely advice for sailors who want to be photographers, and photographers who want to be sailors. He cautions the former: "Watch out for lazy horizons which fall off the bottom of one edge of the frame and take off from the other. Yachts lean over because they are being pushed by the wind force on their sails. Horizons remain as we see them from terra firma – dead level." He adjures the latter: "Try not to be seasick. If you are, don't mess up the decks and the crew by throwing up over the weather side; lean towards the stern, please!"

Eastland is not only a nuts-and-bolts man; he is also at times something of a photographic philosopher. In his discussion of light, he addresses "the problem of how to add the third dimension to what is basically a two-dimensional product." He later translates the photographic third dimension into one word: *impact*.

Unfortunately, Eastland often confutes his own philosophy at the technical level. His overuse of filters in black and white photography frequently produces dull, grey prints, which are patently flat in character. Yet his eye for composition, his instinct for angle, and his deep appreciation of the subject matter are qualities which make many of his photos memorable. □

Sins are Scarlett

THE BLUE BICYCLE by Régine Deforges. London, W.H. Allen. 384 pp. £2.95.

THE RADISH MEMOIRS by Terence de Vere White. London, Futura. 223 pp. £2.50.

FOREIGN LAND by Jonathan Raban. London, Picador. 352 pp. £3.95.

Marjorie Mark

AFTER READING *The Blue Bicycle*, I feel that the estate of Margaret Mitchell might have a case against Régine Deforges. There are so many scenes and situations that this French novelist lifted straight from that American, that I thought I was re-reading *Gone with the Wind*. There's even a French equivalent of Butterfly McQueen, that helpless and hapless maid who "don know how to birf no baby."

In this romance of the Second World War, a dashing gunrunner from the Spanish Civil War and hero of the French underground is hopelessly in love with a Scarlett O'Hara type character, Léa Delmas. Léa doesn't care a sou for him, she claims, but loves – you guessed it – the mamby-pamby heir to the country estate neighbouring her father's. Léa is entrusted to look after the heir's pregnant wife.

It's true that there is no Burning of Atlanta, but there is a hair-raising drive from Paris to the family estate in the south, complete with German strafings of those escaping to the countryside. Coincidences prevail – the lover-boy-underground hero turns up just about everywhere. After the revelations of the last years, it would have seemed apologist to paint an entirely heroic picture, so Deforges includes also a collaborationist uncle and a sister who sleeps with a German officer – she's in love with him of course.

And, on the subject of love, Léa is no Scarlett O' Hara – we're treated again and again to descriptions of the young woman's two passions in life: sex and food. Again unlike Scarlett, Léa turns out to be an idealist, working for the underground. She delivers coded letters on her blue bicycle.

But I'm not the person to reject a well-tried formula – I couldn't put the book down.

I ASSUME that Terence de Vere White distilled his *The Radish Memoirs* from his sixteen years of experience as literary editor of *The Irish Times*. I do wish he'd decided whether he wanted to write a satire, a farce or what is, in places, a heartwarming account of the Bloomsbury Gang as they slip into their dotage. The book manages to be all these things.

Sir Romney Radish is about to publish his memoirs. With announcements to this effect appearing in the newspapers, and juicy excerpts about to be published, a variety of characters register panic. They include the "Bloomdale" couple – the wife had an affair with Radish over 60 years ago with the consent of a complaisant husband, for after all they were civilized, and had come to an agreement about their sexual needs long before. A drunken Australian author panics also. He lives in a remote part of Ireland, and is under the mistaken impression that his wife was once raped by the great man. A couple of ageing ex-mistresses of Radish feel threatened also.

Radish is portrayed as a kind of Carl Sagan-Bertrand Russell Man for All Seasons and for All Bedrooms. The trouble is that the women kept throwing *him* out. It's all very genteel really, at moments amusing, at others embarrassing, and towards the end sensitive and charming.

JONATHAN RABAN has produced his first novel. And it is as rich and descriptive, as witty and ironic, as his travel writing.

George Grey returns to St. Cadix, an English seaside village, after nearly forty years abroad, most of it in a a Mozambique spinoff called Bom Porto.

Nothing in England is unchanged. London is unrecognizable; his daughter – a warmer version of Germaine Greer – is now grey-haired and living with a man younger than herself. He tries to train himself to watch television, but it appears to him that everyone on it is referring to other programmes he doesn't know about. The one woman who seems to respond to him grows a garden of creepy lichen and moss, and welcomes him with an eerie sickle in her hand.

Alone, except for his memories, he boozily relives his ill-fated marriage to his society wife, bored by her trips around Aden, and by the house she decorates in the local style of scarves, rugs and low cushions.

After communicating with his ghosts, George departs this now inexplicable island for parts unknown.

Here's Raban describing the garden of George's woman-friend: "She had found a wild place and made it wilder. The ravine was a sanctuary for the outlaws of other people's gardens, for ivy, wolfsbane, herb robert, black bryony. She liked plants that were poisonous, or crept along the ground, or wrapped themselves around dead trees. She went ahead of George and hacked at a patch of brown scrub with her sickle. The garden smelled of wet brambles and cigarette smoke. 'This is pretty much the centre of things."

In this video world it's a pleasure to find a writer who can cram your mental screen with rich and packed images. And, in spite of the dismal view of England, the book salutes bravery and the human quality of hope. □

Medium is the message

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky

"HI THERE. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Think you're funny, hah? You're about as funny as a nuclear warhead. You nuclear pinhead!"

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"You are requested to get in touch with Bank Hapoalim immediately. This is urgent."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Abba, can we please, *please* get a doggie?"

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Say, fella, don't you ever take a vacation? Do reserve duty? Get sick? Yeah, there's an idea, why don't you treat yourself to a triple bypass? Meanwhile they can put something decent in your space for a change. Give us a break, you...."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"We can't go on this way. A woman can take only so much. You know what you mean to me. You must call. If you don't, I won't be responsible for what I might do. Darling. *Please*."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Office of the Military Censor. Of course you can't print that. How dumb can you get?"

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"This is the manager of your Leumi branch. You'd better get down here as soon as possible. Today."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Communist! PLO-nik! Anti-Semite! Self-hating Reform copvert! P.S. I don't like your column very much."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Fridgeco here. All our repairmen are in *milluim*. Try us next April."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"This is your captain speaking. Cheese, leben, milk, sugar, flour, cooking oil, eggs, bread, margarine, two frozen chickens (no. 2). A kilo each: ground beef, frozen fish (bakala), carrots, onions, potatoes, squash, green peppers, apples, clementinas, grapefruit. One head of lettuce. One purple cabbage. One tomato. You want to eat, Dreambo, you'd better stock the larder."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"I got your message on my machine. I can't forgive myself for being out. Yes, Saturday night at the Hilton would be perfect. Can't wait. Oh, you handsome, humorous hunk!"

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Mo's Garage here. The good news is we found out why your car won't start. The bad news is all the necessary spare parts have been shipped to Iran. Just as soon as they quit fighting in the Persian Gulf, we should get you rolling again."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Discount Bank speaking. What do you mean by leaving a message on our machine that 'the cheque is in the mail'? Afraid that simply won't do."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Just a little, *little* puppy-doggie, Abba. *Please?*"

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Hello, Mr. Column. Say. I have a terrific idea for you. Why don't you write a funny article about Aids? I think that would be a lot of laughs. Keep up the good work."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Got your message. I had no idea you meant the *Tel Aviv* Hilton. I can't forgive myself. I'm so desperate. Darling. I don't want to live."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"This is your lawyer speaking. Thought you ought to know that your accountant has just been arrested. And I've just found some urgent business in Venezuela. Sorry."

"Hi there. Mr. Column is out researching a story right now. If you'd like to leave a message, please wait for the beep. Thank you."

Beep!

"Hey, hickory-head, do you realize what day it is? Where the hell's your column? What in the world do you do all week? You don't get your rubbish in here by noon, we're gonna give 'em book reviews. This is your last warning!" □

The new orthodoxy

THE UNFINISHED AGENDA: Essays on the Political Economy of Government Policy, in Honour of Arthur Seldon edited by Martin J. Anderson. London, Institute of Economic Affairs. 152 pp. £9.50.

David Krivine

THESE ESSAYS, published on Arthur Seldon's 70th birthday, are a paean of praise for what he believes in: private enterprise, or rather free-market economics. Founder of the Institute of Economic Affairs in Britain, Seldon is Jewish, and attended a conference on the welfare state organized in 1984 by the Jerusalem Institute for Israel Studies.

Milton Friedman (another Jewish neo-liberal and contributor to this book) points out in his essay that when he (Friedman) opposed government planning 25 years ago he was classed as eccentric, a voice in the wilderness. Today his views represent a new orthodoxy.

The market system goes something like this: In a modern economy the consumers are "sovereign"; they are the people who make the choice. Producers are their "subjects," whose task is to achieve the least-cost reponse to consumer demand (I am adducing the essay by Professor W.H. Hutt).

The consumer is the ultimate employer, with competition as the mechanism through which he exercises control (adds Sir Arnold Plant). Prices are a system of signals informing both consumers and producers how to adapt to millions of events in the economic world about which they know nothing (says another distinguished contributor, F.A. Hayek).

Any interference with the supply-and-demand process impoverishes society. To be democratic a government must not only be elected. It must be subject to rules banning as unconstitutional all distortions of the price system, that is, all discriminatory measures benefiting special interest-groups like (in Israel) farmers, exporters, development areas, women, the Ashkenazis, the Sephardis, the Arabs, the rich, the poor or any other sector.

APARTHEID in South Africa benefits a special interest-group, the whites, by eliminating competition with the native peoples. Arnold Plant, who was a professor at Cape Town University in the 1920s, wrote at the time that "the refuge which some degenerate white people are prone to seek in the colour of their skin as a basis for privileged treatment is but one particular phase of the universal habit among the lazy or inefficient of seizing hold of an entirely irrelevant characteristic of their competitors," like their race or sex or religion, and making that the ground for banning them from skilled employment (or whatever).

Trade unions too are a special interest-group, harming the general welfare. Employers will invest money if the cost of a worker is less than the value of his product. If they are free to pay low wages, the wage-level will be highest. How is that? When wages are low, investment increases and so does employment. That pushes wages up until the cost of a labourer almost equals his product.

Strikes are immoral, however well-intentioned. Ends do not justify the means. "We should have to condemn the Mafia even if it could be shown that the revenues of racketeering were being used to subsidize opera, cancer research or civil rights movements" (Hutt again).

If the new liberalism is so good then, why have not Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher succeeded better? Milton Friedman explains that they cannot apply the system properly owing to: "The Tyranny of the Status Quo" (the title of one of his books). "The overwhelming public vote in favour of reducing public expenditure," he says, "conceals an unwillingness to accept cuts in specific disbursements that benefit each of us."

Yet the market system is what makes the earth go round, Hayek believes, and observes, with profound conviction: "The collapse of capitalism will ensure that a very large part of the world's population will die because we cannot feed them" (as Ethiopians are dying of starvation right now under their Marxist regime, he does not let us forget). □

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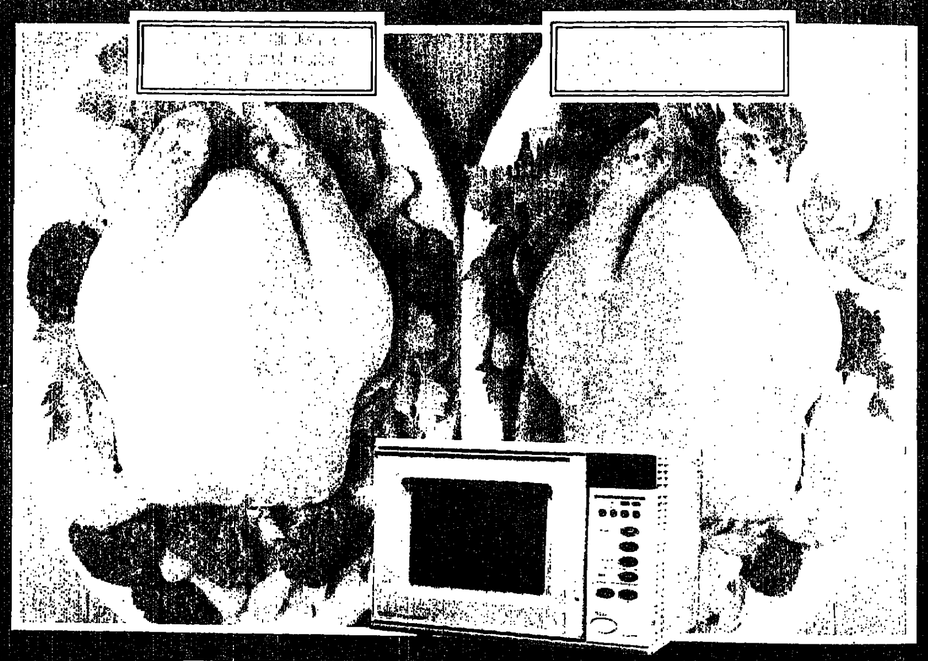

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*AVAILABLE AT ALL BETTER ELECTRICAL STORES

HAMOKIYON (The Clown) after a novel by Heinrich Böll: Translation, adaptation, execution – Chaim Chova: Direction – Yosef Carmon: At Teatron HaSifriya, (the Library Theatre) Ramat Gan.

FOCUS ON THEATRE / Naomi Doudai

THIS IS ANOTHER of these literary adaptations, this time a well-known novel by a celebrated author, turned into theatre in yet another attempt to compensate for exhausted drama sources. In this effort, Chaim Chova, was at least fortunate in having as director Yosef Carmon, the distinguished Cameri Theatre actor. Carmon, however, over-extends himself, turning every known trick in theatre, every gimmick in the game, to make up for what is a totally untalented transference of Henrich Böll to the Hebrew stage.

Who is guilty of this artistic transgression? None other than Chaim Chova who himself plays the hero of his maudlin melodrama, in addition to all the rest. In the world of music, it is only virtuoso violinists or pianists who attempt the feat of simultaneously performing and conducting. In Israeli theatre, it would seem that any bright, ambitious actor who takes it into his head can tamper with works of artistic merit far and away beyond his mediocre skills. All this performance does for Chova is to put question marks over his literary ability as well as his talent as a playwright.

An actor's ego is no substitute for basic playwriting techniques and professional writer's discipline, patience and polish. If he has no creative writing talent to offer, at least he should have some competence in crafting. Chova possesses neither and has clearly done a disservice to Böll's original.

Though Chova's clown juggles, cycles, clowns and patters on the phone, he comes over as a dreary, depressing drunk, sodden with liquor, sunk in self-pity. This is the sort of lush you'd do anything to escape. In the theatre you cannot for he holds the audience captive – all but a few convention-defying souls who get to their feet and bolt.

In defence of those that did just that at HaSifriya, it has to be said that there is something painfully self-indulgent in an actor, no matter how gifted, who has not yet made a name for himself, taking over the stage for an entire evening on his own.

When, in addition, he takes over translation and adaptation in a less-than-riveting attempt at writing his own theatre, he is really stretching the audience's patience too far. The problem here, in addition to the quality of the writing, is that of transference from one culture and language to another. The idiomatic, sabra-ese Hebrew employed here, is no vehicle for heavy, highbrow soul-searching with a contemporary German slant. All that comes out of Böll's meta-philosophic speculations, in this version, is an overdose of *schmalz* and *schmerz*.

WHY DWELL on the drawbacks of a play that misfired, running barely a fortnight? The reason is it serves as a model of what should not be allowed to happen in theatre here.

We need the Hebrew play of today. And the reason, to quote the late Kenneth Tynan, the distinguished English theatre critic, is simply that no theatre can flourish unless there is an umbilical connection between what is happening on the stage and what is happening in the street.

Most of the big theatres pay lip-service to this sentiment when it comes to new Hebrew plays. Directors and theatre managers have backed many a theatrical *wunderkind* and mounted a great many local plays by unknown authors over the last few years. Most have had one thing in common, a lamentable lack of discipline, structural strength and attention to crafting. While the bigger theatres have done everything feasible to encourage such efforts, they have stopped short of setting up workshops for promising or aspiring playwrights. What is needed is a set-up where new writers can try out what they have put on paper without obligation to go into professional production. Call it workshop, laboratory, playwriting studio, or what you will, it is, by now, well established in many countries.

At London's National Theatre is a project called the NT Studio where Peter Gill directs an experimental workshop for new writers and writing. Based in the Old Vic Annexe, it regularly places selected samples of its work before the general public at the Cottesloe. Also in Britain, there are playwriting competitions such as the Student Drama Festival in Swansea. Unlike the fringe festival in Acre, the Swansea festival is sponsored privately, by *The Sunday Times* whose drama critics, together with a theatre director, form the panel of judges. Unlike Acre, it offers, in addition to a week of performances, a prize for the best playwright, and workshops and discussions on new plays.

There is a similar situation in the U.S. A recent visitor, Wickham Boyle, executive director of New York's La Mama theatre, said in a discussion at the U.S. Library in Tel Aviv, that La Mama offers premises and facilities to five or six completely unknown authors every year. The option of a public performance is left open until results are appraised by the theatre.

WHY IS NOTHING like this done here? Ephraim Sten, director of the cultural division of Kol Yisrael, claims that his department's work with young writers on their scripts is as good an apprenticeship as any workshop. It is true that some successful products of that medium, occasionally make it into the theatre.

More is needed to raise the quality of staged productions here. Excuses such as "small country, small crop of talent" or "no unemployed actors here to waste their time in workshops," just won't do. What about the big theatres? Why are they so generously supportive of so many half-baked plays? Why don't they divert a little of their public funding to workshops where people can serve a painless apprenticeship, polishing, practising, perfecting?

Omri Nitzan, artistic director of Habima, agrees that this is a sore point. At the same time, he insists, theatres do not simply fritter away money on trimmings. Finding the money for costumes, sets etc. takes a lot of manipulation as there is never enough to go round. Says Nitzan, the only way is to convince the Ministry of Education and Culture to create a special fund – not much is needed, he maintains – for such workshops. This is the only way, in his opinion, that young playwrights will ever get their chance.

There are other alternatives: the ministry and the theatres could collaborate in order to bring in public and private bodies. Large, image-conscious concerns could be sought as sponsors. Cultural foundations, including those attached to embassies, could be persuaded to join long-term projects involving the loan of experienced personnel, material or funds.

Where do the universities and other drama schools come in? Their courses, on the whole, emphasize stage skills – acting, directing, lighting etc. Little provision is made for creative writing under workshop conditions. Last summer they missed out on a golden opportunity at the Jerusalem Theatre Conference, an international event held in the Van Leer Institute last June. Its title was "The Play Out of Context – Transferring Plays from Culture to Culture." It dealt with the problem presented by changes in plays taken out of their original context, place, period or language.

THERE was a lot to learn, for among the academic abracadabra were instinctive insights into the pitfalls attending the transference from another reality to our own. Even opening the conference to the public might not have drawn in the people who should have been there. What a pity that the theoreticians and the pedagogues did not have the foresight to round up the right young people and rush them into what was a unique educational experience

In all fairness, it has to be granted that there have been several adaptations in the past that have worked well. Two recent ones are Moshe Kalif's adaptation of Dostoevsky's **Confessions**, the monodrama **After the Annual Ball**, which ran five years. In an even longer run – 10 years, and intermittently still running – there is Nikko Nitai's dramatization of Camus's novel, **La Chute**.

Nitai, director of HaSimta, a fringe theatre in Old Jaffa, says he worked for four years on the text. It was submitted to protracted scrutiny, study and public exposure under the supervision of his university mentor and teacher, Ya'acov Malkin. Thus before being performed, the piece was subjected to a lengthy process of chiselling, tempering and welding – of the actor's ego as well as the artistic product. Not many authors are ready to impose such stringent, artistic self-discipline upon themselves.

And this is the reason that we need to put them through workshops. If the ministry, the theatres, and other interested bodies, will only hearken to this plea we shall get more and better theatre. □

Flamboyant Achiever

(Above) *Judith De Paul,* (below) *Farrah Fawcett: Excellent* (Eliahu Harati)

FARRAH FAWCETT as Beate Klarsfeld? A sex symbol portraying a dedicated Nazi-hunter? Only an unusually imaginative producer could have come up with such a daring bit of casting, guaranteeing a huge audience for a deadly serious subject and giving a blonde beauty the chance to prove she can act.

That's what Judith De Paul did in her two-hour, $4.5 million telefilm, *The Beate Klarsfeld Story*, just screened on American television. The casting, in a sense, was logical, because all three women involved have battled to get the world to take them seriously, and succeeded in their various ways.

Beate Klarsfeld jolted the world 20 years ago when she slapped German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger in public to protest his Nazi past. She was then a young German Christian who had met a French Jewish law student in Paris, fallen in love, and learned, for the first time, about Auschwitz, where his father had been slaughtered.

Since then, she and her husband Serge have relentlessly tracked down war criminals, disregarded constant threats to their lives, survived a booby-trapped package and the blowing up of their car by a bomb, risked prison and worse.

Their courage paid off most recently when they tracked down and forced the extradition from Bolivia of Klaus Barbie, the infamous "Butcher of Lyon," currently awaiting trial in France. The Klarsfelds were awarded the French Legion of Honour in 1984 and have been nominated three times for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Farrah Fawcett's problem was that she had been branded a dumb blonde by her role in the popular TV series, *Charley's Angels*, and couldn't shake the image. But Judith De Paul saw her play a battered wife in *The Burning Bed* and then the victim of an attempted rape in an off-Broadway show, *Extremities*, which has now been filmed.

"She was excellent," recalls De Paul. "Here was a beautiful girl who could act, but because she became known as a sex symbol, she wasn't taken seriously. I thought she would have the kind of drive to become a successful actress, as Beate Klarsfeld had in becoming a successful person. I was right."

JUDITH DE PAUL was born in New York 43 years ago, the daughter of an Italian mother and Russian father, both Jews. She became a star with the Metropolitan Opera and gave that up 10 years later to become an immensely successful television producer, now based in London.

She is glamorous, beautiful, brilliant and tough. She lives in an elegant hotel apartment, owns a telephone-equipped, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, makes deals involving millions of dollars, and still manages to be considerate, calm and courteous. She has never cooked, cleaned or made a bed in her life.

"Why should I?" she shrugs. "That's one of the reasons I live in a hotel. Everything I have I've earned myself. If I have a Rolls, it's because I've earned enough to buy one. I pay all my taxes honourably. I love beautiful clothes and beautiful things, but not to the extent that I'm obsessed by them. I just like to feel good.

"Yes," she agrees, "I'm flamboyant. I do it a bit tongue-in-cheek, but flamboyance, you know, is a marvellous state of mind, because in order to be flamboyant, you have to think relatively well of yourself, and in order to be successful, you must believe in what you're doing and that you can do it."

Since 1978, she has won two Emmies – one for *An Evening with Jerome Robbins*, the other for *A Tribute to Toscanini* – and three nominations for the six-hour miniseries, *Mountbatten: The Last Viceroy*. She has also produced *Pope John Paul II*, starring Albert Finney, and an epic 22 televised hours of the entire output of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Two years ago, she set up her own company, Silver Chalice Productions, in a four-storey house in London's exclusive Mayfair, and has a production budget of $25m. for the next year, up from $18m. last year. Her next films will tell the stories of Indira Gandhi, Calcutta-born Merle Oberon and Lenin's 1917 journey from Switzerland to Russia.

HER PARENTS learned early on, she says, that "I was different and couldn't be controlled. They understood, bless them, and in the best Jewish tradition, they encouraged that. I was always headstrong, and I knew the arts would be my life. I started twirling around the living room when I was three, and started to perform as a dancer when I was seven."

De Paul studied at New York's High School of Performing Arts, which she remembers as "more normal than the dramatized version of it in *Fame*, and also less inter-racial. When I went there, most of the students were Jewish."

By then, she had begun to sing more than dance, and won scholarships to various music conservatories. "Many people helped me, with scholarships, free lessons, books," she recalls gratefully.

She graduated from the Manhattan School of Music and auditioned for conductor Herbert von Karajan at the Met. "I was 21 and he took me as one of the Valkyries. I've still never gotten over that. It was extraordinary." She spent the next 10 years singing Carmen, Tosca, Salome, Manon and La Bohème. Then, in 1977, at the age of 34, she quit.

"I'd been on stage for so many years, and I wasn't very happy with the life-style, the type of stress required as a performer. You have to key yourself up to fever pitch to sing these heavy roles. Then after you perform, it's a bit of a let-down, so you're constantly in a high or a low.

"I was also tired of performing for people, of giving, giving, giving all the personal elements within yourself, which you must do as an artist. I wanted to put films together for other artists, and I felt I had a flair for it. And I wanted to do it then, while I was still young and highly considered in the industry, not on my way down."

IT DIDN'T take long for people to take her seriously as a dynamic film-packager and deal-maker, partly because she herself was so convinced of her abilities.

"In my years of singing leading roles, I was expected to hold the audience. So when I went into the behind-the-scenes aspect of the business, I just expected to run the show and charge like a bull down the road and take over.

"It doesn't quite work that way in business, but I never lost my feeling that that was my role. I had the right personality and a good business head, and I found that by being strong, tenacious, hard-working and tough, and showing some guy that I could do as good or a deal better than he could, they had to listen to me."

Would "arrogant and aggressive" be fair adjectives? "Absolutely," she laughed in her honest, forthright manner. "I'm not interested in winning a personality contest. I'm interested in being a fair person, and I'm a very goal-oriented type of achiever.

Beate Klarsfeld (AFP)

"Any guy coming into my office immediately knows I'm a deal-maker to be dealt with, and he certainly doesn't think about whether he likes the colour of my eyes. If he does, great. If he doesn't, that's just tough. That's my attitude and it works."

SHE IS UP by six most mornings, making calls to India and Los Angeles. She doesn't smoke or drink, and is usually in bed by 11 p.m. She eats "simple, plain food – no, not vegetarian" and keeps her slender weight steady. "I've always been a very healthy person, I'm like an ox," she says. Exercise? "I've got this damned bicycle in the bathroom that I ride every once in a while. I'm negligent in that area. I have to improve that."

Her work is all-consuming. She was married once for seven years, but has never wanted children.

"Another husband, yes," she admits, "I'd like that. I make jokes about my five-year plan. Within the next five years, I'm going to build my company into one of the biggest on the continent. Then I'm going to slow down just a bit and spend some time with some fabulous chap. But I've never wanted to raise a family. I want to make films."

But not just any films. She moved to England "because I wanted to create a place for myself totally different from most American producers. I speak several languages, which comes from my opera background. Also, I didn't want to produce *Hollywood Wives* or game shows. I want to produce quality programming, unique and unusual projects."

THAT'S WHY she chose to make a film about Beate Klarsfeld.

"As you grow up in this complex world, you find that certain issues matter to you. When my films are televised, they can reach 500-600 million people. I wanted to leave a legacy on film about this really important subject for a vast audience. A Holocaust must never happen again."

The film, starring Fawcett, Tom Conti as Serge Klarsfeld, and Oscar winner Geraldine Page, has been sold to many countries, but not, as yet, to Germany.

"It's the only country still dithering," says De Paul. "It's very sad to say that, even today, the German people don't want to hear about their past. But they should screen it. The youngsters have to see it. Our film is not in any way hysterical. It's sensitive and sensible and thoroughly researched. It portrays the facts."

Although it was shot entirely in France, there was some German interference.

"We were refused access to any buildings owned by the German government," relates De Paul. "We were to film the scene where Beate slaps Kiesinger in the Unesco building in Paris, but because the German government felt it would be embarrassing to them, we were refused entry at the very last minute."

De Paul intends to bring *The Beate Klarsfeld Story* to Israel for a charity screening at the Diaspora Museum in Tel Aviv. She filmed the exteriors of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* in Israel in 1978: "That was my first production and I like to think it brought me good luck. I have numerous projects I'd like to film in Israel, but nothing definite yet."

DE PAUL's staff of 15 in London are half English, half American, half men and half women. "I like to be with people who are clever, who have new ideas, and I don't care what sex or colour they are. But I'm very partial to women," she says, "and I like to give them opportunities."

Does she like power? "I love it," she admits frankly. "Power means control, the ability to be a mover and a shaker, and in this very tough world we move around it, it helps. But that doesn't mean I can't be a nice person too."

De Paul is close to her father, who came penniless to America as a youngster, went to high school and university at night, and managed to give his family a comfortable life "where we always had enough to eat, lived in a nice apartment, and never wanted for anything, though we were taught to watch the pennies a bit." She has one sister, a schoolteacher and mother of two, who lives in New Jersey and, she grins, "is very normal."

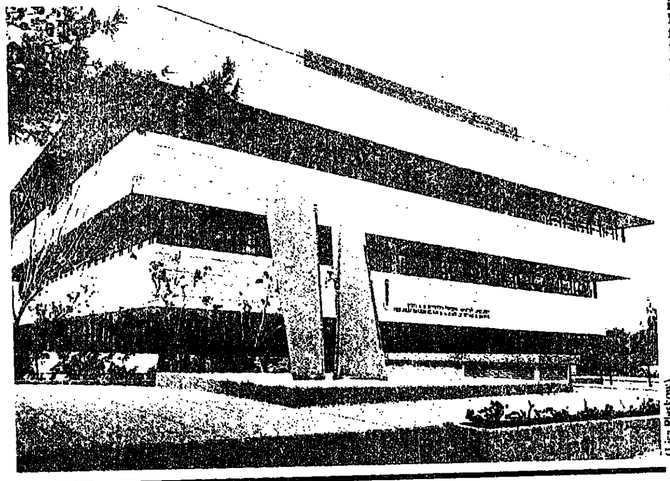
But it was her late mother who was the major influence in her life. "She was a bit of a dreamer herself," De Paul says, her eyes soft. "She would have liked to be an artist or a writer, but she was a housewife. In the past 15 years of her life, she had an important job in business, and was highly regarded and, I think, happier.

"But she always told me: 'Stretch yourself. Get as much experience as you can and investigate everything within yourself, because you only have one life, and if you don't live it now, you'll get to the end and wish you had done this and that.'"

She paused, and added quietly, her head high, "You know, Pearl, I don't think I'm going to have that problem." □

PRIDE OF PLACE

Jerusalem's Rubin Academy of Music is celebrating its fortieth anniversary.



(Lisa Plestkow)

AGAINST THE spectacular backdrop of the Judean hills, the building of the Rubin Academy of Music and Dance on the Givat Ram Campus of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem looks as if it comes out of a fairy-tale. The impression is not dissipated by the elegant, cheerful interiors. While the comfortable teaching studios, the 25 practice rooms (there are 55 pianos in the building), two dance halls, a jazz room, an electronic-music studio, a spacious library with 15 listening units, and more – provide a most inviting working environment. And to judge by the sounds emanating from the not entirely soundproof rooms and the notices on bulletin boards, the academy is a very busy place.

One notice announces a festive concert on December 29 with the Israel Sinfonietta under Mendi Rodan – who is the principal of the Academy – with Mstislav Rostropovich as soloist. The concert inaugurates a series of events celebrating the Academy's 40th anniversary.

At this point, it is difficult to envisage how rough the going was over the years. The old-timers, however – and many of them hold key positions in the school today – retain their sense of perspective.

"Celebrating the anniversary of our academy means above all honouring Yocheved Dostrovsky-Kopernik," says Bracha Eden, now the coordinator of the piano department. "She established the institution and ran and developed it against all odds."

The new Jerusalem Conservatory and Academy of Music had barely got into its stride when the War of Independence broke out and Jerusalem became a besieged city. But siege or not, explosions did not silence the music.

Time and again Dostrovsky – today the honorary president of the academy – travelled the dangerous Burma Road to Tel Aviv to show the flag. "At a music teachers' conference, they asked me if I had really come from Jerusalem, as if it were another planet," she says.

THE END of the war did not signal any improvement in the academy's economic situation.

"To put it bluntly, two elements were missing: the place to teach in and the instruments to teach on," reminisces Ya'acov Shilo, a pianist, who taught in Jerusalem after shedding his British Army uniform 40 years ago. "Still, there were plenty of eager students."

To solve the space problem, the premises of several schools in town were rented during the afternoon and evening hours. The instruments came mainly from the pool of abandoned property and donations. "Not only did Yocheved get musical instruments to work on, she even created an instrument bank," recounts Eden. Dostrovsky herself describes the early Fifties as wonderful years.

"The teachers were marvellous, many of the German school." Among those she mentions were Alfred Schroeder, Paul Ben-Haim, Henrietta Michaelson, who came from the U.S., Hanoch Jacoby and Haim Alexander.

In those days, there were no exclusive experts on Renaissance or on Baroque; everyone had a thorough musical conception. Haim Alexander taught piano, harpsichord, theory, and he was not the only one." The students radiated enthusiasm, "coming not for a degree but for music.

"We raided the few music stores and played all that could be found – sonatas, quartets, piano duos, you name it. Of course, the instruments were terrible, but who cared. To play on a grand piano was a grand event indeed."

Some of the schools most famous graduates attended it at that time; Daniel Benyamini, Ora Rotem, Dalia Atlas, David Chen. For those who could not afford the fees, Dostrovsky would dig out scholarships. It was on a scholarship from *The Jerusalem Post* that Alexander Tamir, today dean of the Academy, entered the institution in the early Fifties.

"Then as now, pianists were abundant," he recalls. So to play chamber music, a student piano duo Eden-Tamir was formed. With the school's constant encouragement, they went on to become one of the leading world piano duos, but both are still teaching at the academy.

DOSTROVSKY made a point of having the high-school-level conservatory and the college-equivalent academy under the same roof: the interaction between the two was actively encouraged. In the late Fifties, when the total number of students in the two divisions reached 700, part-time accommodation was no longer practicable.

In 1958, a house on Smolenskin Street in Rehavia was purchased for the academy with the generous support of the late Samuel Rubin, then president of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation.

"At that time, they were searching for a house to serve as the official residence of Israel's second president, Itzhak Ben-Zvi. The building was a natural choice, but Ben-Zvi didn't deem it right for the head of a poor state to live in a rich house, so it went to us," chuckles Dostrovsky, who lives next door to Ben-Zvi's celebrated wooden shack.

The vastly improved physical conditions boosted the development of the school. A college-level dance division, directed by Hassia Levi-Agron, was added, as was the Musical Education department, preparing music teachers for regular schools. Another addition, the high school, offered a complete curriculum of both general and musical subjects (the conservatory being responsible only for the music side).

But there were new financial strains too. A good music library became necessary – eventually, the funds came from the Chicago philanthropist Max Targ – and many more instruments were required. "A Knesset committee approved a loan for that purpose, which we repaid in full and on time," says Dostrovsky, who takes pride in the fact that all staff salaries were always paid regularly. "If the money wasn't there, I took personal loans."

THE ACADEMY and conservatory became important absorption points for immigrant musicians, some of whom – Shmuel Bernstein and Mendi Rodan, for example – later acquired a central role in the institution's life. The Jerusalem conservatory became the elder sister to similar establishments around the country, helping with advice on methods, examiners, and so on.

Annual summer master-classes were initiated. Such world-famous musicians as the singer Jennie Tourel, the pianists Nadia Reisenberg, Leonard Shure and Leon Fleisher came time and again. "They loved it here," says Dostrovsky, "even though we could not offer the level of comfort they were used to. Jerusalem means something to a lot of people."

The visitors had a strong creative influence on students and teachers alike. Some gifted young people went abroad to continue their studies, while in Jerusalem, "the late Juliette Medione expounded Jennie Tourel's vocal method with singular devotion," recalls Ya'acov Shilo.

MEANWHILE the indefatigable Dostrovsky embarked on yet another campaign – to gain general academic standing for her school and for music in this country in general. This proved an unusually difficult task.

"Even when I brought first-hand evidence from 20 American and British universities having music schools as full-fledged departments, our university professors remained most unfavourable to the idea. So when a professor from Indiana or Yale arrived here, I would immediately send him to our Council for Higher Education."

Although the academy students were able to attend Hebrew University classes from the early 1960s, and although a joint study programme with New York University was inaugurated in 1971, it was not until 1979 that the Jerusalem academy was accredited as a bona fide institution of higher learning with the right to confer Bachelor of Music degrees.

In 1980, Yocheved Dostrovsky-Kopernik resigned her directorship of the academy and was succeeded by Michal Smoira-Cohn. The jazz department came into being and proved "absolutely fantastic," according to Dean Tamir. The chamber choir developed into a high-class professional body, undertaking several foreign tours.

Five years later, the academy, now double the size at which it entered the Smolenskin Street building, moved to its new home on the Givat Ram campus. The composer and architect, a member of the academy's faculty, Ami Ma'ayani, supervised the renovation of the former School of Social Research building. Mendi Rodan assumed the directorship in conditions which are a far cry from everything that preceded the move.

This year, the city recognized Yocheved Dostrovsky-Kopernik's work by declaring her a Distinguished Citizen.

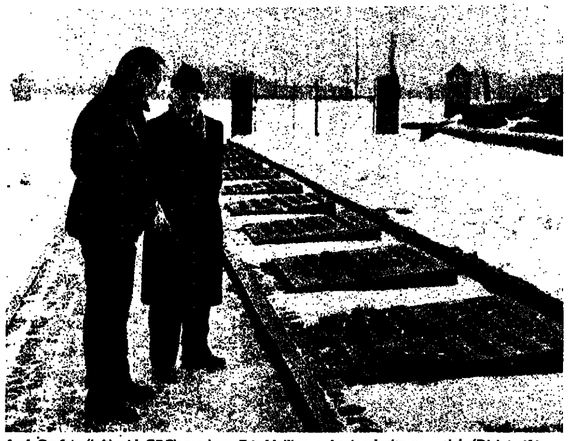
At 40, the Jerusalem Music Academy, a focal point in the capital's cultural life, has never looked better. Most of the hardships have been outlived, and the future looks bright. Many happy returns! □

(W. Braun)

(Lisa Plestkow)

A focal point in Jerusalem's cultural life: the new Rubin Academy (top). *Golda Meir at the Rubin's 25th anniversary* (centre). *Young musicians.*

Between Acts Ernie Meyer



Jack Garfein (left) with CBC's producer Eric Malling, at the Auschwitz memorial. (Right) sifting earth for human bones near the crematorium site.

Pieces of a life

WHAT IS more natural than for a successful Broadway director who also happens to be a Holocaust survivor to make a film about his experiences? Yet it took Jack Garfein 40 years to do just that, and then only after he was invited to do so by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC).

But the four-decade-long delay was not due to a desire to suppress or forget the past. On the contrary, perhaps, it took that long for Garfein to face the past in which he lost his grandparents and parents, his only sister, more than 100 relatives – and his youth.

When Garfein arrived in America after the war, he was 15 years old and weighed only 48 pounds. He recalls that his first school assignment was an essay entitled, "How I spent my summer vacation."

Jack Garfein went on to become a well-known Broadway producer. He discovered actors Steve McQueen, George Peppard and Ben Gazzara and gave the young James Dean his first Broadway role.

But he couldn't forget the past. And when his daughter, by actress Carroll Baker, won an "Emmy" award for her role in Gerald Green's 1978 TV docu-drama *Holocaust*, he decided he wanted some answers about his own history.

THE RESULT, seven years later, was an hour-long documentary by CBC's award-winning director Brian McKenna, simply called *A Journey Back*. The film portrays Garfein revisiting his home town of Bardejov in Slovakia and the Auschwitz death camp, accompanied by CBC's Eric Malling.

The documentary also includes an emotion-charged meeting with a former Slovak fascist leader living in retirement in Canada.

The film was shown to a full house at Beth Hatefutsoth, the Museum of the Jewish Diaspora, in Tel Aviv last Sunday and may be shown again in January. At an earlier press showing, Garfein had said: "All I'm trying to do is find the pieces of my life."

A Journey Back begins with a fur-hatted Garfein pointing out to Malling what remains of the Auschwitz railway ramp. He runs about excitedly in the snow, saying: This is where in May 1944 we were driven out of our cattle cars."

At the press conference Garfein admitted that he had borne a grudge against his mother until the end of the war. He had always thought that she preferred his sister.

When, on the Auschwitz ramp, she pushed him away from her to the men's side, he was convinced that his feeling was right. In youthful anger, he did not even look back at her as he stumbled into the ranks of the men.

It was only much later that he realized that his pessimistic but realistic mother, with her "unloving" shove, had saved his life. All the women and children were immediately sent to the gas chambers.

Facing a further selection before Dr. Josef Mengele, 13-year-old Garfein instinctively lied about his age and said he was 16. Mengele, who "had an aura of civility about him," waved him on to the side of the slave labourers.

The young boy's conscience began to bother him. He wanted to run back to the German officer and confess that he had lied about his age. But a shove saved his life once again. From somewhere, an elderly prisoner stepped up and pushed him away from the selection ramp towards the barracks. "Don't go back," he snarled.

Later on, Garfein found his father in one of the huts. "Yankush," the father said, "whatever they do to you, don't cry." That, too, was life-saving advice because whimpering and crying would only increase the fury of a berserk *kapo* or SS guard engaged in beating a prisoner.

Garfeion senior did not survive the camp, but Yankush-Jack was later shipped to Bergen-Belsen. In the last weeks of the war he was evacuated to Sweden in the "white buses" of the Red Cross.

In an eerie scene at the end of the Auschwitz shots, Garfein crouches down and sifts some of the earth near the crematorium through his fingers. "There are still bits of human bone in it," he tells his awe-struck Canadian companion. Then he stands up and lets out a long, inchoate and desperate wail. Cut.

Garfein is a man of the theatre and the scream may well have been planned. Yet it was effective, because now, 40 years later, it was all he could do to try and tell the world.

LEAVING AUSCHWITZ, the film shows Garfein revisiting scenes of his youth in his native Bardejov. There is the search for his family house (demolished) and the meeting with townspeople who worked in his father's lumber-yard. The visitors stand in the central square where the Jews were assembled before boarding the trains to Auschwitz.

There are old newspaper photos showing leaders of the fascist Hlinka Party addressing a meeting. One of them is a sharp-nosed man with a jutting jaw, named Reichstetter. Another, a Catholic priest named Josef Tiso was at the time the head of the party.

Tiso became president of a Nazi-protected "independent" Slovakia, the first regime outside Germany to deport its Jews. In March 1942 Tiso rejected the plea of Slovakia's rabbis to prevent mass deportations. He justified these deportations as being "for the good of the Slovak nation, to free it of its pests."

After the war, the National Tribunal of Bratislava found Tiso guilty of crimes against humanity and he was hanged.

"There is a move in the Catholic Church now to beatify Tiso and eventually declare him a saint," Garfein said at the press conference. "Our grandchildren may have to live with a saint who sent Jews to their death."

Now back to the last section of the film: Garfein and Malling are in Hamilton, a prosperous industrial town near Toronto. Reichstetter lives there today in retirement. He has agreed to meet the CBC crew in front of a phone booth on a busy street.

"You see, I not hide (sic), I'm open," he tells his interviewers in this incredible confrontation between an alleged former oppressor and a Jewish survivor.

"I only want to understand why you acted the way you did at the time," Garfein says, as they stand in the wintry street. "Your name meant terror to my parents and all other Jews in Bardejov."

"The state was responsible," Reichstetter replies in broken English. "I never saw a concentration camp. The pressure from the Germans was great. We wanted to be independent."

He continues: "I was only an economic administrator. I cared about food and buildings. Tiso was the leader. We were sorry for what happened to the Jews. I was only a bystander."

Towards the end of the conversation the two men actually pull off their gloves and awkwardly shake hands.

Reichstetter: "Do you want punishment?"

Garfein: "I don't know. I only want the truth."

After Reichstetter has walked away, Garfein tells Malling of his disappointment with the meeting. "There was no real regret."

THERE IS A sequel. The CBC has made a second film dealing with alleged Slovak war criminals living as "quiet neighbours" in Canada. But it may never be shown, Garfein told the press, because powerful Slovak interests in Canada want to prevent its screening, and the broadcasting corporation is afraid of libel suits.

A Journey Back has been screened twice on Canadian television. Critics have praised it and said that "it makes the subject approachable." Four months ago it was also shown in Czechoslovakia.

There is the inevitable comparison with Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half hour epic *Shoah*. The CBC production with Jack Garfein certainly conveys a good part of the same message in one hour. □

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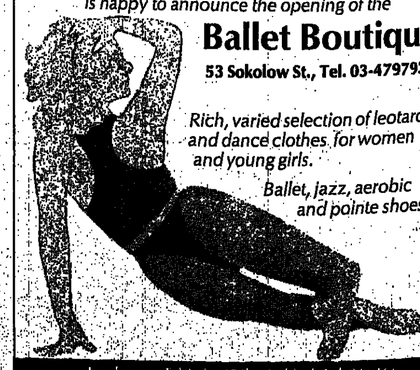

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Cinema Dan Fainaru

HORRIBLE

FILM DIRECTOR David Lynch has just discovered the essence of life. "It's a strange world we live in," declares his heroine, Laura, as his latest film, *Blue Velvet*, is about to end. How astounding that in 1986, someone has discovered the truth and realized that the world does not look anything like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm ever imagined. Hollywood is finally getting to the bottom of things.

I really don't want to appear nasty, but I have to say that when I read the American reviews of this film, I was under the impression that it was a masterpiece of unusual complexity, a profound, intricate and perplexing picture which the reviewers couldn't unravel to their own satisfaction or fully explain to their readers.

Thus conditioned, I walked into Mr. Lynch's film somewhat apprehensively, wondering whether I could measure up to the task ahead of me. Up to the end of the first sequence I was still willing to believe there might be something in everything I had read about it. But as it proceeded, the suspicion that the whole thing was an adolescent congame crept over me, until it was impossible to ignore it any more.

Take any below-average B picture from the Fifties and throw in a handful of symbolic mystifications, and you end up with *Blue Velvet*.

Of course, if you are inclined to take it all as a monstrous in-joke, some kind of queer cult item, in which the drab exterior is supposed to hide countless winks in every direction, you may eventually enjoy it. But I must confess that this is not my idea of fun; and even camp doesn't necessarily have to be as sleazy, intentionally or not, as this picture gets to be quite often.

TO BE MORE specific, this is the story of Jeffrey Beaumont, the nice, clean, all-American boy from the proverbial small town, known here as Lumberton (the picture was shot in Wilmington, North Carolina), who unwittingly discovers the existence of evil in the world. He is so fascinated by it that he cannot rest until he has unveiled it in its full, glorious horror.

Jeffrey comes home to Lumberton from college when his father is felled by what appears to be a heart attack, but could, if we are to believe the camera, be something far more ominous. Because Beaumont Sr. is peacefully mowing his lawn when all sorts of significant events occur. The water-hose gets clogged, evidently like the arteries in his body, otherwise how would we know what's happening to him. When he falls into the grass, a huge close-up of something black and threatening lurking there under the carpet of green leads us to believe the forces of darkness are at work.

The next scene has Beaumont Jr. crossing an empty lot on his way to visit his father in hospital, where he witnesses the depressing sight of his parent connected to tubes and instruments, speechless and wan. As this comes immediately after the aforementioned close-up, you are

(Continued on page F)

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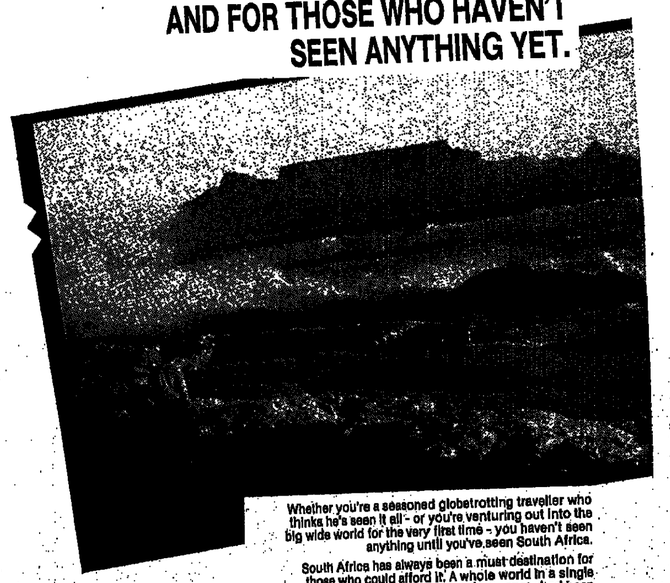

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EXHIBITIONS

Ketef Hinnom — Includes The Priestly Blessing. The oldest Biblical Inscriptions and other objects.

A MAN AND HIS LAND - THE MOSHE DAYAN COLLECTION. (Goldman Schwartz Hall). Anthropoid coffins, human figurines, animal statuettes, and dozens of other artifacts. Closes January 6, 1987.

Joshua Borkovsky: Mirrors, The Garden — Small primordial landscapes of this young Israeli artist — opens Tues. 23/12 at 8 pm (Barbara and Isidore M. Cohen Gallery).
Fresh Paint — The first in a series of group shows representing trends among young Israeli artists (Ayala Zacks Abramov Pavillion).
Kakiemon — 400 Years of Japanese Porcelain Tradition, courtesy of the Embassy of Japan (Selma Picciotto Gallery for Asian Art).
Animals in Ancient Art — The Leo Mildenberg Collection, spanning 5,000 years from the countries of the Mediterranean Basin — The Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum.
Bethlehem Embroidery — Dresses and costume parts showing the development of this regional style (Margulies Hall).
Ancient Glass — Featuring the Museum's latest acquisitions (Eliyahu Dobkin Pavillion of Ancient Glass).
Photography in Nature — Presentation from the students of the summer photography program (Ruth Youth Wing).
Big and Small — Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).
Jewels of Children's Literature — celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award — outside Youth Wing library.
Art in Context — Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Spertus Hall).
Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica, Ethnic Art and Shrine of the Book with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

EVENTS

Sat. Dec. 20 at 8:30 pm BEETHOVEN EVENING: Concert with The New Jerusalem Quartet at the Ticho House.
Tues. Dec. 23 at 7 pm THE DAYAN COLLECTION: Gallery Talk in Hebrew with Lena Charash.

YOUTH WING

Office Hours Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 - 12, 2 - 4 Tel. 633-278.
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Tuesdays at 4 pm: Storytelling and play hour in Hebrew, ages 4 - 10 with Biela Lipkin.
Wednesdays at 4 pm: Picture and Book programs with puppets and songs (in English) ages 3 - 6 with Betsy Diament.
"Mili" Resnick Teacher's Training Center — "ASSYRIA SERIES" (in Hebrew). Call 698-211 ext. 307 or Youth Wing Office for details.
Feinstein Recycling Room Mon. Wed. 2 - 5 pm, Tues. 4 - 7 pm.
Sun. Dec. 21 at 4 pm STORYTELLING HOUR for children 6 - 10 with Menahem Regev at the Ticho House.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16:30.
Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00 Judaica-Heritage: Thurs. 15:00.
Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13:30, Tues. 15:00.
Rockefeller Museum: Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

VISITING HOURS

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am — 5 pm; Tues. 4 pm — 10 pm; (Shrine of the Book: Tues. 10 am — 10 pm); Fri. Sat. 10 am — 2 pm; Art Garden 10 am — sunset.
Dept. of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. Tues. Thurs. 11 am — 1 pm.
Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum: Sun. — Thurs. 10 am — 5 pm; Fri. & Sat. 10 am — 2 pm.
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JERUSALEM

Cinema

An adolescent con-trick – 'Blue Velvet' cast: Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, Kyle McLochlan.

(Continued from page E)

apparently invited to conclude that the poor man has been the victim of the nefarious beasts, which could have some kind of mystical significance. This is confirmed in the next sequence, when young Jeffrey, crossing the same lot, stumbles on a severed ear crawling with ants. Another piece of horror offered by unfathomable Mother Nature.

BEING A law-abiding young man, Jeffrey packs the slimy ear in a brown paper bag he conveniently finds next to it, and takes it to the police station, delivering it to a detective who happens to be his neighbour. When he calls on the neighbours that evening to find out whether anything has been discovered about the matter, he is told that he is too young to be told the horrifying facts.

Enter the detective's daughter, Laura, the unwitting instrument of the demonic elements. She tells Jeffrey that she has overheard her father talking about a torch singer living nearby, who is suspected of having something to do with the case. This arouses his curiosity, and he cannot rest until he gets into the singer's apartment and uncovers her dark secrets.

Since I don't want to spoil such fun as you might have if you go to see the movie, I shall not elaborate further. Let me just say that what Jeffrey discovers is a tortured soul victimized by a pervert hoodlum, that his curiosity leads him into a drug network and that he discovers the meaning of lust, corruption, decadence and the power they exert on human nature. But just in case you may be inclined to take it all too seriously, there is a final sequence showing Jeffrey waking up at home from his afternoon nap, so maybe it was all a not-so-innocent dream.

THE WHOLE thing could have been plausible, even riveting, if Lynch, who is also responsible for the script, had worked all his elements into an integrated whole. As it is, the symbols are plastered all over the plot, contributing nothing, while the plot itself is so elementary it doesn't elicit any reaction at all.

The Marquis de Sade and the Count von Sacher Masoch would have laughed their heads off at the images and characters supposed to personify evil in this film. This is evil on a limited scale, acceptable only as the fantasy of a wide-eyed innocent, but since it is served to an audience that, by reading newspapers and watching television, has lost its innocence long since, the effect is nil.

Dennis Hopper as the impotent sex maniac getting high on helium is a textbook case of mental disturbance; Dean Stockwell as a villainous homosexual pimp is another, and this is the kind of camp wink that doesn't impress me very much. It is legitimate to use such winks, if they are there for a good reason. But the banality of the situation here doesn't justify it.

Nor does the presence of Isabella Rossellini, obviously intended as a dark version of her pure mother, Ingrid Bergman, work any better. She throws herself desperately into the role of Dorothy, the nightclub singer whose soul has been twisted by the demons around her, suggested by the winds blowing through her windows and the fires of hell lighted as soon as the Prince of Darkness, or his shabby human equivalent, steps into her flat.

But desperation isn't necessarily equal to talent, and her performance, instead of being sultry and despondent, alternately, is almost comic at times.

THE FILM might be construed as a psychological thriller, dealing with the villainous libido we do our best to ignore until it surfaces in spite of ourselves. The crawling ants, reminiscent of Bunuel and Dali's *Le Chien Andalou*, could signify just that.

It could also be interpreted as a deeply religious experience, the forces of good against the forces of evil, with Christian charity at the end preaching compassion and forgiveness.

As far as symbols are concerned, it even might make some sort of sense. For instance, Dorothy appearing naked on Jeffrey's lawn, having shed the uniform of the devil and ready to be wrapped in immaculate white, as the ambulance comes to pick her up. Her body, covered in black and blue bruises, even suggests that she has done penance before being cleansed.

How is all this supposed to make any impression when there is no valid foundation to carry the message; and the message itself is so flat, even if you take the trouble to unravel it, you are left with precious little in your hands?

Innocence has rescued a soul trapped in hell and in the process a lot of villains are exterminated. But as the robins sing again on tree tops and on window sills, the pure have become a little wiser, discovering that not all is purity around them.

Like everything else in this picture, the robins are symbolic, the film ending with a pretty little bird holding an ant in its beak. This could mean that peace (the robins, we have been told earlier, stand for that) is about to devour the demons of the earth; but it could also mean that even robins can't subsist without killing other creatures.

THE REAL trouble with Lynch, beyond the fact that his script is so transparent and obvious, is his total inability to handle actors.

When Anthony Hopkins, who had worked with him in *The Elephant Man*, implied as much in an interview in Cannes, it was hard to believe he really meant it; but *Dune* indicated there might be something in the British actor's criticism. Now there can be no doubt.

It is difficult to imagine that Dennis Hopper or Dean Stockwell were given any instructions, or if they were, somebody deliberately wanted them to look ridiculous – which is hardly likely.

Laura Dern, supposedly a talent to be watched after her performance as the blind girl in *Mask*, manages to be actually embarrassing in the scenes where she has to vent her grief, suspecting dear Jeffrey of flirting with the fallen woman, Dorothy.

Isabella Rossellini, one of the most highly-paid models in the fashion world and a woman famous for her beauty, has never looked plainer, less appealing and clumsier. Everything about her seems to be wrong: the lighting, the costumes, the make-up, not to mention her unflattering nude scenes. If this was done on purpose and she was conscious of it, she must be the bravest film star alive.

As for Kyle McLachlan, Lynch's own discovery in *Dune*, he is pretty enough, a kind of modified, younger version of Robert Vaughn, but there is no danger whatever of his face suggesting anything more profound than pure amazement.

If you happen to be one of those who enjoy the dressing and the sauce more than the food itself, you might try this film, at least for the amusement of identifying the ingredients used by the cook. If you are hungry for substance, you'd better look elsewhere. □

Chess Yitzhak Liss

CHESS FANS can look forward to a variety of activities all over the country over the Hanukka vacation. Following the successful international tournament held in Jerusalem as a protest against Israel's exclusion from the Dubai tournament, the Holon Chess Club has decided to host its own international competition between December 25 and January 4.

The competition, which will also mark the 50th anniversary of the founding of Holon, will be attended by top-ranking players from Israel and abroad. It will take place at the Golda Meir Mifal Hapayis Centre, Bareket Street. First prize: $5,000.

Within the same festival there will be a five-round open competition (first prize $200), a 60-minute competition, and a lightning contest.

Rishon Lezion will host its traditional contest during the Hanukka vacation, this time with the emphasis on youth. The adults' competition will be held over the weekend of December 24 at the city club in Katznelson Street.

The Israel youth championship for the solution of chess problems will be held on Wednesday, December 31, beginning at 10:30 a.m. at the Academon, on the Givat Ram campus of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

HOTEL CHAIN TO HOST CHESS MEET

HOTELIERS in Israel are complaining that international terror has driven away customers this winter. Perhaps this explains the Dan Hotel chain's decision to organize two chess contests over the weekend of January 23-24, one at the Dan Panorama in Tel Aviv and one in Haifa at the Dan Carmel. There will be six rounds, one hour per player.

New-style prizes include a week for two at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem and the Dan Carmel, with weekends for two for the runners-up.

NO SHOW AT NATIONAL LEAGUE GAME

THE ASA TEL AVIV chess team failed to show up for its game against the Beersheba team in the second round of the National League contest. As a result, the Beersheba team, the national champions, were awarded the victory and are in the lead in the table with 10 points.

Asa is appealing the result, claiming it gave prior notice that it would not be coming.

The rest of the league results are as follows: Rehovot had a surprise win over Rishon Lezion, 3:2; Hadera – Rubinstein Jerusalem 3:2 (surprise defeat for Gelper); Hod Hasharon – Petah Tikva-Bank Leumi 3.5:2.5 (Nir Greenberg beat Ran Shabtai); Bicourei Itim – Technion Haifa 3.5:2.5.

The table at present: Beersheba 10 points, Hod Hasharon/Petah Tikva 7.5; Bicourei Itim 6.5; Rishon Lezion 6; Rehovot and Technion 4 each; Bank Leumi 3.5; Hadera, Rubinstein Jerusalem 3 each; Asa Tel Aviv 2.5.

The Asa team applied to the Chess Association to add to its ranks two players, Grandmaster Simen Agdestein of Norway and Joel Benjamin of the U.S. The two competed professionally in the protest tournament in Jerusalem.

CHECKMATING THE LAW

NOW the police are playing chess. Last year's effort by Deputy Commander Eliezer Bichler and Chief Superintendent Asher Shamir to form a team has had results and the police team is competing in the workplaces' league. In their last game they even beat the Histadrut's Tel Aviv Hapoel team 4:0.

The first-ever police chess championships are now being held at the Bicourei Itim club in Tel Aviv with 28 players.

CHANGE IN OLYMPICS CLAUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL Chess Congress meeting in Dubai while the Olympics were being held there, has decided that in future, any country hosting the Olympics will be required to invite all members of the international chess federation, Fide. This abolishes the discriminatory clause which excluded Israel. The Americans had previously threatened to withdraw from the federation if the clause were not changed.

A number of Israelis have been elected to Fide committees. Yisrael Gelper was appointed member of the committee for developing countries; Yisrael Shalev was appointd to the schools and youth committee; Zelig Chaskov is on the judging committee; Mordechai Soreq is on the computer committee; Avshalom Yosha is on the publications committee and Yohanan Afek is on the women's committee.

Despite these successes, there was disappointment over the election, for a second term, of F. Campomanes as Fide's president. It was Campomanes who had worked for the last four years to prevent the tournament being moved from Dubai.

HANSEN – KRAIDMAN

1.d4 Nf6 2.Nf3 e6 3.c4 c5 4.Nc3 d5 5.cd5 Nd5 6.e3 Nc6 7.Bc4 cd4 8.ed4 Nc3 9.bc3 Be7 10.0-0 0-0 11.Bd3 Bf6 12.Qe2 Re8 13.Rd1 Bd7 14.Rb1 Na5 15.Ne5 Ba4 16.Bh7 1:0

JERUSALEM INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT SCORETABLE

		rating	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Pts	Place
1GM Hansen Kurt	Den.	2530	■	1	1	1	0	1	½	½	0	1	½	1	7.5	III
2IM Rechlis Gad	Isl.	2430	0	■	½	0	½	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	3	
3GM Gruenfeld Y	Isl.	2550	0	½	■	½	0	1	0	½	0	½	1	1	5	
4GM Benjamin Jo	USA	2540	0	1	½	■	½	½	0	0	½	½	0	1	4.5	
5GM Gurevich D	USA	2505	1	½	1	½	■	½	½	1	1	½	½	1	8	I-II
6IM Birnboim N	Isl.	2445	0	1	0	½	½	■	1	½	½	½	1	½	6	
7GM Agdestein S	Nor.	2545	½	1	1	1	½	0	■	1	1	½	½	1	8	I-II
8FM Veinger I	Isl.	2415	½	0	½	1	0	½	0	■	1	½	0	½	4.5	
9GM Murey Yakov	Isl.	2490	1	1	1	½	0	½	0	0	■	½	1	½	6	
10GM Sosonko G	Nld.	2530	0	1	½	½	½	½	½	½	½	■	½	½	5.5	
11GM Korchnoi V	Swz.	2650	½	1	0	1	½	0	½	1	0	½	■	1	6	
12GM Kraidman Y	Isl.	2440	0	0	0	0	0	½	0	½	½	½	0	■	2	

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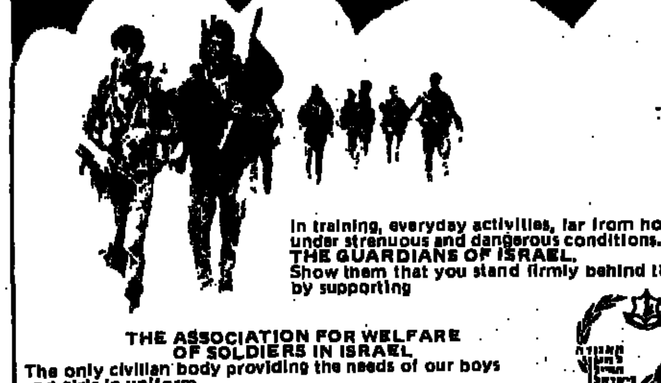

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THE MUSEUM WILL BE CLOSED SATURDAY EVENING, 20/12/86

NEW EXHIBITIONS
DAVID HOCKNEY: PHOTOCOLLAGES (See Helena Rubinstein Pavilion).
SITINGS: Alice Aycock, Richard Fleischner, Mary Miss, George Trakas (Opening: Today, Friday, 19/12, at 2 pm. See Guest Lecture).

EXHIBITIONS
OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, 1886-1980. A selection of prints and albums from the Museum Collection.
TRENDS IN GEOMETRIC ABSTRACT ART.
EDVARD MUNCH: DEATH, LOVE AND ANXIETY.

GUEST LECTURE (In English, Accompanied by Slides)
ALICE AYCOCK will speak about her works, projects and proposals from 1972 to the present. Today, Friday, 19/12, at 2.30 pm.

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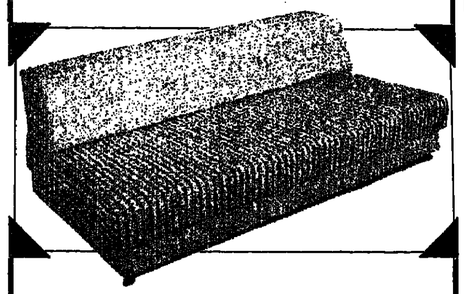

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WILD AND WONDERFUL

(Rachel Hirsch)

IT'S NOT JUST its beauty that makes Ein Gedi unique. The deep and dramatic canyons, sweet waterfalls and gentle cataracts, and unusual flora and fauna would put it on a map of recommended nature reserves anywhere. But by contrast with the baked and blistered browns and beiges of this most arid Wilderness of Judah, the lush, sub-tropical oasis is thrown into high relief.

More than 3,000 years ago David hid here from the wrath of King Saul, perhaps in the caves of the canyon that today bears his name. But it was not until the latter days of the Judean kingdom four centuries later that the oasis was settled permanently. Its unique characteristics were recognized early. "My beloved," sang the poet of the Song of Songs, "is to me a cluster of henna in the vineyards of Ein Gedi."

Excavations of the small tel, the artificial mound where the ancient town once stood, revealed vessels, tools and ovens from the time of King Josiah, the late sixth century BCE. Could this have been a workshop for the processing of the balsam tree, whose pungent resin produced the perfume and balm so prized by the contemporary Mediterranean world?

SUCH AN identification is reinforced by the evidence of later centuries, when the balsam tree (*afarsimon* in the Talmud, but unrelated to the modern fruit) continued to engage the attention, and even arouse the passions, of both those who cultivated and those who coveted it.

When Titus's legions marched on Ein Gedi during the Great Revolt (about 69 CE), the Jewish inhabitants tried to destroy the balsam groves to deny the Romans so valuable a prize. They were too late, and Titus was to display samples of the balsam as trophies as he paraded triumphantly through the streets of Rome.

However, the town – and its agriculture – revived. Bar Kochba, the commander of the Second Revolt in the next century, wrote to his subordinates at Ein Gedi to send branches and citrons (*lulavim* and *etrogim*) for the Succot festival.

The fourth-century bishop Eusebius praised the excellence of Ein Gedi's dates and rare spices. And in the long inscription on the mosaic floor of the late Byzantine synagogue found on the site (at present removed), a curse was laid on "whoever reveals the secret of the town," a phrase thought by some scholars to refer to the renewed balsam industry.

NAHAL DAVID, the more familiar of Ein Gedi's two nature reserves, is magnificent, its waterfalls, pools and riot of greenery the perfect antidote to the hot desert sun. But venture out a bit and, 500 metres south of the Nahal David parking lot, a narrow asphalt road breaks away from the Dead Sea. The sign reads Nahal Arugot.

The road skirts Kibbutz Ein Gedi's date-palm orchards, which have been cultivated by the settlers for some 30 years on a scale undreamed of by their forebears. A kilometre along is the tel, sections of its excavated walls clawing out of the rubble like earthquake survivors.

A Hebrew sign sends you, on a path to the right, to a modest memorial. "Passerby, Attention!" it commands.

During Pessah 1942, a group of young people from the Hashomer Hatzair youth movement trekking to Masada made camp at Ein Gedi. Alone in the unsettled wilderness, the hikers were armed. While they were dancing a hora around the campfire, a hand-grenade shook free and exploded. Eight were killed.

The road bears to the left and reaches the rough parking-area at the mouth of the canyon. To the discerning eye, the cliff-sides to the right of the canyon provide abundant evidence of ancient water- and cultivation-projects – terracing, water-mills, cisterns – harnessing the nearby springs above Nahal David.

ENTER Nahal Arugot and you leave civilization behind. As the canyon narrows, the cliffs soar almost sheer to a height of about 450 metres. Huge boulders and slabs of rock seem arrested in mid-cataclysm. The effect is so wild, so powerful, and so primeval, that a pterodactyl gliding over the cliff-tops would seem more in place than the kingfishers and grackles that flit among the trees below.

The majesty of the cliffs is counterpointed by the tranquil beauty of the stream-bed. From far into the hills, the Arugot stream plays its busy way towards the Dead Sea. The belt of greenery it has produced combines reeds and sub-tropical vegetation with hardy desert plants and the ever-present acacia tree.

Inhabiting the bigger trees is the hyrax, a small, snub-nosed, furry animal, said – incredibly – to be related to the elephant and the rhinoceros.

Herds of ibex, the famous wild goat of Ein Gedi, are often to be seen sure-footedly negotiating the steep cliffs, or coming down to the stream to feed and drink. Their status as a protected species has so lulled their natural caution that the careful photographer can get within easy shooting range before "spooking" them.

Though extremely rare, leopards, long thought extinct in the area, have been rediscovered, but pose no danger to the visitor.

Some three-quarters of an hour's walk upstream brings you to an intersection of trails, where a turn to the left soon descends to the stream bed and the Hidden Waterfall.

Long before this point, however, the trail dips several times to the stream, where it bubbles over the blanched limestone, creating irresistible, serene rest-stops. □

TV and radio

Greer Fay Cashman

Odd-job man Colin Blakely (left) with Lise-Ann McLaughlin and Annette Crosbie in 'Nobody's Property' (top). Whisking off convicts in 'Breakout'.

'This is a programme that's breaking barriers' – 'Point of Origin' producer Tova Biala, with programme host and editor Zouheir Bahloul (below); 'Creature of the television era' – researcher Shira Harpaz (above). (M. Kahana, Media)

Choice pickings

FRIDAY

10.15 – ITV, feature film **Four Friends**, American production of the 20-year span in the lives of four people who graduated together from high school in the 1960s.

SATURDAY

11.00 a.m. – Radio Network One, tragi-comedy **Not Bored with the Furniture Yet?** a criticism of the extent to which a totalitarian regime can control the individual even to the extent of dictating the furniture and wall paintings which are part of his private environment.

1.05 – Radio Network Two **Poland and Galicia without Jews** – the personal odyssey of Israel Radio's Itzhak Feller who travelled to Poland and Galicia to trace the route of his family who tried to flee the Nazis and met their deaths in Birkenau.

5.00 – Arabic TV, **A Tale of Bones**, suspense thriller concerning the murder of a Russian scientist and the disappearance from a museum of an exhibit dating from prehistoric times.

10.30 – ITV, **Honeymoon**, A BBC drama starring Emma Piper and Clive Wood.

SUNDAY

6.30 – Arabic TV, **With the Stars**, featuring Rod Stewart.

11.15 – ITV, **Nobody's Property**, a British drama.

MONDAY

8.02 – ITV, **Allegro**, a fun approach to the classics.

TUESDAY

6.32 – Arabic TV, **End of Empire**, the final episode of this documentary series.

WEDNESDAY

7.00 – Arabic TV, **Health Magazine**, causes of and solutions for infertility.

10.05 – ITV, **Breakout**, feature film.

Midnight – Army Radio, special programme in honour of the 50th anniversary of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra including interviews with veteran members hosted by Hanoch Ron.

THURSDAY

4.05 – Radio Network One, **Unknown Country**, featuring Kibbutz Nir David which 50 years ago was the first of the tower and stockade settlements in the Beit She'an valley.

9.30 – ITV, **Living at Risk** – docudrama about the warring factions in Nicaragua.

11.15 – ITV, **Gallery** hostess Carmit Guy interviews piano prodigy Ran Zemach who won the prestigious piano contest in Japan; chats with Yossi Yizraeli who is winding up his term as director of Jerusalem's Khan Theatre and raises the subject of building an opera house.

and next Friday

10.15 – ITV, **Heaven Can Wait**, a must for Warren Beatty fans. A romantic fantasy film in which Beatty stars as well as produced, directed and co-scripted.

Common cause

THE FIRST time, the panel was made up of musicians and musicologists. Then came feminists followed by stage and film actors. Coming up are medical men, and probably next in line are lawyers. Each group of panellists makes its own contribution to *Point of Origin*, a monthly talk show on Israel Television's Arabic-language service.

Panel members are made up of Israeli Arabs and Jews. Some thought has been given to including Arabs from the administered territories, but this would contradict one of the fundamental elements of the programme – illustrating the common points of identity between Jews and Arabs without ignoring their differences.

Conceived last year when the Education Ministry was placing so much emphasis on coexistence, *Point of Origin* in part aims at bringing negative bias to the surface to show that it exists even among professed liberal thinkers; and on the other hand it sets out to destroy stereotypes. "This is a programme that's breaking barriers" says producer Tova Biala, who together with programme host and editor Zouheir Bahloul is eager to show the public Arab academics and intellectuals. "Most people don't realize just how many there are" says Biala.

Planning of the programmes is a team effort in which Bahloul and Biala are joined by research coordinator Shira Harpaz, who Biala says "is a creature of the television era. She just has to see a news item or a small feature and she can instantly visualize what to do with it on screen." Harpaz tracks down all the panellists, assembles their biographical data and background material on the subject which is the common denominator of any given programme. She and Biala may prepare the equivalent of an M.A. thesis for Bahloul to study prior to the programme.

Blessed with a remarkably retentive memory, Bahloul skims through all the written material, and according to Biala, knows exactly which points to pull out of it for the programme.

CONDUCTED bilingually, the programme enables participants to express themselves in the language they know best, although occasionally one of the Arab panellists will unconsciously lapse into Hebrew. All the Arabs on the programme are fluent in Hebrew, but the Jews are not always fluent in Arabic. For them, there is simultaneous translation provided by Amil Hazal. Each of them wears an earpiece so that they can follow the conversation and break in spontaneously if they feel so inclined. Bahloul himself is totally at ease in either language and switches automatically as he turns from one panellist to another.

The yet-to-be screened programme on physicians, though tinged with provocation, doesn't quite succeed in getting its underlying message across which is that medical practitioners must cross barriers of colour, creed and politics to battle their common enemy – Aids.

A technical hitch during the recording session of the programme killed an hour of allotted recording time. As a result, the discussion barely scratched the surface of the questions which Harpaz had so carefully prepared.

However, the unforeseen problem did not entirely rob the show of its interest. The programme dealt with the question of whether Jews have more to contribute to medicine than Arabs and with the emotional impartiality of the physician. Can he be truly professional and treat the sick to the best of his ability without taking into account the animosities which exist between his people and those of his patient? And of course, the very sensitive issue: How do Jews feel about being treated by an Arab doctor?

The other important question in medical circles in Israel today concerns transplants – and on this issue, religious attitudes, presented on the programme by Sheikh Mohamed Khubeishi and Rabbi Dr. Ya'acov Steinberg, are very important.

A point that comes across in the discussion is that prejudice is some-

(Continued on page I.)

This week's TV/radio schedule DECEMBER 19–DECEMBER 25

FRIDAY

Fred Astaire
Middle East TV, 15.00

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 13.30 Teletext 13.35 This Is It (repeat) 14.30 Everyman's University 15.00 The Portion of the Week 15.30 A New Evening – Shabbat magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes: 16.30 News roundup 16.32 Love Boat 17.20 Songs 17.30 Arabic film 19.28 Programme Trailer 19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with Shabbat songs 20.05 Shabbat Eve programme presented by Rabbi Shmuel Avidor Hacohen 20.15 Mabat Newsreel 21.15 Party Time – entertainment programme hosted by Rivka Michaeli 22.15 Four Friends. Arthur Penn's 1982 film about America in the 1960s 00.05 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Entertainment 21.00 Weekly Review 21.10 Once an Eagle 22.00 News in English 22.20 The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.00 Woody Woodpecker 13.30 Westbrook Hospital 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Daddy Long Legs 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Webster 18.30 Family Ties 19.00 News 20.00 Fall Guy 21.00 Arabic Movie 22.30 Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies 7.09 C.P.E. Bach: Sonata No.3 for Flute and Harpsichord; Haydn: String Quartet in D major, Op.204 (Tokyo); Schumann: Symphony No.2 in C major; Milhaud: Suite for Harmonica (Adler, Gould); Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue 9.00 Bach: Goldberg Variations; Britten: Gloriana; Shostakovich: Cello Concerto No.1 (Yo-Yo-Ma, Philadelphia/Ormandy); Borodin: Symphony No.2 in B minor 12.00 Bach: Sonata for Flute and Harpsichord in D major; Telemann: Cantata for Soprano, Flute and Harpsichord; Schumann: Liederkreis – Song Cycle, Op.39 13.05 Haydn: String Quartet No.76; Brahms: Clarinet Quintet in B minor, Op.115; Debussy: La Mer; Beethoven: Symphony No.4, Op.60 16.00 Bach: Sonata No.1 in B minor for Violin and Harpsichord; Mozart: Concert Aria, K.505; Cimarosa: Concerto for 2 Flutes (A.& C.Nicolet, Stuttgart/Munchinger); Klengel: "Hymn"; Bruch: Violin Concerto No.2 (Perlman, New Philharmonia/Lopez-Cobos); Chopin: "Les Sylphides" 18.00 Golden Generations: Arturo Toscanini's Recording – Sibelius: Symphonic Poem, Op.9 (N.B.C.) Schumann: Symphony No.2 in C major, Op.61 ... phony No.5 in C major, Op.67 (Philharmonia/Ashkenazy); Sibelius: Karelia Suite, Op.11 (Philadelphia/Ormandy) 23.00 Renaissance and Baroque Music

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Oriental songs 9.30 Hebrew songs 10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 11.10 School Broadcasts 11.30 Education for all 12.10 Songs and Tunes 13.00 News in English 13.30 News in French 14.05 Children's programmes 15.00 Shabbat Eve Programme 16.05 Subject for Discussion 17.10 Hebrew songs 18.05 Literary Magazine 19.05 Songs and Readings for Shabbat 19.30 Programmes for Olim 22.05 Another Place 23.05 Hebrew songs

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics 6.30 Editorial Review 6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner 7.00 This Morning – news magazine 8.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine 12.10 Starting Whistle – preview of Shabbat's football matches 13.00 Midday – news commentary, music 14.05 No Reductions or Complimentary Tickets 16.05 Current Account 17.05 Behind the Headlines – media magazine 18.05 Holy Listening 19.10 The Weekly Column 20.05 Shabbat songs 21.05 Sephardi Folksongs 22.05 Folk dances 22.05 Between Friday and Saturday – Yitzhak Livni talks with Prof. David Mendelsohn, head of Tel Aviv University's French Culture Department 00.10 Hebrew songs

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds 6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information 7.07 Morning Supplement 8.05 Good Morning Israel 9.05 Have a Good Time – culture and entertainment magazine 11.05 Mama's Voice – special regards to soldiers 12.05 Sandals – with Dori Ben Ze'ev 14.05 It's not Shabbat Yet – with Shlomo Artzi 15.05 An Hour with Enrico Macias 16.05 Quiet songs 17.05 Documentaries 18.05 Soldiers are Young People 19.05 Successful Young Adults 20.05 Music and radio games 22.05 Smoke in your Eyes 00.05 Yoav Kutner's Radio and Transistor Show

VOICE OF AMERICA NEWS SHOWS

1260 kilohertz: 5-6 and 6-9 a.m. – Daily breakfast show with news, popular music and interviews. 5-5.30 p.m. – News round-up. 5.30-6 p.m. – VOA Magazine Show. 6-6.15 p.m. – News in Special English for Students of English. 11-12 midnight – VOA World Report with news, background and analysis.

SATURDAY

Danny Kaye
Middle East TV, 21.00

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes: 16.00 Airwolf – action series 16.50 News roundup 17.00 Thriller (no details available) 18.30 Entertainment 19.00 The Big Restaurant 19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at 20.00 with Who's the Boss – comedy series starring Tony Danzo, Judith Light and Elyssa Milano: First Kiss 20.30 Programme for the end of Shabbat 21.00 Mabat Newsreel 21.30 Sports – Match of the Day 22.30 Honeymoon. Short drama starring Emma Piper, Clive Wood and Barbara Lott 23.45 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 You Again 21.00 Spotlight 21.10 Entertainment 22.00 News in English 22.20 Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.00 Pole Position 13.30 The Littles 14.00 Story Break 14.30 Rainbow Adventure 15.00 English League Soccer 17.00 International Sportsworld 18.00 Wide World of Sports 19.00 Davis Cup Semi Final 20.00 Wrestling 21.00 Movie: White Christmas 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies 7.09 Rossini: "La Gazza ladra" Overture (L.A./Mehta); Vivaldi: Winter from The Four Seasons; Debussy: L'apres-midi d'une faune; Haydn: Violin Concerto in C major (L.A./Zukerman); C.P.E. Bach: Sinfonia No.17 in F major; Graun: Bassoon Concerto (Zukerman, Wurttenberg Chamber, Faerber); Kodaly: Hary Janos 9.00 Music Quiz 10.00 Recordings of the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, David Robertson conducting; Joseph Kalichstein, piano – Beethoven: Leonore No.3 Overture; Prokofiev: Violin Concerto No.3; Sibelius: Symphony No.1 12.00 An Hour with Jean Pierre Rampal 13.05 Beethoven: Symphony No.8 in F major, Op.93; Brahms: Quintet No.1 in F minor for Piano and Strings, Op.34 16.00 Beethoven – Part 1 17.00 Arieh Vardi, piano – Haydn: Sonata No.33 in C major; Beethoven: 5 Early Pieces; Schubert: Sonata in F-sharp minor, D.571 (completed by Vardi) 18.00 Radio Drama 19.00 "My Concert" (no details available) 21.00 Opera – Rossini: The Barber of Seville

RADIO 1st

7.00 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 9.05 World of Science ... 16.05 Light Classical Music 18.05 Little Anthology of Poetry 19.05 Programmes for Olim 20.05 Literary Party (repeat) 22.05 Hebrew songs

2nd

7.10 Hebrew songs 8.05 Who's Sleeping? 9.05 A Matter of Taste – with Heim Keinan 10.05 Weekly News Magazine 11.05 Favourite songs of IDF Troups (repeat) 13.05 Poland and Galicia without Jews 14.11 Hebrew songs 14.30 Songs and Goals – reports from weekend football matches, music 16.30 Hebrew songs 17.05 Beautiful Land 18.05 New Hebrew Words 18.30 Sports Magazine 19.05 Cinema Magazine 20.05 Weekly News Magazine (repeat) 21.05 Oriental Song Requests 22.05 Bible Reading and programme for the end of Shabbat 23.05 Zionism 86 00.10 Good Night – with Alex Talmor

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds 7.05 Hebrew songs 9.05 Happy Choir – children's programme 10.05 Entertainment and Hebrew Song Magazine 11.05 True Picture 12.05 Entertainment – with Zvika Pik 13.05 Ya'acov Agmon talks to Yitzhak Goren Gormazano 14.05 It all flows 15.05 841 travels North 16.05 Cinema Magazine 17.05 Classical Music Magazine 18.05 Israeli Hit Parade 19.05 Foreign Language Hit Parade 20.05 Out of Sight 21.05 On Jewish Tradition 22.05 All That Jazz 00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

KOL ISRAEL IN ENGLISH
7 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m., 8 p.m. 576, 1170 & 1458 kilohertz

ISRAEL RADIO – 1st PROGRAMME
broadcasts in other languages
06.00 Yiddish
06.15 Russian
06.45 Spanish
07.00 English
07.15 French
09.30 Easy Hebrew
13.00 English
13.30 French
17.00 English
17.05 French
19.30 Mograbi
19.45 Ladino
20.00 English
20.15 French
20.30 Yiddish
21.00 Amharit
21.15 Bucharian
21.25 Georgian
21.35 Rumanian
21.50 Russian
on 576 and 1170 kilohertz

SUNDAY

Rod Stewart
Israel TV, 18.32

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 No Secrets 14.45 Hello Israel 15.00 Everyman's University 16.00 Rehov Sumsum 16.30 The Squad (part 4) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES: 17.30 Between Us – children's magazine 18.00 Lucky Luke – animated Western
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes: 18.30 News roundup 18.32 With the Stars – Rod Stewart 18.45 Inventions and Innovations 19.00 Weekly News Magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup 20.02 Tip Pop – pop and entertainment magazine 21.00 Mabat Newsreel and Overseas Sports Review 21.45 Dynasty – American series 22.35 Quotation Mark – literature programme hosted by Yaron London 23.15 Nobody's Property. BBC drama by Carolyn Sally Jones, starring Colin Blakely, Annette Crosbie and Lise-Ann McLaughlin 23.55 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.20 Documentary 21.10 S.O.E. – Special Operations Executive 22.00 News in English 22.20 Play of the Week
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Good News 15.00 Arabic Movie 16.30 Treasure Island 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Funky Brewster 19.00 Sixty Minutes 20.00 Specials: Christmas in Hawaii 21.00 Movie: A Holiday Affair 22.30 Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies 7.09 Poulenc: Piano Concerto; Arensky: Trio in D minor; Chopin: Ballade No.1 in F minor (Bella Davidovich); Folksong arranged by Beethoven; Bach: Sonata No.1 in B minor for Violin and Harpsichord; Haydn: Symphony No.99 in E-flat major (New York/Bernstein) 9.00 Corelli: Concerto Grosso in D major, Op.6, No.1; Dieupart: Cello Concerto No.2 in G major – Fanny Mendelssohn-Hensel: Oratorio on Scenes from the Bible; Mendelssohn: Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage (London/Haitink); De Bride: Violin Concerto No.7 in G major; Lecocq: La Fille de Madame Angot, Ballet (Royal Philharmonic/Bonynge) 12.00 Herut Israeli, piano – Haydn: Sonata No.3 in E major; Bach: Inventions and Fugue; Casc: 2 pieces; Galbrun: 6 Encores; Feigin: Toccata for Piano; Liszt: Valse 13.05 Gershwin: Rhapsody in Blue (Weissenberg, Berlin/Ozawa); Dukas: The Sorcerer's Apprentice (St. Martin/Marriner) ... 18.05 Light Classical Music ... 20.30 Mozart: Oboe Quartet, K.370; Overture in G minor, Op.81; Brahms: String Quintet No.2, Op.111; Faure: Piano Quartet No.1 in C minor, Op.15 (Saltzman, Mintz, Taub, Benyamini) 22.30 From our Sources – Hallel 23.00 Bach: Choral Preludes – part 1; Haydn: Lyre Concerto No.5 in F major; Mendelssohn: Quartet No.5 in E-flat major, Op.44, No.3

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Favourite Old Songs 8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel 9.05 Hebrew songs 10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 11.10 School Broadcasts 11.30 Education for all 12.05 Oriental songs 13.00 News in English 13.30 News in French 14.05 Children's programmes 15.05 World of Science (repeat) 15.55 Notes on a New Book 16.05 Enrichment 17.20 Everyman's University 18.06 Jewish Traditions 18.50 Bible Reading 19.05 Jewish Thought – talk by Prof. Ittamar Greenwald 19.30 Programmes for Olim 22.05 Child and Family Magazine

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics 6.30 Editorial Review 6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner 7.00 This Morning – news magazine 8.05 Making an Issue 9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli 10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine 11.30 Safe Journey 12.10 O.K. on Two 13.00 Midday – news commentary, music 14.05 Humour 15.05 Magic Moments 16.05 Songs and Homework 17.10 Economics Magazine 18.05 Press Conference 18.45 Today in Sport 19.05 Today – radio newsreel 19.30 The Jewish People 20.05 Oriental songs 22.05 Yiddish songs 23.05 Third Bell – arts magazine

Army

6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information 7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky 8.05 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli 10.05 Coffee Break 11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef 13.05 Israeli Tunes 15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv 16.05 Sports Magazine 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Music 20.05 Soldiers are Young People (repeat) 21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel 21.30 University on the Air 22.05 Popular songs 23.05 Israeli songs 00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

BBC

1322 kilohertz: World Service newsreels at 14.00, 17.00 and 20.15.

MONDAY

Yitzhak Shimoni
Israel TV, 20.02

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 100 Famous Paintings 14.25 Making Magic 14.50 Surprise Train 15.15 Family Problems 16.00 Five Mile Creek (part 6) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES: 17.30 Alice in Wonderland 17.55 Hoppa Hey
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes: 18.30 News roundup 18.32 Programme Trailer 18.35 Sports 19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup 20.02 Allegro – music quiz 20.30 Beauty Spot – tips on hikes and trips 21.00 Mabat Newsreel 21.30 Don't Wait Up – British comedy series starring Nigel Havers, Tony Britton and Dinah Sheridan 22.00 This is the Time 22.50 Spenser: For Hire – American suspense series, starring Robert Urich and Avery Brooks 23.35 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 No Place Like Home 21.10 The Consultant 22.00 News in English 22.20 Strangers and Brothers
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Funky Brewster 18.30 Laverne & Shirley 19.00 News 20.00 Magnum P.I. 21.00 Monday Night Football 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies 7.09 Handel: Il Pastor Fido, Overture (Bach Festival/Corboz); Mozart: Flute Concerto in G major, K.313; Brahms: Piano Quartet No.1 in G minor, Op.25 (Gilels, Amadeus); Schubert: Symphony No.5 in B-flat major (Phil. Hungarica/Maag) 9.00 Martinu: Concerto for Violin and Piano (Grumlikova, Kolar, Czech PO/Kosler); Dvorak: Bagatelles, Op.47; Kromer: Clarinet Concerto in E-flat major, Op.37; Chopin: Sonata for Cello and Piano; Delius: Violin Concerto (Menuhin, Royal Phil./Davis); Nielsen: Symphony No.5, Op.50 12.00 Yahli Wagman, piano – Schumann: Davidsbuendlertanze, Op.6; Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Paganini 13.05 Tchaikovsky: Serenade for Strings in C major; Schubert: Sonatina in A minor, Op. 137; Bach: Triple Concerto: Beethoven: Trio No. 10 in E flat major (Beaux Arts) 16.00 Music Explained – Bartok's First Quartets, part 5 ... 22.30 Bach: Prelude Chorals for Organ – part 2; Mozart: One Movement from Mozart's Horn Concerto, K.386A, K.494; Mozart: Horn Concerto No.1 in C major, K.412; Mendelssohn: String Quartet No.6 in F minor, Op.80

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Favourite Old Songs 8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel 9.05 Hebrew songs 10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 11.10 School Broadcasts 11.30 Education for all 12.05 Guest for an Hour 13.00 News in English 13.30 News in French 14.05 Children's programmes 15.53 Notes on a New Book 16.05 A Place in the Middle 17.20 Everyman's University 18.06 Jewish Traditions 18.50 Bible Reading 19.05 Reflections on the Portion of the Week 19.30 Programmes for Olim 22.05 Every Man has a Star – with astrologist Ilan Packer

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics 6.30 Editorial Review 6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner 7.00 This Morning – news magazine 8.05 Making an Issue 9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli 10.05 All Shades of the Network 11.30 Safe Journey 12.10 O.K. on Two 13.00 Midday – news commentary, music 14.05 Humour 15.05 Magic Moments 16.05 Songs and Homework 17.10 Economics Magazine 18.05 Free Period – education magazine 18.45 Today in Sport 19.05 Today – radio newsreel 19.35 Law and Justice Magazine 20.05 Cantorial Hit Parade 22.05 Jazz Corner 23.05 Night Games

Army

6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information 7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky 8.05 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli 10.05 Coffee Break 11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef 13.05 Israeli Tunes 15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 The Givati Brigade 19.05 Music 20.05 Nostalgia (repeat) 21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel 21.30 University on the Air 22.05 Popular songs 23.05 Israeli songs 00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

ENGLISH BROADCASTS – ISRAEL RADIO

07.00-07.15 News and Press Review 13.00-13.30 News and Feature Programme
17.00-17.05 News
20.00-20.15 News Magazine on 1st Programme
– 576 kilohertz – centre and north
– 1170 kilohertz – Jerusalem area

TUESDAY

Ginger Rogers
Middle East TV, 15.00

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 The Priest of Tours – French film 16.00 Touring Israel – with Sefi Ben Yosef 16.15 Robotics 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES: 17.30 News for Young Children 18.00 The Return of the Antelope (part 9)
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes: 18.30 News roundup 18.32 End of Empire 19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup 20.02 United or Divided – TV game, compered by Shmuel Shai 20.30 Kolbotek 21.00 Mabat Newsreel 21.40 Second Look – focus on matters of moment 22.20 Crazy Like a Fox – American series, starring Jack Warden and John Rubinstein: The Geronimo Machine 23.05 Night Court – American comedy series 23.30 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Chart Attack 21.30 Yes, Prime Minister 22.00 News in English 22.20 Dempsey and Makepeace
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Shall We Dance 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Star Trek 19.05 News 20.00 The A-Team 21.00 Mac Gyver 22.00 Airwolf 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies 7.09 Handel: Dance Suite from "Il Pastor Fido"; Mozart: Symphony No.25, K.183; Schubert: Piano Quintet in A major, Op.114 "Trout"; Reger: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Hiller, Op.100 (Bavaria Radio/C. Davis) 9.00 Danzi: Wind Quintet in G minor; Bach: Cantata No.198; Mozart: Piano Concerto No.18 in B-flat major, K.456; Stravinsky: Symphony in C (I.P.O./Bernstein); Brahms: 4 Ballades, Op.10 (Gould); Nielsen: String Quartet in F minor, Op.5 12.00 Telemann: Sonata for Flute and Harpsichord in C minor; Hotteterre: Suite for two Recorders in D minor; Hiroza: Meditations for Alto Recorder; Berio: Movement for Alto Recorder; Cage: Sonata for two Recorders 13.05 Borodin: Polovtsian March (USSR/Svetlanov); Fibich: "Twilights", Op.33; Grieg: Piano Concerto in A minor, Op.16; Sibelius: Karelia Suite, Op.11; De Falla: Three Cornered Hat 16.00 Young Music ... 22.30 Schnabel: Concert Piece for orchestra; Schumann: Piano Concerto in A minor, Op.54; Beethoven: Symphony No.3 "Eroica" 23.00 Bach: Prelude Chorales for organ, part 3; Mozart: Horn Concerto No.2 in E-flat major, K.417; Mozart: Horn Concerto No.3 in E-flat major, K.447; Mendelssohn: String Quartet No.7, Op.81 'Unfinished'

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Favourite Old Songs 8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel 9.05 Hebrew songs 10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 11.10 School Broadcasts 11.30 Education for all 12.05 Oriental Song Requests 13.00 News in English 13.30 News in French 14.05 Children's programmes 15.25 Education for all 15.55 Notes on a New Book 16.05 Also Our Life 17.20 Everyman's University 18.06 Jewish Traditions 18.50 Bible Reading 19.05 Talmud Lesson 19.30 Programmes for Olim 22.05 Two by Two

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics 6.30 Editorial Review 6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner 7.00 This Morning – news magazine 8.05 Making an Issue 9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli 10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine 11.30 Safe Journey 12.10 O.K. on Two 13.00 Midday – news commentary, music 14.05 Humour 15.05 Magic Moments 16.05 Songs and Homework 17.10 Economics Magazine 18.05 Health and Medicine Magazine 18.45 Today in Sport 19.05 Today – radio newsreel 19.35 New World – environment magazine 20.05 Cantorial Requests 22.05 Once More 23.05 Quizzes

Army

6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information 7.07 "707" – with Eitan Litshitz 8.05 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli 10.05 Coffee Break 11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef 13.05 Israeli Tunes 15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv 16.05 841 Travels North 16.15 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Music 20.05 The Givati Brigade (repeat) 21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel 21.30 University on the Air 22.05 Popular songs 23.05 Israeli songs 00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

THE VOICE OF PEACE

Regular daily programmes
3.00-6.00 Early Morning Show
12.00-13.00 Kassah Programme
18.00-19.30 Twilight Time
19.30-21.00 Classical Programme

WEDNESDAY

Charles Bronson
Israel TV, 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 The Time Tunnel 15.00 Everyman's University 16.00 Pretty Butterfly 16.25 TV Game 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES: 17.30 Somersaults
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes: 18.30 News roundup 18.32 Jennifer – comedy series 19.00 Health Magazine 19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup 20.02 From the Movies – cinema magazine 20.30 Between Two Stools – bi-weekly magazine 21.00 Mabat Newsreel 21.30 Moked 22.05 Breakout. Tom Gries's 1975 action film, laced with comedy, stars Charles Bronson, Robert Duvall and Jill Ireland 23.35 News 23.50 Midnight Mass – live broadcast from Bethlehem of the Catholic Mass
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Three's Company 21.30 Architecture – documentary 22.00 News in English 22.20 Roanoke
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Meet John Doe 16.30 Nestor 17.00 Super Book 17.30 The Night before Christmas 18.00 The Singiest Man 18.30 The Campbells 19.00 News 20.00 Freddie the Freeloader 21.00 Pat Boone Christmas Special 22.00 The Christmas Story 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning melodies 7.09 Grieg: Peer Gynt; C.P.E. Bach: Flute Concerto in D minor; Haydn: Symphony No.18 in B-flat major (New York/Bernstein); Rossini: Guillaume Tell Overture (RPO/Pata) 9.00 Schubert: Octet in F major; Brahms: Serenade No.1, Op.11 (London/Kertesz); Sibelius: Violin Concerto in D minor, Op.47; Stravinsky: Le Sacre du Printemps (Cleveland/Boulez) 12.00 Cilla Grossmeyer, Eisler-Kashi, Roloff – songs by Handel, Franck and others 13.05 Mozart: Concerto for 2 Pianos in E flat major, K.365; Beethoven: String Quartet in C-sharp minor, Op.131 (Italian Quartet); Faure: Requiem (Armstrong, Fischer-Dieskau, Paris/Barenboim) 15.00 Contemporary Music 17.30 Music from the Distant Past ... 18.00 Debussy: Suite bergamasque; Corelli: Sonata No.12 in D minor ...

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Favourite Old Songs 8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel 9.05 Hebrew songs 10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 11.10 School Broadcasts 11.30 Education for all 12.05 Oriental songs 13.00 News in English 13.30 News in French 14.05 Children's programmes 15.55 Notes on a New Book 16.05 Programmes for Senior Citizens 17.20 Everyman's University 18.06 Jewish Traditions 18.50 Bible Reading 19.05 Lesson in Halacha 19.30 Programmes for Olim 22.05 A Friend from the Same Planet

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics 6.30 Editorial Review 6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner 7.00 This Morning – news magazine 8.05 Making an Issue 9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli 10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine 11.30 Safe Journey 12.10 O.K. on Two 13.00 Midday – news commentary, music 14.05 Humour 15.05 Magic Moments 16.05 Songs and Homework 17.10 Economics Magazine 18.05 Spotlight 18.45 Today in Sport 19.05 Today – radio newsreel 19.35 Army and Defence Magazine 20.05 Folklore Magazine 21.05 Song for the Road 22.05 Treasure Hunt 00.15 Stage and Screen

Army

6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information 7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky 8.05 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli 10.05 Coffee Break 11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef 13.05 Israeli Tunes 15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Army and Defence Magazine 19.05 Music 20.05 Nostalgia (repeat) 21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel 21.30 University on the Air 22.05 Popular songs 23.05 Israeli songs 00.05 Classical Night Birds

DAILY ENGLISH BROADCASTS – ISRAEL RADIO

on 576 and 1170 kilohertz
07.00-7.15 News and Press Review
13.00-13.30 News followed by:
SUNDAY – "This Land" travel magazine
MONDAY – "Mainstream" consumer and community affairs
TUESDAY – "Israel Mosaic" weekly magazine
WEDNESDAY – "Spectrum" science and technology
THURSDAY – "Studio Three" arts magazine.
FRIDAY – "Thank Goodness It's Friday"
SATURDAY – "Spotlight" people and issues in the news

THURSDAY

Carmit Guy
Israel TV, 23.15

TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 Family Problems (repeat) 15.00 Tau Tau 15.25 Rehov Sumsum 16.00 This Is It – live magazine 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES: 17.30 Macron 1 – science fiction 17.55 Jane Eyre. Part 7 of an 11-part adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel 18.25 A look at Sha'albim in the Ayalon Valley
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes: 18.30 News roundup 18.32 TV Magazine 19.00 Meeting – current affairs 19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup 20.02 Mabat Sport 20.45 Programme Trailer 21.00 Mabat Newsreel 21.30 Living at Risk – American documentary about Nicaragua 22.30 The Dunera Boys. Part 3 of a 4-part Australian drama serial about Jewish refugees from Hitler's Europe, starring Joseph Spano, Bob Hoskins and Mary Anne Fahey 23.15 Gallery – arts magazine 23.55 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial): 17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Check it Out 21.10 Falcon Crest 22.00 News in English 22.20 Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north): 13.30 Living Without Land 14.00 Club 14.30 The First Christmas 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Going My Way 17.00 Flying House 17.30 House without a Christmas Tree 19.00 News 20.00 Good News Christmas Special 21.00 Babar 21.30 Newhart 22.00 Moonlighting 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies 7.09 Mozart: Quintet for Piano and Wood Winds in E-flat major; Bach: Violin Concerto No.2 in E major (D. Oistrakh, Philadelphia/Ormandy); Beethoven: Romance No. 2 in F major, Op. 50; Boccherini: Symphony in E-flat major, Op. 35; Saint-Saens: Carnaval des animaux; Prokofiev: Symphony No.1 in D major "Classical" 9.00 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.6; Brahms: Concerto for Violin and Cello in A minor, Op.102; Poulenc: Concerto for two Pianos in D minor; Spohr: Septet in A minor, Op.147; Ravel: Don Quichotte e Dulcine; Faure: Nocturne No.7, Op.74; Franck: Symphony in D minor 12.00 Beethoven: Trio in G major, Op.1, No.2 (Yuval Trio); Shostakovich: Trio, Op.67 (Mirom) 13.05 Handel: Royal Fire Works; Haydn: Guitar Concerto in D major; Weber: Clarinet Quintet, Op.34; Mendelssohn: Symphony No.3 in A minor, Op.56 ...

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim 7.30 Favourite Old Songs 8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel 9.05 Hebrew songs 10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew 11.10 School Broadcasts 11.30 Education for all 12.05 Oriental songs 13.00 News in English 13.30 News in French 14.05 Children's programmes 15.30 Speaker's Podium 15.53 Notes on a New Book 16.05 An Unknown Land 17.20 Everyman's University 18.06 Jewish Traditions 18.50 Bible Reading 19.05 Lesson in Tora 19.30 Programmes for Olim 22.05 I Have a Dream

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics 6.30 Editorial Review 6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner 7.00 This Morning – news magazine 8.05 Making an Issue 9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli 10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine 11.30 Safe Journey 12.10 O.K. on Two 13.00 Midday – news commentary, music 14.05 Humour 15.05 Magic Moments 16.05 Songs and Homework 17.10 Economics Magazine 18.11 Hebrew songs 18.45 Today in Sport 19.05 Today – radio newsreel 19.35 This Week in the Knesset 20.05 Roots – folklore magazine 21.05 Sound the World 23.05 Between Ourselves

Army

6.05 University on the Air 6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information 7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky 8.05 Good Morning Israel 9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli 10.05 Coffee Break 11.05 Right Now 13.05 Israeli Tunes 15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv 16.05 Four in the Afternoon 17.00 Evening Newsreel 18.05 Economics Magazine 19.05 Music 20.05 Army and Defence Magazine (repeat) 21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel 21.30 University on the Air 22.05 Popular songs 23.05 Israeli songs 00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

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AM in kilohertz
FM in megahertz

		Voice of Music	1st Programme	2nd Programme	Army
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	FM	91.3		95.5	96.6
Jerusalem Area	AM		576	1080	1404
	FM	91.3		95.5	96.6
Haifa Area	AM		576	1206	1305
	FM	89.4		103.2	102.3
Beersheba Area	AM		576	657	1224
	FM	88.8		103.8	96.6

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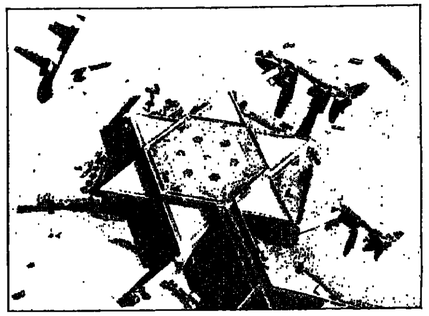

After a few thousand years as nomadic shepherds, those Saudis are now finally getting the hang of international business. Shopping for a base for their European cargo operations, Saudi airline officials carefully studied all the options and felt they had found the perfect site in Cologne.

The German airport had all the facilities and conditions, the Saudis noted with satisfaction: It's central, the weather's good, the bathrooms clean, traffic moderate, air links satisfactory, the cafeteria not bad but don't order the fish. They were ready to sign on the dotted line, but there was just one more thing. The Saudis were happy with the site, but not with the sight: two large passenger terminals in the shape of giant Stars of David would have to be destroyed, of course, as the German officials must surely understand that Arab pilots could not be expected to safely land a plane with the symbol of That Zionist Entity glaring up at them from the ground. The Germans gave them a funny look, and in a flash of conscientiousness suggested that perhaps the Saudis should take their petrodollars and petulant demands elsewhere.

Big business in the Middle East might be a mystery to some, but to readers of **THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION** it's all very clear, week after week. Make sure your friends and relatives overseas are getting the full report, from stars to crescents to crosses — order a gift subscription today.

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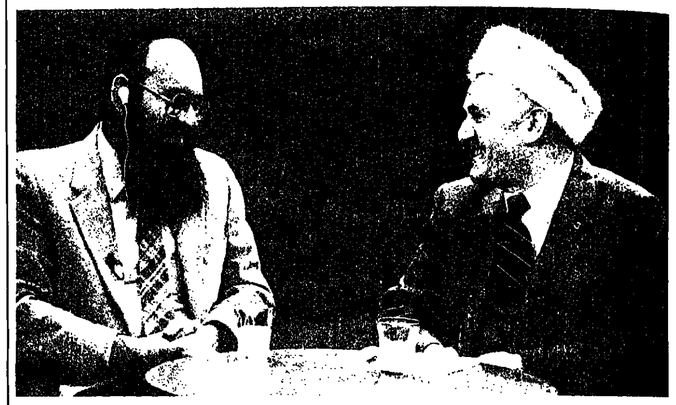
TV and radio Greer Fay Cashman



Religious attitudes are presented by the rabbi and the khadi (top) – *Rabbi Dr. Ya'acov Steinberg and Sheikh Mohamed Khubeishi. A programme which is conducted bilingually* (above). (M. Kahana, Media)

(Continued from page 1)

times more prevalent in educated circles than in the lower classes of society. Whereas many Jewish labourers have no objection whatsoever to an Arab doctor, several Jewish doctors disapproved of the appointment of Dr. Fuad Azam to a Tel Aviv hospital. Reluctantly admitting this, his colleague Dr. Yossi Lessing believes that the doctors opposed to Azam would take a different stance today, after coming into contact with him and observing his professionalism.

As for the doctor/patient relationship, Hadassah Hospital's Professor Shmuel Nissan makes the point that in the course of his career he has treated numerous prisoners-of-war and PLO terrorists. He has never permitted his emotional feelings towards them to interfere with his obligations as a physician. He also cites a similar example of dedication on the part of an Arab doctor.

The sense of mutual respect between Arab and Jewish doctors communicates itself in a very natural way and demonstrates that coexistence is possible when the focus is on what unites, rather than on what divides. □

Double trouble

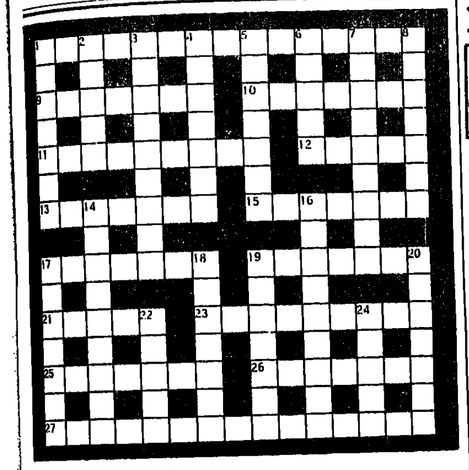
Emma Piper and Clive Wood in 'Honeymoon.'

TIM, A SOLICITOR and Sally, a radio producer, have been living together for five years. When Sally discovers that she is pregnant, both adopt a very matter-of-fact attitude about getting married. The decision is not an emotional one. It is not made in haste or desperation, nor is it tinged with romance. It's just considered the right thing to do. On their honeymoon they discover a host of truths about themselves and each other which they had previously chosen to ignore. **Honeymoon**, ITV, Saturday, 10.30.

MAINTAINING HIS INDEPENDENCE with dignity is what counts for Michael, the odd-job man who many years ago left his home in Northern Ireland to wander around Britain. One of his most frequent stops is in Cheshire at the home of a lonely Austrian Jew, Miss Segal, who teaches ballet to the daughters of the middle-class gentry. At Easter time, Michael asks Miss Segal if she would make a room available for his granddaughter Cathy who is coming from Belfast to visit him. Later it transpires that Cathy is actually running away from home. This leads all three characters to a new perception of their connection to one another. **Nobody's Property**, ITV, Sunday, 11.15 starring Colin Blakely, Lise-Ann McLaughlin and Annette Crosbie.

HOLLYWOOD OFTEN comes up with unbelievable stunts. In the 1975 production **Breakout**, the idea is to foil prison guards by painting a helicopter with official Russian insignia and flying it into a prison exercise yard to whisk off one of the convicts. The background to the story is that Jay Wagner, the prison inmate played by Robert Duvall, is framed by his grandfather (John Guston) and sentenced to a 28-year stretch in a Mexican prison. Jay's wife Ann (Jill Ireland) seeks the help of Nick Colton and his partner Hawk (Charles Bronson and Randy Quaid) in organizing Jay's escape. The plans go awry when Ann unwittingly confides in Jay's grandfather. **Breakout**, Wednesday, ITV, 10.05.

Crosswords



Two-in-one

ACROSS

1 Where to find the officer classes! (8,7)
9 Kept part of one's earnings (7)
10 Wooden skyscraper's nothing new in California! (7)
11 Get out of the country, another criminal (9)
12 Hunter follows this safari chief with inadequate following (5)
13 Determine to break up (7)
15 Sudden attacks on investors making witty remarks (7)
17 Birds put in sack in a state of confusion (7)
19 Ram's the wrong pet for a child (7)
21 Run under heavy vehicles (5)
23 Plans to study topping architectural works (9)
25 Poem from "Emperor Galba" rewritten to help solve problems (7)
26 One king seems mad, dirtier too (7)
27 Tradesmen potter about, selling most things (10, 5)

DOWN

1 It's said, needs flesh during working hours (7)
2 Behold! Something containing drink that's bluey-green (5)
3 They hold on to suckers with them (9)
4 Break under torture! (7)
5 Just a few years ago, they were the first family in U.S. to provide transport (7)
6 Cover up, so, the swimming pools (5)
7 State funds his research and planning programme (9)
8 Stands out, endless rudeness (7)
14 Hearing the final piece before retirement (7,2)
16 In a way, highlights their supporters (4-5)
17 But men do make passes at this girl with glasses! (7)
18 Unusual medical talk (7)
19 A dropper of names, like Crippen or Haigh (7)
20 Book non-combatant (7)
22 Hasn't swallowed 17 down's line like this! (5)
24 Great beast heads away from Run, hiding its nether organs (5)

Quickie

ACROSS

1 A crime (8,2,5)
9 Periods of time (7)
10 Magazine piece, etc. (7)
11 Giving ear to (5)
12 Causes pain (5)
13 Teaching (7)
15 Oriental boats (7)
17 Played falsely (7)
19 Large crowds (7)
21 One acting for another (5)
23 E.g., begins a journey (6,3)
25 Suppose (7)
26 Chatter idly (7)
27 A Shakespeare play (5,10)

DOWN

1 Arthur's seat (7)
2 Part of a monk's day (5)
3 Fanatic (9)
4 Furious rage (7)
5 Fruit (7)
6 Seize (5)
7 Not sure (9)
8 Locks of hair (7)
14 Not graceful (5)
16 US writer (4,5)
17 Old wheeled vehicle (7)
18 See (7)
19 He catches animals (7)
20 Furniture (7)
22 Attempts (5)
24 The eye nerve (5)

Yesterday's solutions

ACROSS: 7 Chaste, 8 Around, 10 Opinion, 11 Incur, 12 Arne, 13 Tonic, 17 Poppy, 18 Hone, 23 Scarf, 25 Shelter, 24 Entire, 25 Barren. **DOWN:** 1 Scholar, 2 Patient, 3 Staid, 4 Prairie, 5 Dance, 6 Adore, 9 Encompass, 14 Bonfire, 15 Postern, 16 Sparing, 19 Askew, 20 Catty, 21 Cedar.

Solutions to the crosswords appear in Sunday's Jerusalem Post.

Nature

Immigrants

D'vora Ben Shaul

IF YOU would like to see a bunch of wildlife biologists and zoologists get into a real argument, one where tempers flare and tables get banged, there is one subject you can express an opinion about that will be sure to set them off. Just start talking about the status of introduced species that have managed to settle in an area not native to them, and say that you either do or do not think that these animals, birds or plants eventually can be considered a part of the normal flora or fauna of their adoptive home. I can guarantee you that you will find half of them agreeing with you and half disagreeing, no matter which position you chose.

There are many ways in which species get introduced into areas away from their native homes. Sometimes it is by accident, but in most cases it is by the activities of man, whether accidental or intended.

Certainly introductions have occurred for millions of years, but in recent centuries, with more human travel, it has happened more frequently.

The roe deer and the fallow deer were introduced into Europe by the Crusaders, who also took home domestic cats. Marco Polo brought the Queen of England goldfish all the way from China, so they say. The starling and the European sparrow were unknown in North America until they were introduced deliberately, if somewhat whimsically, in the last two centuries. Now they number in the millions, and it is pretty sure that the sparrows that have taken up residence at a base of the U.S. Air Force's Distant Early Warning Line in the far north got there because they had made their nest in a large packing crate and were flown there, quite unintentionally, nestlings and all.

About a century ago a missionary who had been in China introduced water hyacinths to the lake behind her house in Florida, and today the State of Florida spends in excess of $30 million to dredge them out to keep the waterways clear.

Here in Israel we have many introductions. The most noticeable are the water buffalo of the Hula that were brought in by the Turks a century ago, the little, live-bearing *gambusia* fishes, now present in most of the bodies of sweet water in Israel, which were introduced by the British, and the nutria, a water-loving mammal inhabiting our fish ponds, which was brought here to control herbage.

So therein lies the question: will these immigrants eventually be accepted as a part of the flora and fauna of the scene? Or are they always to be kept in a separate category? Is success the criterion for acceptance? Or is it tenure and if so how long?

As I said, you can always find someone in this field who happily will give you an argument on all these points. But the one argument that always brings a laugh, at least here in Israel, is that the prickly pear cactus, called in Hebrew the *sabra*, from which our native-born children derive their collective name, was introduced by the Arabs who brought it from Spain in about the 12th century. □

This Week in Israel • Th

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EXHIBITIONS
1. IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF COLUMBUS – JEWS IN AMERICA 1654 - 1880.
2. THE MIRACLE OF INTERVALE AVENUE.
3. KALEIDOSCOPE – PHOTOGRAPHING AMERICA'S JEWS.

EVENTS
1. Screening of the film **"Yentel"**, based on the novel by Isaac Bashevitz-Singer. Starring: Barbara Streisand, Amy Irving. Director: Barbara Streisand.
The film is in **English** with **Hebrew** subtitles.
Tuesday, December 23, at 7 pm.
Admission fee: NIS 4; for members of Friends Association NIS 3.
2. **An Entangled Leadership.** A study evening in **Hebrew** following the publication of the book, "An Entangled Leadership – The Yeshuv and the Holocaust 1942 - 1945", by Dr. Dina Porat.
Participants: Mr. Levy-Itzhak Hayerushalmi, Mr. Shevach Weiss M.K., Dr. Dina Porat. Moderator: Mr. Nahum Barnea.
Wednesday, December 24, at 7 pm.

For sale at Beth Hatefutsoth's new shop:
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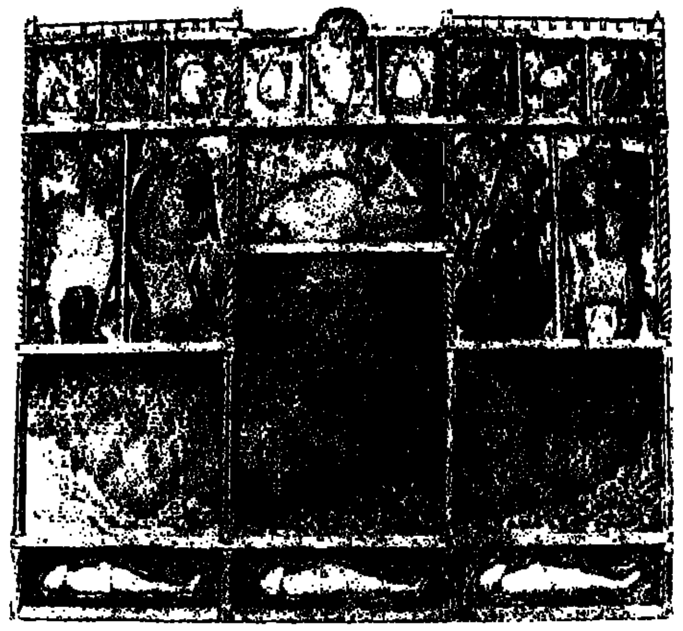
GHOSTS IN THE CUPBOARD

FOLLOWING a lively exhibit of graphite drawings in Jerusalem last month, Alexander Okun (b. 1949, emigrated to Israel from Russia, 1979) shows his special artistic talents in a series of imaginatively conceived eccentric paintings including two enormous "altarpieces." Constructed in pure symmetrical design from three interlocking main vertical panels, lower predellas and an upper frieze of smaller rectangular frames, the cupboard "altars" are bordered by metallic stained wooden slats, spiral and fluted columns and decorative balustrades. Within the flat wooden and aluminum foil coated fields, Okun has painted mythological and anthropomorphic figures, carefree musicians and the female muse. Supporting the larger figures are relief symbols of fruit and animal heads, dimensional objects set into theatrical niches and graphically printed Hebrew texts.

Okun is at the same time a poet and a visual alchemist, an artist whose strange admixtures are as much experiment as they are song. Mock-heroic and humdrum, enthusiastic and laconic, superficial and supernatural, Okun's pictorial combinations have an immediate effect on the viewer, a grasping of one's interest.

Besides possessing a flair for invention, syncopation of iconography and a secretive sense of Jewish historical perspective, Okun draws beautifully in a light classical manner and paints with a flair for the spirited brush gesture and veiled hue. One cannot dismiss Okun's paintings as being eclectic or "hellenistic" (in the baroque fashion). His art belongs to no contemporary stream nor convention and groups do not gather 'round his peculiar style steeped in Russian icon painting, Western art from Cimabue to Rauschenberg and a "Jewish" illustrative tradition including Pann, Baskin, Aaronson and Jack Levine.


Okun: "Altarpiece," mixed media (Horace Richter Gallery, Jaffa).

Okun's smaller paintings are less grandiose in size and variation yet no less metaphorical in content and physical execution. Chicken heads set in water glasses are contoured by decorative wooden moulding bent to shape, as is the table top set with a simple lunch. And what, asks the spectator, does a ski scene have to do with toys, milk and halla and electric trams, all rendered "comic book" style in an heraldically decorated gold frontice piece.

Okun, the painter, is also a balladeer, a fabulist, story-teller and sign writer. It is his obtuse positioning of vignettes that drives the spectator to study and interpret the underlying

(Continued on page P)

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All too familiar

Lee, Chinese restaurant, 33 Rehov Hillel, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-225955. Glatt Kosher. Closed Friday, open Saturday night. (All credit cards.)

AFFECTION is combined with conflict when I take my children out for a meal.

I take them because I want to give them a good time, as well as to save myself the trouble of cooking for them at home. They like and, I hope, respect me and they appreciate the gesture. But that is where the cooperation ends.

Among the little ways they have of making my life miserable, for example, are to demand that I read aloud every item of the 97 dishes listed on a menu in a Chinese restaurant and then say "I'll have the steamed rice."

Other methods are more insidious. They will, for example, order about three times more food than they could possibly eat, and then, when it arrives, decide that it looks "funny" and refuse to touch it. But I have got used to their little ways and have a few tricks of my own up my sleeve.

Thus, as soon as we walked into this rather charming restuarant, where the domed ceiling of the original old structure blends in well with a profusion of Chinese bric-a-brac, I asked how many wanted egg rolls and immediately got three enthusiastic takers.

They thought the egg rolls were marvellous, although personally I thought they were a bit humdrum, with a filling that seemed to consist almost entirely of shredded cabbage. For the kids this was no problem. They simply doused the things with spoonfuls of the sweet red goo that is traditionally served alongside. It got a little embarrassing when the youngest of my three companions insisted on licking the remains of the red goo off his plate, but not enough to make me accede to the suggestions of his older brother and sister that I thrash him severely.

About this time, everyone decided that they were not sitting where they wanted and we had an elaborate seat-changing session, with each person taking not only their cutlery, plate and napkin, but also their as yet unused glasses.

Perhaps it was this glass-changing that served to remind them that they might be able to get a round of sweet, fizzy stuff, guaranteed to rot their teeth. "What can we have to drink?" they asked. I replied that as this was a Chinese restaurant, we would all drink unsweetened tea, with water for the abstemious.

The tea was, in fact, marvellous. Served in a small teapot, with tiny cups, it was a wonderfully fragrant brew, absolutely reeking of some sort of flowers.

MEANWHILE, we had soup. The elder two, in a fit of vegetarianism, chose the vegetable soup, a fairly innocuous broth with a rich supply of shredded vegetables.

For the youngest I chose wonton, a favourite of his. He actually managed to eat one of the two floppy noodle dumplings. The other, which I tasted in the interest of science, was well-seasoned, with a spicy meat filling.

I tried the corn soup, and found it superb, with just a hint of hot pepper to give it a bit of character.

Since it was lunchtime and the restaurant offers a special businessman's lunch at a very reasonable price, I decided to order the two main dishes available that day as part of the special – chicken with bean sprouts and beef with noodles.

Here, I regained my faith in generous portions in Chinese restaurants, having had it shaken by places that put a minimum of food on a platter and then cover the rest of the plate with decorative, but incdible morsels. Here, each portion was a serious challenge.

I am sorry to say that because the little devils refused even to taste these delicious dishes, it remained for me, the only member in good standing of the clean plate club, to polish them off.

The beef was exceptionally good, with thin slices of very tender meat in a pile of succulent Chinese noodles, all beautifully flavoured. The chicken, though a bit bland, was not bad, with tender, juicy chunks, on a veritable bed of bean sprouts.

All this I ate with hardly any rice, because my three companions fell upon the rice like survivors of the Great March.

It was only after the last grain of rice had been polished off, the last noodle slurped up, that the eldest, and therefore the ringleader of the opposition, shot off what he thought was the last shell in the battle. "I'm hungry," he announced, "what can I eat?"

When I expressed my astonishment, he explained that what he had in mind was dessert. Realizing my helplessness, I called the waitress who said that there was a choice of fruit salad or (tinned) lychees.

"No ice cream," said the youngest.

"No flaming bananas," said the eldest.

Realizing they were beaten, they retired gracefully from the battlefield.

The bill for the five of us came to NIS 42. The regular price of the businessman's lunch is NIS 10 per person. □

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Naked passions

A MEMORIAL show of strongly expressionist oil and pastels by the late **Raphael Matar** (1949-1985) reveals that at the time of his death he was a mature artist at the height of his creative powers. Born in Haifa, Matar left Israel in 1971 to study in London, first at the City and Guilds Art School, and then at the Royal Academy of Art. From 1978 until his death, he lived in Paris, working for some years as an artist in residence at the Cité International Arts. During this period he held one-man exhibitions in France, Brussels and Holland, as well as showing his work in Israel, (In 1981, at the Arta Gallery, Jerusalem.)

Matar, throughout his brief career, drew only the human form, depicting it in expressive but graphic terms. His men and women are shown naked and exposed, so that basic, even bestial passions are laid bare. In large canvasses, washed with a fiery colour-palette, Matar's figures executed during his years in London take on the features and appendages of birds and animals. Sometimes they stand alone, to preen their bodies like turkey-cocks; elsewhere they join in sexual games or engage in physical combat.

In contrast to this unihibited style, Matar's Parisian period is typified by tight, introverted drawings in charcoal and pastels. Executed in sombre greys, browns and blacks, the occasional spots of colour and romantic detail (such as a bouquet of flowers) do little to alleviate the essentially tragic quality of his work. Suggesting the deceitful, Janus-like nature of man, Matar has given the faces of his characters sly, slanting eyes, ringed with blue chalk, and heads with double profiles, a theatrical presentation that can be tracked back through the dramatic images of Polish-born painter Maryan, to Soutine and the Jewish School of Paris.

(Above and right) *pastel drawings by Raphael Matar* (Artist's House, Haifa).

Matar depicts himself, the artist, palette in hand, as a lonely and crucified figure, with vicious black stripes laid down across his body, symbolically cancelling out his life. Other symbols, such as playing-cards and domino-masks, also appear in Matar's drawings, but these are superfluous motifs which detract from an otherwise powerful and impressive body of work.

(Artists' House, Haifa). Till December 24. □

ANGELA LEVINE

Ghosts

(Continued from page N)

meanings of the works. Even if analysis ends at zero level comprehension, enough satisfaction should have been gained by the pleasures of absorbing Okun's manifold pictorial idiosyncrasies. (Horace Richter Gallery, 14 Simtat Mazal Arieh, Old Jaffa.)

FROM FORMAL abstractions painted in the mid '70s, saturated with echoes of colour harmonies and linearizations of Nikel and Coignard, Nira Savir (Moshav Lachish), in 1986 has arrived at monumental, wall-size murals whose abstract imagery yields to a flavour of natural surroundings and a deliberate form of human involvement. "Man and Earth" are multi-panelled mixed media works that spring from geopolitical conceptual panels on the same theme. Savir's more recent pictures are obscure and secretive about their messages for they attempt to express sociological ideas taken from the previously created graphic "position papers," the latter based on pure intellectual decisions, the former on emotional and intuitive mannerisms. The results indicate that Savir telegraphs her persuasions rather than delivering them directly, without being artistically self-conscious.

Every panel in each of Savir's several triptychs contains contrasting painterly techniques, opposing chromatic scales and alternate textures. This "mix and match" concept is pretentiously confusing, as is her inclusion of silhouetted or sculpted dimensional reliefs of gesticulating figures, suggestive of the tragic proletariat patriot bearing arms or good tidings.

Savir's "cool" panels include cascading turquoises, pastel blues and white of acrylic and high gloss Superlac interspersed with "licking" strokes of metallic gold and bronze, while her "warm" panels, one edge always jagged and convoluted like an unfinished jig-saw puzzle, are sand-textured fields immersed in a full range of earth tones including pale greys, black and a rust red.

Savir's entire package is somewhat unconvincing, for the balance between non-objective design, symbolism and pure stylizing is too obvious, rehearsed and preconditioned, leaving almost no room for dialogue with the spectator. (Herzliya Museum, Yad Lebanim, Wolfson Street, Herzliya.) Through Feb.

USING the white dove as his main and only subject, **Moti Shani** composes imaginary landscapes in which the favoured bird is transformed into a warrior, chess pieces and prisoner of the opposition. The entire range of some two dozen canvasses are boringly repetitive with little change in proportion, colour scales, textures, harmonies, hues and subject matter. The entire exhibit looks like an attempt to copy Bak at his best, an objective unrealized. (13½ Gallery, 13 Hadolfin, Jaffa.) Till Jan. 4.

THE OPENING exhibit of Tel Aviv's newest commercial gallery includes paintings, drawings and prints by **Belin, Faller, Yanai, Rosov, Muchnik, Holt** and **Malka.** (Shadma Gallery, 69 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv.)

Shown for the first time in Israel, photocollages by the British painter **David Hockney** (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Boulevard. Tel Aviv.) Opens Dec. 21.

Metal prints by the Norwegian artist **Rolf Nesch** (1893-1975). (Sha'ar Zion Library, Bet Ariella, King Saul Boulevard, Tel Aviv.) Till Jan. 8.

"Unto Dusk," objects by **Lee Rimon.** (Maimad Katan, Proza Bookshop, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv.) Till Jan. 1.

Sculptures by **Shuki Kafri.** (Kibbutz Art A Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv.) Opens Dec. 29.

Watercolours by **David Ben-Malka Kandalkar** painted on antique sheet music. (Shai Danon Gallery, Rug 42, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 24.

Self-portrait in photographs and video art by **Iris Rachum.** (Chelouche Gallery, 14 Chelouche, Neve Zedek.) Till Jan. 1.

Eighteen artists participate in "Home, Tree and Man," in black and white media. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv.) Till Jan. 6. At the same venue, paintings by **George Schlesinger.**

Paintings by **David Hardan.** (Tova Osman Gallery, 100 Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv.) Till Jan. 7. □

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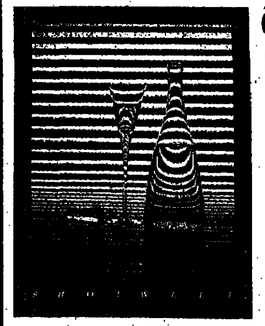

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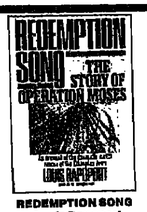

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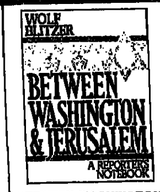

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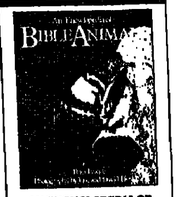

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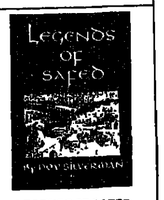

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- □ Reflections of Nazism
- □ Thorn Birds
- □ Israeli Cooking on a Budget
- □ Popular Food From Israel
- □ A Taste of Tradition
- □ Entertaining in Jerusalem
- □ Taste of Passover Cookbook
- □ Shcharansky
- □ Redemption Song
- □ Mysteries of the Red Sea
- □ Between Washington & Jerusalem
- □ An Encyclopedia of Bible Animals
- □ The New Diplomacy
- □ Jerusalem—Measure of the Year
- □ Legends of Safed
- □ Thea
- □ Street People
- □ With Prejudice

TOTAL BOOKS ORDERED: ----------
TOTAL ENCLOSED: NIS ----------
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
CODE _____ TEL. _____

Cinemas

JERUSALEM

BEIT AGRON Tel. 247587
Fri 2: GOIN' SOUTH
Cfm. 4: COTTON CLUB
Sat. 6: PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO
Sat. 7:30 MONTY PYTHON, LIFE OF BRIAN
Sat. 9:30: COTTON CLUB
Sat. 12 midnight: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

EDEN Tel.223829
MURPHY'S LAW
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

EDISON Tel.221444/5
POLTERGEIST II
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

HABIRA Tel. 232366
2nd week
AVANTI POPOLO
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

JERUSALEM THEATRE Tel. 667167
SHOAH (I)
Fri. 10 a.m.; weekdays 6:30

SHOAH (II)
Sat. 6:30; weekdays 1

KFIR Tel. 242523
6th week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

MITCHELL Tel.227950
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9
LEGAL EAGLES

ORGIL Tel. 234176
4th week
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
TO CATCH A KING
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
RICOCHETS
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
RAW DEAL
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

RON Tel.234704
MISHIMA
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

SEMADAR Tel.633742
DANGEROUS MOVES
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA Tel. 225309
Closed all week

TEL AVIV

BEIT LEISSIN
34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
ANNIE HALL
Fri. 2:30; Sun. 7:30, 9:30, 11:15
SLEEPER
Fri. 11:30 p.m.; Sat. 11:15 p.m.
Mon, Wed. 11:15 p.m.
BANANAS
Tue., Thur. 11:15 p.m.:
LOVE AND WAR

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
Israel Premiere
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7, 9, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

ROBERT REDFORD
DEBRA WINGER DARYL HANNAH
LEGAL EAGLES

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
8th week
YENTL
★ BARBRA STREISAND
★ AMY ERWIN
Tue. 7 p.m.

CHEN 1 Tel. 282288
4th week
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 2:30, 5, 7:30, 9:45
PIRATES
Sat. 11 a.m

CHEN 2
11th week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 9:30 p.m., 12.05 midnight
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5, 7:25, 9:45
SWORD IN THE STONE
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 3
Israel Premiere
SAVING GRACE

★ TOM CONTI
★ FERNANDO REY
★ ERLAND JOSEPHSON
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40

CHEN 4
9th week
DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
Fri. 11 a.m., 9:50 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 5, 7:40, 9:50
LADY AND THE TRAMP
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 5
4th week
ALIENS
Fri 9:45 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7, 9:45
Weekdays 11, 2, 4:25, 7, 9:45
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.

CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
POLTERGEIST II
Fri. 10 p.m. Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

DEKEL Tel. 454114
3rd week
SILENT MOVIE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485
3rd week
MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF II Tel. 200485
3rd week
MONA LISA
Fri. 11, 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11, 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF III Tel. 200485
30th and last week
KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

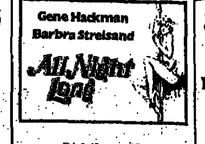
DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
ARMED AND DANGEROUS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Sex film
Fri. 12:15 (after midnight)
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
RAW DEAL
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:40

GAT Tel. 267888
3rd week
BLUE VELVET
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:40
Will be attacked, argued about and cherished for years to come... Newsweek

NEW CINEMA GORDON GIVATAYIM
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
4th week
AVANTI POPOLO
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HOD
Israel Premiere



Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HAKOLNOA Z.O.A. HOUSE
26 Ibn Gabirol Tel. 259341/2
3rd week
Friday 10 p.m., midnight
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Sun., Mon., Tue., Thur. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
FORBIDDEN

Fri. 2:30: CHINATOWN
Sat. 11:45 p.m.: CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: SILENT MOVIE

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
Sat. 7:30
LA TRICHE
English subtitles
Tue. 7:30
LE DESTIN DE JULIETTE
English subtitles

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Tel. 258200
Sat. 7:30
THE OUTSIDERS
Sat. 9:15
APOCALYPSE NOW

Tel. 288868 Dizengoff Centre
8th week
THE BURMESE HARP
A Kon Ichikawa film
"The top cinematic achievement of the season" (International Herald Tribune)
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:40

LEV II Tel. 288868
14th week
TROUBLE IN MIND
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:40

LEV III Tel. 288868
6th week
OTELLO
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV IV Tel. 288868
Israel Premiere
A TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL

★ GERALDINE PAGE
Oscar winner, Best Actress of the Year
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:30

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel 260773
2nd week
CAR TROUBLE
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

MAXIM Tel. 287457
3rd week
RICOCHETS
("2 Fingers from Sidon")
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

ORLY Tel. 284025
2nd week
★ RODNEY DANGERFIELD
BACK TO SCHOOL
"Hysterical comedy" (Hollywood Reporter)
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

PARIS Tel. 222282
Israel Premiere
THE BROTHER

"Witty and Funny" —Julie Salamon, Wall Street Journal
"★★★★½. Hilarious." —William Wolf, Gannett News Services
"★★★★½. Original and audacious." —Roger Ebert, Chicago Sun-Times
THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET
a new film by John Sayles

Fri. 12 noon, 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7:15, 9:30
Fri. 2:30: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
4:30: ORFEO NEGRO
Sat. 11 a.m.: KING OF HEARTS
3: CLAIRE DE FEMME
5: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

PEER Tel. 443795
3rd week
GINGER AND FRED

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

SHAHAF Tel. 396645
6th week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
A Woody Allen film
★ MICHAEL CAINE
★ MIA FARROW
★ CARRIE FISHER
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

SIVAN Tel. 657820
58 Allenby St.
5th week
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
Film by Dusan Makavejev
ET LA TENDRESSE?... BORDEL!
Movie by Patrick Shulman ("Zig Zag Story")
English subtitles
Fri. 2:30 p.m.: MEMORIES
Sat. 1 p.m.: YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
3 p.m.: 1900 (I)
5: 1900 (II)
12 midnight: BIG EYES
Tue. 12 midnight: 1941
Thur. 12 midnight: SHAME OF THE JUNGLE

TCHELET Tel. 443950
FRIGHT NIGHT
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

Tamuz
Tel. 412761
18th week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
A Jamie Uys film made with much affection and pleasant madness
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40
Fri. 12:45 p.m.: Preview – ALL MY LOVING
Sat 1 p.m.: ALLEGRO NON TROPPO
5: HAROLD AND MAUDE
8: DUEL
12 midnight: BRAZIL
Tue. 12 midnight: THE MOUSE THAT ROARED
Thur. 12 midnight: STRAW DOGS

TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
MURPHY'S LAW
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM Tel. 261297
27th week
SHOAH (I)
Weekdays 1
SHOAH (II)
Weekdays 6:30

ZAFON Tel. 443966
16th week
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
The most acclaimed film of the year!
★ MAGGIE SMITH
★ DENHOLM ELLIOTT
★ JUDI DENCH
★ HELENA BONHAM CARTER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

HAIFA

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664017/8
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
TOP GUN

ARMON Tel. 664848
RAW DEAL
★ ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

ATZMON 1 Tel. 663003
★ CHARLES BRONSON in
MURPHY'S LAW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ATZMON 2 Tel. 663003
3rd week
AVANTI POPULO
An Israeli film, nominated for a 1987 Oscar
Fri. 10:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

CENTRE CULTUREL FRANCAIS
50 Sd. Moriah Tel. 383727
Mon. 9:30 p.m.:
UNE FEMME EST UNE FEMME
(at Cinematheque)
Tue. 6:30: LES MILLE ET UNE NUITS
(at Centre Culturel)

KEREN OR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443
2nd week
GINGER AND FRED
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4, 6:30, 9
Sat. 11:30 p.m.
SITTING DUCKS
Thur. 11:30 p.m. TOP SECRET

Film Briefs

Dan Fainaru

ALIENS – Officer Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) goes back to fight the mysterious giant insects that did a murderous job on a spaceship in Ridley Scott's *Alien*. This time around the scope is enlarged from one spaceship to a whole planet, and the pure science-fiction horror yarn is injected with a breath of humanity by director James Cameron, with better results than in the original.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO – *Stories set to* music by Debussy, Dvorak, Ravel, Sibelius, Stravinsky and Vivaldi are brought to the screen in a very attractive animation. Italian production.

ANNIE HALL – Woody Allen's personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags.

AVANTI POPOLO – A modest and soulful little film about two Egyptian soldiers stranded in Sinai at the end of the Six Day War, trying to make their way home through Israeli-controlled territory. Writer-director Rafi Bukaee manages, most of the time, to mix humour, drama and surrealism in just the right measures, and is well served by actors Salim Daw and Suhail Haddad.

BODY HEAT – A less than respectable lawyer falls hopelessly in love with the wife of an underworld chieftain. If you pine for some good old melodramatic entertainment, this film is for you.

BRAZIL – No jolly trip to Rio, this is George Orwell's 1984, revisited by Kafka through the perspective of Monty Python. A mad phantasmagoria of future oppressions and dreams, it has the kind of black humour that makes you feel guilty every time you smile. Jonathan Pryce is the man who strives for anonymity in a society guided only by the major needs of its own gangrenous bureaucracy. Love finally trips him up and pushes him into tackling a system that is by definition undefeatable. Terry Gilliam directed this rich but overlong repertoire of ideas as if he was just assembling material for a film yet to be made.

THE BURMESE HARP – Kon Ichikawa's remake of his 1956 award-winning anti-war picture, this time in colour and shot entirely on location. A Japanese soldier who witnesses the desolation and death spread by the Second World War refuses to go back to normal life and decides to stay behind in Burma, as long as its death is soaked in blood. A lyrical, moving cinematic poem, which echoes an idealism often lost on our generation.

THE COLOR PURPLE – A black soap opera to drain your tear ducts. A black woman grows from social and personal slavery into an accomplished and fulfilled human being. Director Steven Spielberg milks every melodramatic situation for all it is worth, painting the villains all black and the heroines all innocent and pure at heart. Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, Danny Glover and the rest of the cast lend a helping hand to what is assuredly the most professional tear-jerker to be made in years. No wonder it is such a box office success

THE COTTON CLUB – Story of New York's underworld in the last years of Prohibition, using a famed Harlem night-spot, the Cotton Club, as the centre of the action. Francis Coppola's film, with water-thin plot but with carefully selected hit music of the period, is bound to be a hit. With Richard Gere.

DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS – Jorge Amado's novel about a woman wedded to the spirit of her irreverent first husband, a charming rogue, while being the devoted wife of an elderly, boring pharmacist the rest of the time, is given piquant treatment by director Nino Baretto, fully exploiting the considerable charms of Sonia Braga in the lead.

GINGER AND FRED – Two aging entertainers, once famous for their Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire imitation, are reunited for a New Year's mammoth show on Italian TV. Fellini at his fiercest, caricatures television and its commercials, but at the same time cringes in fear of changing fashions and old age. Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni are exquisite as the couple of have-heens.

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS – Woody Allen in a Chekhovian mood focuses on three New York sisters, their partners, their parents and their romantic tangles in a marvellously balanced, funny and reflective mood. Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, Dianne Wiest, Michael Caine, Maureen O'Sullivan and Allen himself, at their best.

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW – Ted Kotcheff adapts another Mordechai Richler novel but this is a far cry from Duddy Kravitz. Joshua Shapiro is another alley cat from Montreal's St. Urbain neighbourhood, who almost makes it as a writer and marries into the aristocracy, only to realize that he will never be rid of his proletarian roots. Cut from a four-hour TV mini-series, this is fragmented and stammering, but has its funny moments among its many dreary ones. James Woods is far too earnest in the lead; Gabrielle Lazure is mainly decorative as his spouse; and Alan Arkin steals most scenes as his father.

KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN – A homosexual and a revolutionary share the same cell in an imaginary jail of an imaginary authoritarian state. Their ensuing relationship dwells on the relative notions of freedom, escape and imagination. A fascinating, complex novel by Manuel Puig becomes a virtuoso piece for two actors, William Hurt (who got an Oscar for his performance) and Raul Julia. It is tenderly directed by Hector Babenco, often confusing and as often entrancing.

LOVESICK ALEX – Boaz Davidson, who invented the *Lemon Popsicle* series, goes even further back in his memories to his bar-mitzva, but all that he comes up with is an even paler version of the oversexed youth living in a kind of limbo which could be any country in the world, going through a *teend* (austerity) period. Joseph Shiloah offers his broadest and most insulting version of the slimy Persian, complete with phony accent and gold front teeth.

MISHIMA – A highly elaborate but not quite successful attempt to deal with the life, the credos and the work of Japanese author Yukio Mishima, a genius, a homosexual and a fascist who committed seppuku after a failed attempt to organize a military coup d'etat. Director Paul Schrader tries to understand it all through a detailed account of Mishima's last day, combined with flashbacks from his past, and selected dramatizations of his works. It works better as an exercise in eccentric film-making than as a human tragedy.

MONA LISA – Worth seeing for the performance of Bob Hoskins as an outdated gangster who, after seven years in jail, becomes the bodyguard of a black call-girl servicing clients all over London. Strong direction by Neil Jordan. Kathy Tyson is persuasive as the high-class hooker with a big chip on her shoulder, but the script aspires to symbolic profundities it never achieves.

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE – One of the best British films in years shows how dynamic immigrants are taking over tired and decadent Albion. Stephen Frears directs with gusto a remarkable cast, notably headed by Daniel Day Lewis and Saeed Jaffrey.

THE OFFICIAL STORY – An Argentinian history teacher faces up to real recent historical facts, of which she was oblivious until she adopted a baby. While tracing its origins, she discovers what was really happening around her during the rule of the military juntas. The big hit of the Argentinian cinema, high on melodrama, with a strong performance by Norma Aleandro in the lead. Rather naive, politically, but then politics never sold movies. Directed by Luis Puenzo.

OTELLO – Franco Zeffirelli's adaptation of Verdi's opera is stunning visually, and bound to fascinate those who are less concerned with fidelity to the Bard and the original score and more interested in action on the screen. Placido Domingo has found his best film role yet; Katya Ricciarelli looks like the classic Desdemona; and Justino Diaz is an Iago who seems to be trained for the cinema. However, chunks of missing music and numerous dramatic liberties are bound to enrage the purists.

THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO – Not quite a comedy, and not really a drama, this is the most intelligent and accomplished of Woody Allen's films to date. It is the tale of a housewife who finds solace from the harsh realities of life in the dark recesses of the movie theatre, and her infatuation with the stars on screen, more real to her than her husband at home. It becomes, in Allen's deft treatment, a treatise on reality versus fiction, on the nature of film as art and as entertainment, and yet remains a highly engrossing and fascinating story on its own. Mia Farrow is splendid in the lead.

RICOCHETS – The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Eli Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Aboutboul and Shaul Mizrahi head one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW – Adapted from an early E.M. Forster novel, James Ivory's film is an amusing society game, in which everybody tries to keep up appearances and anyone who doesn't is considered dangerous to the well-being of the gentry. Helena Bonham-Carter is almost prepared to give up passionate Julian Sands for snobbish Daniel Day-Lewis, while Maggie Smith wrings her hands in despair, doing all the wrong things, which lead, of course, to the right results.

RUTHLESS PEOPLE – Abrahams, Zucker & Zucker, the zany trio responsible for *Airplane* and *Top Secret*, in an almost conventional mood, inspired by O'Henry and Damon Runyon, offer comedy about a kidnapped rich heiress who drives everybody mad around her, including the poor kidnappers. Bette Midler and Danny de Vito gesticulate their way through.

SHOAH – A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting mammoth work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in all the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. No responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

SILENT MOVIE – Truly silent, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director trying to make a silent movie in Hollywood. Mad goings on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom De Luise.

TROUBLE IN MIND – Another intimate piece from director Alan Rudolph (*Choose Me*), this time about an ex-cop released from jail (Kris Kristofferson) who goes back to the bar kept by an old acquaintance (Genevieve Bujold) where he meets a worthless punk (Keith Carradine) and his timid wife (Lori Singer). Carradine dreams of easy riches, Singer takes up with Kristofferson for relief, and the movie combines lots of atmosphere with some very tough action. Characters are stronger than plot.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

CHEN Tel. 666272
DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

ORAH Tel. 664017/8
JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS
★ MARY TYLER MOORE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORLY Tel. 81868
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 6:45, 9

PEER Tel. 662232
4th week
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 1
THE BURMESE HARP
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15

RAV-GAT 2
5th week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RON Tel. 669069
★ ROBERT REDFORD in
LEGAL EAGLES
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 385345
6th week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
(Woody Allen)
★ MICHAEL CAINE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

RAMAT GAN

ARMON Tel. 720706
RAW DEAL
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat., Sun. 7:15, 9:40
Weekly 5, 7:15, 9:40

LILY Tel. 744238
6th week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

OASIS Tel. 739592
4th week
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40

ORDEA Tel. 721720
11th week
RICOCHETS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAV-GAN 1 Tel. 797121
3rd week
BLUE VELVET
Fri. 10, Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:40
Will be attacked, argued about and cherished for years to come... Newsweek

RAV-GAN 2
5th week
KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7, 9:40
MARY POPPINS
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 3
8th week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 4
6th week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Sat. 11 a.m.

HERZLIYA

DAN ACCADIA CINEMA CLUB Tel.052-557799
Fri. 3
NEVER ENDING STORY
Sat. 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
Israel Premiere
PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED
Sun., Mon., Tue., 7, 9:30
THE SURE THING
Wed., Thur. 7, 9:30
THE OFFICIAL STORY

DANIEL HOTEL The Auditorium
Sat., Sun., Mon. Tue., Thur. 6:15, 9:30
THE COLOR PURPLE

DAVID Tel. 540768
3rd week
HAUNTED HONEYMOON
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HECHAL Tel. 81505
LEGAL EAGLES
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
2nd week
RICOCHETS
("2 Fingers From Sidon")
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH Tel. 842431
TROUBLE IN MIND
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 11:30 p.m.: M.A.S.H.
Thur. 11:30 p.m.:
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

MATNAS HOLON
2nd week
OTELLO
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue., Wed. 7:15, 9:30
THE MILKMAN
Sun., Mon., Tue., Wed. 4 p.m.

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
4th week
RUTHLESS PEOPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

SAVOY Tel. 847141
ALL NIGHT LONG
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
MURPHY'S LAW
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
LEGAL EAGLES
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
LEGAL EAGLES
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 2
5th week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 3
CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 491979
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S EUROPEAN VACATION
Fri. 9:30 p.m., Sat. and weekdays 7
Fri. 11:30 p.m.; Sat. 1:30 p.m.; Weekdays 9:30 p.m.
BODY HEAT
Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Thur. 4: HEIDI

KIRYAT ONO

COMMUNITY CENTRE
LOVESICK ALEX
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m. 6:30
Mon. 6:30; Wed. 4:30, 6:30
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Sat., Mon., Wed. 9 p.m.; Tue. 8 p.m.

Cinemathèque

Fri. 14:00 Out of Africa dir: Sidney Pollack; 16:45 Higanbana dir: Yasujiro Ozu
Sat. 17:30 A Day at the Races dir: Sam Wood; 19:30 Short Circuit dir: John Badham; 21:30 Stranger Than Paradise dir: Jim Jarmusch
Sun. 19:00 Rollerball dir: Norman Jewison; 21:30 Conversations in Clay dir: Eitan Wetzler; Profile of an Artist – Anna Tcho dir: Nadav Levitan (small hall); 21:30 Rammert dir: Wim Wenders
Mon. 19:00 M dir: Fritz Lang; 19:30 Children of Nagasaki dir: Keisuke Kanoshita (small hall); 21:30 The Draughtsman's Contract dir: Peter Greenaway; 21:45 Le Grand Jeu dir: Jacques Feyder (small hall)
Tue. 16:00 Watership Down dir: Martin Rosen; 19:00 Manhattan dir: Woody Allen; 19:00 Alexander Nevski dir: Sergei Eisenstein (small hall); 21:00 The Great Chase by Griffiths, Fairbanks, Keaton and others (small hall); 21:30 Camorra dir: Lina Wertmuller
Wed. 19:00 Broadway Danny Rose dir: Woody Allen; 19:00 Greed dir: Erich von Stroheim (small hall); 21:00 Nous ne Vieillirons pas Ensemble dir: Maurice Pialat (small hall); 21:00 Two Daughters dir: Satyajit Ray
Thu. 19:00 Galileo dir: Joseph Losey; 19:30 The Hunchback of Notre Dame dir: William Dieterle (small hall); 21:30 Les Quatre Cents Coups dir: Francois Truffaut (small hall); 21:30 An American Werewolf in London dir: John Landis; 24:00 Bananas dir: Woody Allen
Fri 14:00 Mishimat A Life in Four Chapters dir: Paul Schrader; 16:30 A Hole in the Moon dir: Uri Zohar
Wolfson Garden – Derech Hevron, JERUSALEM – Tel. 724131

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FRENCH MUSIC – Piano, French horn, flute. Works by Saint-Saens, Faure, Chaminade, Enescu and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

MUSIC FROM FRANCE FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME – Elisabeth Roloff, organ. Works by D'Aquin, C. Franck, Dubois and others. (Old City, Redeemer Church, tomorrow at 5 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – Conductor Mendi Rodan. Soloist Dora Schwartzberg, violin. Works by Seter, Prokofiev, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, De Falla. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Monday)

PIANO RECITAL – Yahli Wagman. Works by Schubert, Stravinsky, Ravel. (Targ Music Centre, Ein Keren, Monday)

NATIONAL CHRISTIAN CHOIR – From Washington 150 voices. Liturgical, classical and American folksongs. (Hilton Hotel, Monday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY – Cantatas and sonatas. Works by Bach, Handel, Purcell, Mozart. (Gerard Behar, Leo Model, Tuesday)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – Conductor Zubin Mehta. Soloists Barbara Hendricks, soprano, Chris Merritt, tenor; Jose van Dam, baritone. Haydn: The Creation. (Binyenei Ha'uma, Tuesday)

THE NEW JERUSALEM QUARTET – Works by Beethoven. (Ticho House, tomorrow); Christmas concert - works by Beethoven, Brahms. (American Colony Hotel, Tuesday)

PIANO RECITAL – Gregory Haimovsky. Works by Chopin, Schumann, Messiaen, Debussy. (Rubin Academy, Givat Ram Campus, Wednesday)

"ETNAHTA" – Michal Tal, piano. Works by Haydn, Prokofiev, Faure, Liszt, Dorfman. (YMCA, Thursday at 4 p.m.)

INTERNATIONAL CHOIRS IN CONCERT – Choirs from all over the world. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BACH, HINDEMITH, BRAHMS – Milka Laks, piano; Daniel Binyamini, violin; Meir Rimon, French horn (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yad Lebanim, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL TRIO – Works by Haydn, Beethoven, Brahms. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

CHRISTMAS CONCERT – The Jerusalem Madrigal Singers sing Christmas music from around the world. (Jaffa, Emmanuel Church, tomorrow)

SOPRANO AND PIANO RECITAL – Ruhama Danziger and Victor Derevianko. Works by Milhaud, Strauss. (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – Conductor Daniel Barenboim. With the Choer de l'orchestre de Paris, plus vocal soloists. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9. (Mann, tomorrow through Monday)

VIOLIN AND PIANO RECITAL – Ilan Gronich and Binyamin Perl. Sonatas by Schubert, Schoenberg, Beethoven (Ramat Hasharon, Beit Yad Lebanim, Monday at 9 p.m.)

IN TWO, THREE AND FOUR FLUTES – Works by Ph. E. Bach, Quantz, Kuhlau, Boismortier and others. (T.A. Museum, Tuesday)

CHRISTMAS ORGAN CONCERT – Hubert Best. Christmas organ music by Bach, Handel, D'Aquin and others. (Jaffa, Immanuel Church, Wednesday at 10 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – See J'lem. (Mann, Thursday)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See J'lem. (Rehovot, Wix, Thursday)

Haifa

GARCIA TRIO – From Sweden. Violin, cello, piano. (Dan Panorama Hotel, tomorrow)

HAIFA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY – Camerata Trio. Brahms evening. (Beit Harofeh, tomorrow)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA – Conductor and solo violin Sidney Harth. Works by Dvorak, Mozart, Tchaikovsky. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nagler, tomorrow; Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

Beersheba

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See J'lem. (Conservatory, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday)

Others

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA – Conductor Sydney Fixman. Soloist Irit Rub, piano. Works by Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Smetana, Dvorak, Rachmaninov. (Wingate, Herschtritt Auditorium, Tuesday)

GARCIA TRIO – See Haifa. (Tiberias, Jordan River Hotel, Sunday, Monday)

CHRISTMAS INTERNATIONAL CHOIR ASSEMBLY – Choirs from Canada, USA, Belgium, France, Spain, W. Germany and more. (Bethlehem, Manger Square, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See J'lem. (Ashkelon, Beit Yad Lebanim, Wednesday)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA – See Haifa. (Arad, Community Centre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

ASTAR SHAMIR – Singer-guitarist, presents her songs. (Pargod, tomrrow at 9:30 p.m.)

FACING EAST TRIO – Steve Paskoff, Gerry Garvel, Jean Claude Jones. Original jazz with an eastern flavour. (Pargod, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

HABREIRA HATIV'IT – Selection of their new songs. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER – Humour and satire. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HAIM MOSHE – New programme, Thank You. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9:15 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL – Sings his songs. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

NOSTALGIC JAZZ – Liz Magnes, piano; Jean Claude Jones, bass. Gershwin, Berlin, Porter and more. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

SHLOMO YIDOV – Musician and singer. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BALDI OLIER QUARTET – Spanish and gypsy music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – New pantomime programme with Hanoch Rosenne. (Beit Leissin, Tuesdasy at 8:30 p.m.)

EVERLASTING COVENANT – With Ehud Manor and Matti Caspi. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ EVENING – Amikam Kimelman and band. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at midnight)

MAMI – Political-rock opera. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM – South American songs. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10:30 p.m.)

NOSTALGIC NIGHTS – Songs composed by Mordehai Zaira. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m., Monday at 9 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE – By Jonathan Geffen. Songs, monologues, improvisations – about confessions at bars. Plus Alon Olearchik. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 and 11:45 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Beit Leissin, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

STAND UP COMEDY – Well-known local humorists improvise. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

TRANSLATED FOLKSONGS – With Nahum Heiman and guests. (Beit Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – Sharon Valley Stompers. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:45 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Kfar Sava, Amal, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A. Beit Hehayal, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

YAFFA YARKONI – Old and new songs, stories, plus guest artists. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – See T.A. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight at 10 p.m.; Technion, Wednesday at 9 p.m.; Kiryat Ata, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

PRETORIA AFRICAN ADULT CHOIR – South African dances and folksongs. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See T.A. (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD – Film recounting the history of the Jewish people. (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

DANCING TONIGHT – Avi Toledano's new programme. (Nazareth, Community Centre, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRURIA – Produced by the Theatre Company of Jerusalem. A contemporary drama based on the Talmud (Jerusalem Theatre, Little Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE GREAT MARCH – A tribute to the silent-movie era of Hollywood. With Lindsay Kemp and his theatre (without words). (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

ICARUS – Produced by the Train Theatre. Based on the story from Greek mythology. (Khan, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

LITTLE EYOLF – By Henrik Ibsen. Khan Theatre production. A family drama. (Khan, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

WAY – Created by Pablo Ariel. An actor, puppets and objects take on unusual shapes and colours (without words). (Khan, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ACTORS – By Hanan Yavin. A presentation of our political dilemmas. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

AFTER THE ANNUAL BALL – By Amalia Kahana-Karmon. A passionate love affair between a 40-year-old man and an 18-year-old woman. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

BIBOFF, KING OF THE JEWS – By Yossi Hadar. Habimah Theatre production. A Nazi dybbuk enters a young Israeli boy. (Habimah, Meskin, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Sunday at 9 p.m.)

BIRD IN HAND – By Bilha Feldman. The relationship between a mother and daughter. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – By the Nissan Nativ Acting Studio. A mosaic of moments of melodrama. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

DECAMERON – By Tzilum Matzav Theatre. Satirical stories by Boccaccio (Herzliya, David, tonight at 10:15 p.m.; Ramle, Hechal Hatarbut, tomorrow at 9 p.m.).

EXTREMITIES – Beit Leissin production. A thriller about the struggle between a man and three women (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9 p.m., Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.).

FREE COUPLE – By Dario Fo. Beit Leissin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiments. (Ramat Gan, Ordea, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A., Beit Hehayal, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

FROM IMAGE TO IMAGE – Shosha Goren's humorous one-woman-show. (Beit Yad Lebanim, Monday at 8 p.m.)

HYMNOS – By Hungarian playwright Georg Shwajda. Heavy drama about a simple couple brutalized by hard work and drink. Acre Festival 1986, First Prize. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

HOLD ONTO YOUR KNIGHTS – By Moshe Sadot. A man gradually assumes his late friend's identity while grieving for him. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN – By Dalton Trumbo. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier wounded during WWI. (Tzavta, Monday at 9 p.m.)

THE LAST SECULAR JEW – By Shmuel Hasfari. A cabaret. (Tzavta, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

LAST SUMMER – By Jean Chambers. A group of lesbians hold an annual gathering. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight at 10 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MIRELE EFRAT – Habimah Theatre production. Adaptation of the famous Yiddish play by Jacob Gordin. (Habimah, Rovina, tomorrow, Sunday at 8:30 p.m., tomorrow also at 6 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS – Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Ruth Segal in a one-woman show - excerpts about a woman who has lost her money, and her identity. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.).

THE ORANGE GROVE – By Yosef Bar-Yosef. Habimah Theatre production. About a widower and his too-late love. (Habimah, Meskin, Monday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m., Tuesday also at 5 p.m.)

PRESS PICKINGS – Tara group production. A melodramatic farce (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

PRETEXT – By Yoni Ofer. ZOA Drama Circle production. One-man show with Rami Baruch. (ZOA House, tonight at 10 p.m., tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX – Tzavta production. Comedy in verse. (Ra'anana, Mofet, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

THE SUNSET – By Isaac Babel. Habimah Theatre production. About the Jewish community of Odessa. (Habimah, Rovina, Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

THE TROJAN WAR WILL NOT TAKE PLACE – By Jean Giraudoux. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Why do wars break out? (Tzavta, today at 12 and 3 p.m.)

Haifa

THE HOLLOW – By Agatha Christie. Produced by the Haifa English Theatre. A classic murder mystery. (Haifa Museum, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

MOLIERE – By Michael Bulgakov. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A look at the life of the playwright. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday, Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m., Monday at 9 p.m., Wednesday also at 4:30 p.m.)

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS – See T.A. (Haifa Theatre Club, Sunday, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

Beersheba

CRIME SQUAD – By Chaim Marin. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. An in-depth exploration of local crime. (Beersheba Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

Others

DECAMERON – See T.A. – (Tiberias, Yad Sharett, Tuesday at 9 p.m.; Ashdod, Ashdod, Wednesday at 9:15 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

C'EST LA VIE – By the Window Puppet Theatre/Train Theatre. About love. (Khan, Monday through Wednesday at 10:30 a.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – Conductor and narrator Arie Vardi. The Suite – Old and New. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Monday at 5 p.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS – Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE – Fable by the Window Puppet Theatre. (Train Theatre, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY – Puppet theatre. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon)

STORIES WITHOUT WORDS – With Pablo Ariel. Ages 4-8. (Khan, Sunday at 4:30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 6-10. (Ticho House, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For Ages 4-10. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

DREAMBOX – With the Israel Ballet. (Beit Dani, today at 9:30 and 10:45 a.m.).

FAST-SLOW-FAST – Family concert with the Israel Chamber Orchestra. Conductor Arie Vardi. (Kfar Sava, Hechal Hatarbut, Tuesday at 5:30 p.m.; Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday, Thursday at 4:30 and 6 p.m.)

KING MATT THE FIRST – Theatre by Habimah. About a boy's dreams. (Habimah, Rovina, Monday, Tuesday at 4 and 6:45 p.m.)

THE KING SLIPPED OFF TO SLEEP – Musical comedy. (Neve Zedek, today at 9 a.m.)

ONE OLD LADY – An old lady expresses her feelings. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

PINOCCHIO – Show for ages 3-10. (Beit Leissin, toimorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

PRETTY BUTTERLY – Entertainment from the TV series. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

RONNI AND RINA – Theatre about road safety. (Rishon Lezion, Tzavta, tomrrow at 11 a.m.)

TWO STRANDED ON ONE ROOF – Pantomime, clowning and humour. (Beit Yad Lebanim, Wednesday at 4 and 6 p.m.)

Other

SONGS, SKITS PLUS A ROBOT – Tzipi Shavit's new programme. (Ashdod, Ashdod, Thursday at 5 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY – Old and new works. (Gerard Behar, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

HORA JERUSALEM – Israel folkdancing and singing troupe. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

PA'AMEI TEIMAN – Group of Yemenite dancers. Guest singer Yizhar Cohen. (Gerard Behar, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

"TNUOT" – 10 sketches of post-modern movement dance. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Monday at 7 p.m. – demonstration/explanation; at 8:30 p.m. – performance)

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.